



The Abbot Courant

December, 1901

ANDOVER, MASS.
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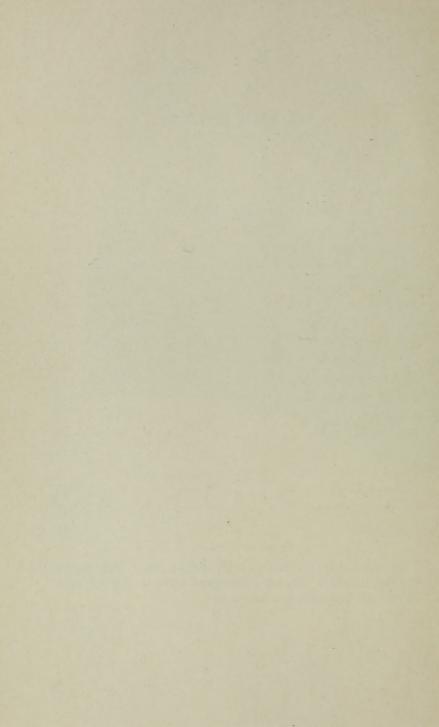
THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXVIII No. 1

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VOL. XXVIII

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Dr. Bancroft.

In all times of calamity as in all times of joy the two Andover schools, Phillips Academy and Abbot Academy, have felt themselves closely drawn together, and in recording (what is probably well known to the COURANT readers) the death of Dr. Bancroft, we are recording the loss of another faithful and personal friend of our school. Dr. Bancroft's life at Andover has been very important to us. His preparation for it lay in years of teaching, the years spent at Lookout Mountain being the most effective; for there his courageous and sympathetic nature, his gift for making everyone his friend, and his wisdom and tact in dealing with troublesome individuals and circumstances were richly developed. But we begin to link his life to our own school's interests at the time when Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe, Professor Park, Professor Churchill and many others among the noted Andover people were laboring to raise the mental and moral standard of the two schools to the high level which they still maintain. Ever since then he has been a wise

"Entry into Beaven" from the Mahā = Bhārata.

THE Mahā-Bhārata is one of the two great epics in Indian literature. It is a collection of ancient myths and legends; many of the stories are fanciful, but they all have a spirit of reality and are interesting as picturing the civilization and customs of a people of whose early history we know so little. This great poem is still held sacred by the Hindu people and its religious influence has been strong for many centuries; the reading of parts of it is believed to bring wealth, prosperity and many blessings.

The main story of the Mahā-Bhārata is the strife between the descendants of Bhārata. The life-long feud of the Pandayas, the five sons of "King Pandu the Pale", Yudhisthira, Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva, against their cousins, the Kauravas. Chief of these brothers was Duryodhana. The cousins are brought up together, enjoy the same amusements, and are instructed by the same teacher. After having learnt great skill in warfare, they go forth against the neighboring kings. The Pandavas being more successful, the eldest of the brothers, Yudhisthira, is made heir apparent. This incenses the Kauravas and the kingdom becomes divided. The Pandavas, hearing of the beauty of the Princess Draupadí, go to her court and there Arjuna, by his skill in archery, wins her as his bride. From this time forth, Draupadí lives with the five brothers and follows them in all their adventures. Because of this alliance, the Pandavas become powerful and live in prosperity for many years, until Duryodhana, hearing of their wealth, challenges them at dice and gains by treachery all the wealth and even the freedom of Yudhisthira, who for many long years is forced to live in exile with his brothers. At the expiration of their banishment, a treaty of peace is drawn up with Duryodhana, but the terms are not accepted and war is declared. For days the great struggle is carried on, but in the end the Pandayas are victorious and Yudhisthira is crowned raj. Amid all the rejoicing, a great sadness hangs over the house of the Pandayas, because of the misery and suffering caused by the "Great War." The long reign of Yudhisthira is filled with sorrow

and disaster; worn out with the struggle he decides to abdicate and make a pilgrimage to Sudra's Heaven.

His brothers and Draupadí go with him, but on the way first Draupadí and then the brothers one after another perish and Yudhisthira is left to go alone with the dog, who has been faithful to him on his pilgrimage. As Yudhisthira nears the Mount he is met by the god Sudra, who guides him the remainder of the way. Yudhisthira pleads for his brothers that they may enter with him, but is told that their spirits have already come, but that he alone is permitted to enter Heaven in his bodily form. Yudhisthira is even loval to his brute friends, and refuses to leave the dog who has followed him. Hearing this determination, the dog, who had been the king's father in a former birth, takes his human form and they enter together. In Paradise, Yudhisthira finds all the Kauravas, but neither Draupadí nor his brothers. He then tells Sudra that he cannot remain without those he loved, and he wishes to seek for them in Hell. An angel is sent with Yudhisthira to guide him to where his brothers are; there, hearing their groans and beseeching cries, he chooses to remain with them and share their fate. This was the last great test for the king, and through his love and sacrifice, his brothers and Draupadí, the Beautiful, are purged from their sins and enter Heaven with their great king. The latter portion of the Mahā-Bhārata where Yudhisthira enters Heaven and descends into Hell to his brothers is full of interest, not only as showing us more clearly than ever the marvellous love of the king, but as giving us a remarkably vivid description of Hell as imagined by some eastern writer centuries before Dante and Milton.

As the Gates of Pearl close behind Yudhisthira, his angel guide leads him down a rugged path by which they descend to the "Sinner's Road", which is matted with thorns whose roots are rotten covered with filth and mire. Insects fly and buzz around puddles of crimson gore, and all manner of snakes writhe among the skulls and bones. On either side of this road is a great burning forest, among whose flaming and crackling branches perch many ghastly birds who fly down and devour the wicked ones, so that all the way is littered with their bones

and the air filled with a sickening stench. Across the road flows a torrent filled with corpses; beyond which looms the black Asipatra wood, whose trees are poisonous and the undergrowth sword-blades upon which wretches are spitted. Stretching away on all sides of the wood is a burning waste, whose sands and red-hot rocks scorch and blister the feet of the wicked. Here the "Sinner's Road" leads down to the gorge of Hutashála Mali, the frightful gate of Hell, where the most horrible tortures and plagues are inflicted upon those who have grievously sinned.

Hell, as described by Dante, is gigantic in its proportions. We can hardly conceive the great chasm with its many circles of different tortures and the suffering of its thousands of wretches. It is a hell varied and complex, its many parts described in detail, whose gloom and horror become more and more apparent as Dante and Vergil near the last circle. Both the hell of Dante and the hell in the Mahā-Bhārata give us the impression of being in the depths of the earth, but the eastern hell is very closely connected with Paradise; the Gates of Pearl open directly over the downward path, the "Sinner's Road", whereas in the Inferno, Paradise is an immeasurable distance away.

The general plan of the entry into the two hells is wonderful in its similarity—beginning with a woody road leading down to the Gate of Hell. The same atmosphere of horrible sights pervades both poems. The flood "of boiling waves rolling down corpses", which Yudhisthira must cross before reaching "utmost Hell", is another form of the Acheron in the Inferno. In the Mahā-Bhārata, the way down to the gate of Hell is minutely described, but beyond that we have only a very vague and general idea of the more fearful punishments that await the sinful ones; this part of Hell Dante has described with exactness, in each circle there is a definite kind of torture and suffering for every sin.

The horrors and punishments of the two hells are physical; they are not the agonized mental sufferings of souls, but the pains of the body. The following lines from the third Canto of the Inferno show a great likeness to the torments of insects and vipers on the "Sinner's Road":

"These wretches, who ne'er lived,

- "Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung
- "By wasps and hornets, which bedew'd their cheeks
- "With blood, that, mixed with tears, dropped to their feet,
- "And by disgustful worms were gathered there."

In the eastern hell there are no inhabitants besides the sinners, and the "ghastly birds" and hideous creatures who feast upon their flesh, no Infernal judge like Minos nor a great host of demons who do the bidding of Satan. The only sounds that are heard in this mournful place are the sighs and moans of the wretches, the crackling of the fire and the shrieks of the birds.

Some of the most extreme punishments in the Inferno are cold with piercing winds and tempest of sleet, hail and ice; as in the third circle where the gluttonous are punished, also the ninth circle where traitors of all kinds are placed. We find no trace of anything like these descriptions in the Mahā-Bhārata. It is a fiery hell with rocks of brass, red hot pools of boiling pitch and wastes of burning sand.

The many similarities in these two conceptions of Hell are remarkable when we remember that they were written in such different times and countries. The description in the "Entry into Heaven" gains a great deal of force and vividness by its shortness and unity. It is not complicated and we are not overpowered by a great many minute details. The details that are given are clear and full of color and add much to the picture. The description is not interrupted as it is in the Inferno by the history of the sufferers, but is given as a whole.

The tortures in the eastern hell are vague and indefinite, while the suffering in the Inferno is very real and acute. We see the working out of the earthly sins in the punishments from which there is no escape. Helplessness and despair are not felt so strongly in the Mahā-Bhārata, because, through the love of Yudhisthira, his brothers and Draupadí are able to escape from the torments of Hell. This feeling of hope makes the eastern hell more like the western Purgatory, and perhaps takes from it some of the strength of its moral effect.

Melindy.

A N indignation meeting was being held in Mammy Brown's cabin. Joey, the coachman, old Tommy, the gardener, Misses' own maid Bess, the nurse Hannah and others were there. The trouble was this: their annual cake-walk, a grand affair, was to take place in a few days and they were very particular what darkies attended.

Recently, their master had bought and put among them a slave girl, from the far South. She came from a place where the slaves were known to be a very inferior lot, and although she was a good girl and quiet, the thought of having her at their dance stirred up indignation among all.

"To think o' habin' Melindy to our pa'ty, dat low-down, no-'count nigger, what comes from down South, I jes' low she won't know how to act," said Hannah.

"Lawsy, Melindy kin dance all right," said Joey, "and we couldn't, nohow, not arsk her to come, cause Missis would fin' it out, an' there'd be no more cake-walk for we all." The bare chance of there being no dance caused no little confusion and the meeting broke up, every one as undecided as before.

In the interval before the great night, every negro was busy decorating the old cook-house, where the dance was to be held. The floor was swept and sanded, the walls ornamented with gay bunting and flags, that had once been used at the Manor house, soiled and rusty now, but artistically draped with the negro's natural taste, the lamps put in brackets on the walls, and all in readiness.

On the eventful night, the dancers gathered at nine o'clock, all in their gayest dresses. Mammy Brown had on a fearful and wonderful headgear, at least eighteen inches high, Bess was very oriental in a bright red dress with red flowers in her woolly hair. Melindy was one of the last to come and she looked unusually nice in a white dress, with a white rose in her hair, which did not curl tightly, but was wavy and inky black.

The orchestra, composed of two banjos and a guitar, started, and they danced for two hours; then came the grand triumph, the cake-walk. To pretty Bess's rage and Mammy

MELINDY.

13

Brown's disapproval, Joey chose Melindy. The orchestra played its very best; it was a scene of brilliance and grace; enthusiasm ran high; a little boisterous, perhaps, for, as the last couple turned a corner, a lamp, which had carelessly been set down on a stand, was knocked over. There was a loud explosion, the flame leaped up the dry wood of the wall, terror and confusion reigned supreme.

Like frightened children they huddled together and were paralyzed; no one moved; the flame was crackling. One darky only had any presence of mind. Melindy, only there on sufferance, as soon as the accident happened, dashed across the yard into the stable, picked up a pail of water in each hand, and rushed back again.

The fire was put out and only a few feet of blackened timber told of the mishap.

A feeling of relief swept over all. They knew their master too well not to realize what it meant if a serious fire had resulted, and the stables were very near. All traces of the accident were cleared away and they resumed the dance, very much disheveled, especially Melindy, but in the highest spirits. After the wonderful figures and last bow and courtesy, the judges withdrew. Soon old Tommy, who had awarded the prize to the best couple for twenty years, stepped upon the improvised platform, and with the help of Jake brought forth the prize, a wonderful cake, frosted with white and ornamented with strange designs, a masterpiece of Mammy Brown's art. Then Tommy said:

"Ladies and gentlemens, I hab de glory an' honor of presentin' dis yer magniferous cake to de bes' couple; an' for de commity I gives it, not only to de bes' dancer but to de bes' nigger among us, who has jes' come to dis plantation an' who we hope will always stay; I gives dis, with much joy, to Miss Melindy Hopkins and her pardner, Mr. Joey Walker."

Amid deafening applause and cheers, Melindy and Joey went up to receive the cake.

Avis Booth.

The Elephant's Head.

A smiling summer afternoon, I walked Across the yellow sands at ebb to where The giant Elephant his Head rears up Above the smaller rocks, and clambering up The slippery, slimy, sea-weed on its slope, At length I stood atop and looked around:

Far out upon the ocean little ships Were drifting lazily, and all the sound That I could hear was made by myriads Of softly hissing barnacles. And crabs Away from home were scurrying to seek Their supper in the sea. And all at once. When they were still, a periwinkle lost His hold above the pool and in he plopped. And all the little creatures bobbed and sailed Upon the circles which he plunging made. I laughed in pure enjoyment of it all; But turning towards the shore to my amaze I saw the tide had filled the space between The rock and land and all was water there. The sun had set. The wind blew coldly in And made the waves slap up against the rock, And ripple towards the shore where now I watched Through gathering twilight for a boat to come.

Mary B. Smith.

Caldecott's Picture Books.

S the autumn leaves go whirring, rushing on and the wind wails by, the cold, bleak days of winter rise before me, and I think of cold, shivery November and of December with its crisp, crackling cold. Then too the pictures of Caldecott come into my thoughts, so full of soft, brown fall meadows, white, snowy fields and happy, childish faces. Certainly he has caught the spirit, the charm of winter, the barren trees, the snowcovered hills, the cold, gray sky.

Caldecott was an Englishman of the middle class, fond of nature and of sports, especially the hunt; from childhood he could not keep his thoughts from them. In the dull, bank hours he dashed off little horses and bits of the hunt on his blotter and papers. Indeed he drew and painted from the time he first went to school till he died in 1886.

There are winter scenes with quick, impetuous dashes of color, huntsmen with hearty faces and dashing, galloping horses, and happy child faces. But he produced nothing more interesting in every way than his children's picture books. Always in harmony, yet in perfect simplicity they stand before me, "Sing a Song for Sixpence," "John Gilpin," "Three Jovial Huntsmen," English from cover to cover, these, profusely decorated, making the pictures even more charming.

His sky is coldly streaked in darker gray, his church is tall and lonely, his hills rise one above the other, covered with cold, white snow, and his trees huddle together in little groups. His horses dance for very joy and his hunters laugh with glee.

A characteristic picture-book picture lies before me, characteristic both of England and of Caldecott. Winter through and through, the snow covered hills rounding into and above each other are only separated from the gray, green sky by a few bare bushes. A boy, so intent on trapping blackbirds, (the four-and-twenty that made up the pie,) every line of his figure relaxed, minding not cold nor time, is leaning on a fence in the foreground, while a little girl, too small to see over the fence, is peering between the boards, her little red hands grasping the palings on either side with the grip of childish excite-

ment. Near at hand is a red house, dullened by the general gray, and nearby several cows watch the trapping with gentle serenity. The dull gray of the sky, the bare outlines of the distant bushes, the nearer desolate trees, the red of the farm house, all this goes to make up the typical English country scene Caldecott loved so well.

English country scene Caldecott loved So well.

To Euterpe.

Euterpe, thee I need of all the nine,
Pray leave awhile, I beg, the crystal spring
On Mount Parnassus where thy sisters sing,
And tarry in this prosy soul of mine,
That, quickened as with draught of rare old wine,
My thoughts may leave the plains to which they cling
And to Olympus' heights their flight may wing,
And thus enable me to write one line.
But if thy mountain home thou wilt not leave,
Exclusive tastes of thine I shall not scorn,
Not I alone, but everybody knows,
'Tis not to every soul thou car'st to cleave,
And, too, that poets are not made but born,
So then I'll keep to ordinary prose.

Lauretta M. McCabe.

Bluebirds.

THE afternoon was chilly. It was the middle of March, when the sun goes down early and leaves gray stonewalls cold. Everthing seemed still wintry—everything but a pair of bright wings and a beautiful blue body. I caught sight of him first, perched on a fence post, and stood still to listen to his soft warble; "Far away," or "Purity," some hear him say. The notes were so tender, suggestive of all beginnings of Spring, and the flash of his wings so blue and lovely that I could not help following him as he flew along from post to post, now to the stonewall and now to the appletree limb, or even to the ridge of the barn roof. When at last I left him it was with a very happy feeling, and I loved him for it.

I hoped that this bluebird would bring his bride to our own bird-home, for they will nest in a box if one is provided for them. We had fastened to a straight limb of an appletree an oblong box, partitioned through the middle, so that there were two tenements, each with a round door. Very glad we were to see one morning a pair of bluebirds inspecting the premises. The male was unusually blue. I wondered if he and the first one I had seen that spring could be the same. They spent some time looking the house over, going in and out of the doors. Mr. B. selected the first story immediately, but we could see his wife lingering about up stairs and sitting in the upper door. For some reason she liked the second floor better and wanted to build the nest there. The place as a whole, however, was satisfactory, and the nest building began. The wife was the one to bring every grass for the new furnishings. Her husband almost always accompanied her but never helped. He waited on an electric wire that was fastened conveniently to the tree just under the house. Usually the pieces of grass or soft strands were carried by the wife into the lower room, but if she happened to be alone she flew to the upper door and laid her straw in there. However, the nest was finally finished downstairs. did seem as if she might have had the choice, considering how much time she was to spend there.

But the nest building had not progressed far before the English sparrows discovered the desirable spot. We heard loud chirping and found that a pair of sparrows had come, bent on settling themselves. The male sparrow was very much excited and kept hopping nearer the box, while the bluebirds, who had hurried to the spot, flew about protestingly. Every now and then the male bluebird made a dive at the sparrow and drove him to some branch further off, and at last he made the intruder fly away. The two wives, meanwhile, sat on their respective twigs, looking on anxiously. It was very trying! Of course the sparrow came back, blustering as usual, and then the bluebird bristled up again and made for him. The battle went on for several days. Sometimes the sparrows would go in at one of the doors or would even have the presumption to bring a piece of hay, but finally they had to retire, and again all was peace. I suppose it was entirely out of the question for two families to share the house.

After a while we saw Mrs. B. so seldom that we felt sure she was keeping warm some precious eggs. Now the male would sit for a long time on the wire singing. It may have been two weeks later, when one morning there was the male on the wire with a good-sized worm in his bill. He sat still awhile with it and then flew to the door. As nearly as we could see, he put his head in several times and drew it back again, as if he were giving each little bird a piece. The feeding began in good earnest and the father and mother worked tirelessly. Soon we could hear subdued noises from the box whenever either parent alighted on the wire outside. The young birds looked very awkward and funny when they at last came out. We used to see them with their queer, ruffled breasts and dull backs, waiting to be fed, although fully as large as father or mother.

Our bluebirds were expeditious with this first brood, so before the summer was far gone, they came back to the nest and reared another. It was the same quiet little family that we so loved to watch.

And now in these fall days the bluebirds are gathering in flocks, ready for their southward journey. Their notes are still

tender and almost plaintive. We look back upon the summer that has gone, but forward, also, to another joyous spring that shall bring the birds again.

Delight Walkly Hall, 'or.

"Once in My Youth."

Once in my youth, I dreamed a feverish dream,
And that same dream has lived to haunt my sleep.
Where shadows through the yellow cornfields creep
And hide away down by the misty stream,
Kind Fortune with her dear and winsome face
Stood hand in hand with Chance and smiled at her.
And now in dreams of night my pulses stir,
And fighting still I seek those forms of grace.
Sometimes through lonely wastes they lead the way,
Or from the hills I watch a twilight sky.
I kneel, and stretching out my hands, I pray.
"Sweet Chance," is but the burden of my cry!
Until, at last, I wake, one glowing, pulsing dawn,
To find that while I dreamed, my chance had come and gone.

Beulah Field.

The Rosy = Cakes.

E were in the little still-room—Peggy and I. You see, we had promised Mistress Kent, the housekeeper, that we would help her in making pot-pourri, so we were up bright and early, and when the sun rose it found us busily at work. The little still-room was so warm and sunny on this pleasant June morning, and so deliciously fragrant, fragrant with the scent of sweet herbs and of roses, while through the open windows as we worked, we caught glimpses of the beautiful garden, all cool and dewy in the morning sunlight.

Everything was so lovely that I fell into a dreamy reverie, and quite forgot the prosaic everyday world, and the trouble and danger that were all about us, even on this quiet summer morning. So I was following Mistress Kent's directions in an absent-minded fashion, with my thoughts very, very far away, when Peggy brought me back to earth by whispering suddenly:

"O Betty! 'Tis the very time to make our rosy-cakes!"

Do little girls now-a-days ever make rosy-cakes, I wonder? Oh, they can never know what fun they miss! The pleasure of rosy-cakes is not so much in the eating, (indeed, I do not remember that they ever tasted particularly good,) but in the mystery and excitement that was always connected with them. We buried the little sealed packages of rose-leaves and sugar in sunny spots of the garden and left them to "bake," and on some still, moonlight night when we were supposed to be in bed, we would steal out to the garden, dig up our treasures and eat them, slowly and solemnly.

Mistress Kent, it is true, did not approve of "such childish nonsense," but the minute her back was turned, Peggy and I hastily made five tiny, white packages, slipped cautiously out into the garden with them, and buried them under the big rose bush. Then we hurried back to the still-room. At the door Mistress Kent met us, her face white and drawn. She had received bad news. Her only brother had come back from the war mortally wounded and she was going to start for home that very morning that she might see him before he died.

Oh, those were dreadful times! Children though we were,

we realized the gravity of the situation, and well we might for the war had come very close to us, and our own dear father and our brother, Roger, were in General Washington's army fighting for this country in the midst of awful dangers.

And yet, though we were sincerely sorry for Mistress Kent, the prospect of taking charge of the house and the servants for a few days was so delightful that we hardly thought of the sad side of the affair. Mistress Kent needed little preparation for her journey. She started off at once, and Peggy and I were left alone.

Somehow we didn't feel as happy as we had before, and the house seemed so very still and lonely. But we had no time to indulge in idle fancies. Peggy rolled her sleeves up above her dimpled elbows, and plunged merrily into the mysteries of the kitchen, while I sat down on the side porch with a big basket of mending. How peaceful everything seemed! Now and then Peggy's gay laugh came floating out from the kitchen, mingled with old black Dinah's expressions of wonder and admiration at the way "dat chile" could cook, but nothing disturbed the deep tranquil silence, save the drowsy buzz of the bee over the rose bushes.

Suddenly a horse galloped down the quiet street at a furious pace and stopped at our gate. I sprang to my feet just as a man came staggering up the walk. It was my brother Roger. He was all covered with dust and so weak and faint that he could hardly stand.

"O Roger! Roger!" I cried, and then Peggy came flying out of the kitchen and we both begged him to come in, and fairly overwhelmed him with questions and caresses.

"Give me a little water," he gasped, "and then I must go on. I am a bearer of despatches and the red-coats are close behind now. They have wounded me sorely and I fear that my strength will not hold out much longer."

He stopped a moment, panting, then cried, "I know that you are brave little maids. Can I trust you to hide these despatches until my pursuers are past, and then carry them to good Mr. Wilkins, who will see that they are taken care of?"

"O yes! yes!" we cried together.

He hesitated a moment, then drew the despatches out of his pocket and handed them to Peggy.

"Quick!" he cried, "hide them—keep them safe—do not let them on any account fall into the hands of the British."

He started to go, then turned back, flushing.

"And Betty, dear," he said, "pray, if you have a chance deliver this letter to—to Cousin Penelope. Farewell" and the next moment he had dashed off.

We were quite bewildered with the suddenness of it all, but realized that we had no time to lose. I ran into the house and tucked Penelope's letter into the kitchen cupboard, while Peggy seized the garden trowel, crying:

"O Betty! let us bury the despatches under the big rose bush as we did the rosy-cakes! Oh, make haste! The red-coats will surely never think to look for them there!"

We were so excited that we did not notice the sound of horses' feet and of men's voices out in the street. We dropped on our knees beside the rose bush, dug a little hole, put the despatches into it, and covered them up with earth and moss. "Now," said I, "we must run into the house and start to work as if nothing had happened."

Then suddenly my heart stood still. A noise of footsteps came up the gravel walk, and Peggy and I struggled to our feet with scarlet faces to meet the astonished and inquiring gaze of a tall young officer in British uniform.

"How now!" he cried. "What means this, pray?"

I couldn't answer; indeed there seemed to be not the slightest explanation which we could offer for our conduct. But Peggy was equal to the occasion.

"We are making rosy-cakes!" she said. "See!" and quick as a flash she was down on her knees again, digging up the rosy-cakes that we had buried that very morning.

The officer looked puzzled. "But I don't understand—" he began.

"Why, don't you know what rosy-cakes are?" cried Peggy, with a kind of pitying scorn, and then she proceeded to tell him just how and why we made them. By the time she had finished her explanation and had produced the five rosy-cakes, he seemed

quite satisfied that this was what we had been doing when he had surprised us a few minutes before. With an amused expression he opened one of the little packages, picked out a rose leaf, and ate it. I shall never forget the grimace he made as he swallowed it, nor the tone in which he said, as he tucked the rosy-cake into his waistcoat pocket:

"'Tis truly delicious, fair maiden, and I shall not eat the rest, but shall keep it forever to remember you by — but I well nigh forgot my errand," he added, suddenly growing grave again. "Did not a horseman stop here less than half an hour ago?"

"He is our brother and he stopped for a drink of water," said Peggy bravely.

"Did he leave anything with you?" questioned the man, with a sharp, quick glance for both of us.

Peggy's eyes fell. She couldn't tell a lie. But I faltered:

" He — he left a letter."

"Let me see it," commanded the officer.

"Oh, I cannot!" I cried. "It is for Cousin Penelope! You have no right to read it."

"Nevertheless, I must see it," he persisted. I saw that I should have to yield, so I reluctantly led the way into the house and got poor Roger's precious letter out of the kitchen cupboard. The officer broke the seal and started to read it. Then suddenly he got rather red, and, glancing over the pages, laid it down.

"Nay, I read not a love-letter!" he said, with a half abashed smile. "I doubt not that Mistress Penelope will be more interested in it than I am. And was this all that your brother left with you?" he asked, addressing me.

"Yes, sir," I said, remembering that Roger had handed the despatches to Peggy, and not to me.

"I must go then. I' faith, I have wasted too much time here already. And I must crave your pardon for disturbing you in this way and for reading your cousin's letter. But it was my duty, and war is a stern mistress. I bid you good-morning."

He made a polite bow that included us both, and Peggy and I each dropped a deep, graceful courtesy, as we had been

taught. Then he strode down the garden walk, and we never saw him again. And so the despatches were saved and Cousin Penelope received Roger's letter.

* * * * * * * * * *

All this happened a long time ago, and now I am an old, old woman. But when I close my tired eyes I can still seem to see that beautiful garden and the two little maids who worked and played there, and made their rosy-cakes and talked of the war, and never dreamed that one day they would be able to do their own small share in the great struggle for freedom.

As for those five little rosy-cakes, Peggy and I kept one apiece in memory of that eventful morning, and when Roger and Penelope heard the story they each begged for one also. I have mine still, a little yellowed package filled with dead rose leaves and old memories and the sweetness and bloom of seventy years ago. But the fifth and last rosy-cake the young British officer carried away in his waistcoat pocket.

Elizabeth Schneider, '03.

In the Mountains at Dusk.

'Tis evening in the woodlands here; at last
The sun has set beneath the clouds of gold,
And birds have stopped their twittering in their nests.
The breeze is blowing softly through the trees
And gently rustling all the leaves to sleep.
Beside me runs the swiftly flowing brook,
And as I hold my breath, and look, and listen,
A bright star in the heavens seems to say:
"The night is come, be not afraid. I watch."

Sarah Hincks.

Two Vescriptions.

THE sun was near its setting; its golden rays reached out in every direction calling for gold from the hills and mountains in return. Only the little village below could not answer the call—the hills that were its protection in winter shut from it these last best rays of the sun.

To the right lay the dusty little road, curling down through the open field, across a tiny bridge into the oak woods, whose shining tops threw their last sweeping courtesy to the retiring sun. At the top of each bare, rocky hill signal tripods loomed up like hungry crosses.

A tiny bush near me shivered and was still — when I looked again the sun was gone.

Katharine I. Herrick '03.

WE left the crowded street and took a narrow path which led us to the top of a steep hill. After a few moments of difficult climbing, we reached the summit, and there, stretching before us, lay the panorama of that beautiful country.

At the foot of a grassy slope lay a lovely little lake. The clear blue water glistened in the bright sunshine, and reflected the fleecy clouds in its depths. Several small boats rocked gently at their moorings, the pennants at their masts fluttering idly in the gentle breeze.

On the opposite shore were a few small farms, with their pastures and gardens marked out by rail fences. Some cattle grazed in the meadows, the tinkle of their bells coming faintly to our ears over the water.

Far away in the distance a forest of pines rose toward the sky, the dark green of their tops contrasting strangely with the blue of the horizon, but giving a fitting background to this lovely scene.

Marion A. Eaton '03.

an Adventure in the Civil War.

A FTER three months' imprisonment in an old and dilapidated tobacco house, our company was ordered to Andersonville. Though we well knew the horrors of that place, we welcomed the move as a change. For we were so ill treated in our present condition, that we thought nothing could be much worse.

On the morning of the last day of our journey to Anderson-ville, we were side-tracked a little way beyond the station of a small town. As I looked at my new surroundings, over the top of the uncovered car in which I was packed, I spied a peanut patch not far from the track. At this discovery, a longing came over me to get some of the peanuts immediately. So when the guards were busy talking together, I dropped silently to the ground. In a moment I was in the peanut patch and as I picked the first peanut, the lieutenant, coming from the station, saw me. He swore a great oath and called to the guards "that he would make an example of that low down Yankee."

I could then hear the men in the cars begging the lieutenant to spare me, but he would not relent, and so drawing up the guards, at the command, "one — two — three," all fired. While those three doleful numbers were being spoken, I heard the shots which were to follow a thousand times ringing in my ears. I stood glued to the spot, having no power to move. Finally, after what seemed minutes instead of seconds, the real shots flew through the air. After the terrible suspense, I still stood there with two holes in my hat and one in my coat. Whether the men's hands had been made unsteady by what they had received in the station, or not, I do not know. The lieutenant was too surprised and angry, at seeing me uninjured, to give another command and, saying "that nothing would kill those — Yankees," he stalked off to the station, leaving two guards to watch me.

At my leisure, I filled my hat with peanuts, amid the cheers and cries of my companions, and then went back to the cars. I don't believe any food ever tasted better to half starved men than did those well earned peanuts.

a Ballad.

There was a little froggy green, Who lived down in a marsh, And every eve he sang a song. His voice was high and harsh.

One bright, clear night this frog did go
Into a neighboring field,
And there he saw a lady fair,
And at her feet he kneeled.

"O! marry me, my lovely maid," This little froggy said,

"Come to my house and scrub the floor Or else my heart be dead."

She turned her back and smiled to think This silly froggy green Should dare to say such things to her, The pretty mousey queen.

Elizabeth W. Gilbert '03.

The German Table.

We sit in solemn state around
The festive dining table,
And talk, with learning most profound,
In German — when we're able.

Sometimes excitement rises high,
And English has the floor.
"Auf Deutsch! Auf Deutsch!" we hear the cry.
"Auf Deutsch, or say no more."

Alas, for all our brilliant wit,
Alas, where did it fly?
Now deep in thought our brows we knit,
Now drearily we sigh.

Now silence reigns so deep and grave, And not a word we utter. At last despair makes some one brave: She whispers, "Pass the butter!"

Aletta Hegeman '03.

Editorials.

How many of us, seeing a mandolin, as we often do, ever think of the interesting history that lies behind it? Perhaps we even own one of these instruments ourselves and keep it in our room, all tied up with bright bows and ribbons, or strum on it occasionally when we feel in the mood. The first soft, tremulous notes suggest shadows and moonlight, and all the delicious excitement of a serenade; then we seem to see the old time cavalier in his wonderful slashed doublet and jaunty cap, pouring out his heart in melody beneath his lady-love's window. And then we have a glimpse even further back into the past and we can imagine the first mandolin, that queer old Arabian instrument, made of a gourd, and played with a plectrum of shell or quill. So there are a host of pleasant and romantic fancies connected with the mandolin, and besides, it suggests not only the olden times, but also the gay school and college life of today.

And thus it is with the greatest pleasure that we have heard of the Mandolin Club, which has recently been formed here at school. At present it meets three times a week, and judging from the glowing reports that we hear of it, it appears to be making great progress. It is hardly necessary to mention here all the advantages that such a club will bring, not only to its members, but to the whole school as well; and we heartily wish it all success.

Everything that gives a desire for wholesome exercise is adding just so much to the excellence of the school. Looking at it from this point of view only, the Riding School has done a great deal for Abbot. Not only has it helped school spirit but also the individual, for every sensible girl must realize how much more benefit and enjoyment she receives from an hour's canter than from the slow, conventional down-town stroll.

We have noticed a tendency however in some of the girls to doubt the benefit of certain regulations made by the master. We cannot blame anyone for tiring of the slow trotting around one continual ring when the free open air lies just out of reach. But if this were not the easiest way to learn to ride, we should be allowed to take long canters from the beginning. In this as in all other athletics we have gained besides the immediate result, pleasure, something more,—good discipline of the will. For when we have mastered the art of riding, we have made the conquering of all difficulties in the future just so much easier. Then, too, if the school has received no other benefit from the Riding Academy than the enthusiastic conversation heard on every side, it has certainly gained a great deal.

Among outdoor sports this fall, the one that has aroused most enthusiasm since the tennis tournament has been basket ball. This was due in a great measure to the challenge which we received from Bradford Academy. Before this a few girls who played cared for the sport itself but there was no general interest shown in the school. The teams were not organized and the practice was somewhat irregular, but since the challenge from Bradford, we have been delighted to see the change in feeling and the awakened loyalty and pride in anything connected with the school.

This is the first challenge we have received for a number of years, and we are glad that interscholastic games are to be played again. We feel that these games are a splendid thing, not only in necessitating a better organization of the team, but also in arousing a true school spirit. In the mass meetings which were held at the time of the game, great excitement was prevalent among the girls; songs were written and sung in praise of the Abbot team and to cheer on the players.

In an organized team the regular training is discipline; it is those who obey the captain most implicitly who are the best players as in all things where rules are to be followed. We feel strongly that games of this sort develop self-control in times of excitement, and the power to act promptly and quickly at any moment and under trying circumstances. The interscholastic games are a goal for which the team can work and therefore they are always inspiring and invigorating. We feel also that these games give a common interest, uniting all the girls in their loyalty for Abbot. We sincerely hope that after the immediate excitement is over, the spirit of enthusiasm and school feeling will remain among us.

We have seen so many instances of generosity and good will on the part of the old girls that we feel they deserve a few words of praise. Everyone has spoken this year of what splendid girls the seniors are, and how they have done many nice things for the undergraduates. This was especially noticeable in the beginning of the term when they took great pains to visit the new girls, and assist them in every way possible. They went with them for delightful walks about Andover, pointed out places of interest, and made them feel immediately at home. We have also observed that the girls appreciate the slightest attention, so much so that when they are overlooked they feel it all the more deeply. We know that for some it is their first year away from home. Can we forget how much we appreciated the slightest token of sympathy when we ourselves were undergoing that first stage of homesickness? We feel sure that the oversight in a few instances has occurred merely from thoughtlessness. For the dignity and consideration the seniors showed on the night of their reception has led us to apply to them an unusually high standard. Their social influence is widely felt throughout the school and we are certain that their example will be an excellent one for us to follow.

"Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is an infirmity of will." It has come very strikingly to the notice of the editors that in the school life there is an amazing amount of grumbling done. It would really seem that when the girls can think of nothing else to talk of they lapse into a spirit of unfavorable criticism. This has become so natural that it appears as if discontent were an essential of daily life.

Now most grumbling results probably from either one or both of two causes: first, the habit of criticism, and second, over-eating. The first cause is the most important because it is the hardest to overcome. It is a well known fact of psychology that our every thought makes a pathway in the brain and that a path once made is much more likely to be used the second time than a new one to be made. Therefore one should realize the risk run in ever allowing grumbling words to escape us. If we

allow ourselves to find fault with little things that perhaps at the time we do not really feel cross about, a grumbling speech will become with alarming rapidity our ordinary style of conversation.

Then when we overeat the tendency to complain is almost a fatality. Babies are "fretty" most often when something is wrong with the food; children whine and complain as a result of the extra piece of pie which their teasing elicited at desert, and the rule holds good with the next stage, when we, because we would not deny ourselves some particularly indigestible dainty, revenge our ill feelings upon our friends by our grumbling speeches. For the baby and the child there is the hope that they will grow out of the habit, but with us the faults which we indulge now will crystalize and our grumbling will be sure to overshadow in the minds of others our more amiable qualities.

School Journal.

Commencement Exercises.

The Commencement Exercises of the seventy-second Anniversary of Abbot Academy began Saturday, June 15, with the musicale given by the pupils of Mr. Downs, assisted by the Fidelio Society.

PROGRAMME - PART FIRST.

PART	Song — B	low Soft	Wind,		•					I	incent
	SEM	CHORU	S FROM	тн 1	EF	FIDEL	10 5	SOCIE	ETY.		
Piano	o — Ballet,									Chan	n in ade
	MISS	VERTA	SMITH	AND	MI	SS CI	HAM	BER	LAIN.		
PART	Song in C	anon Fo	rm — "	Con	ne l	Down	Int	o the	e Mea	adow,	,
										Che	rubini
MISS	SES NOONE,	BACON,	HERRI	CK,	CA	MERO	N, 2	AND	AGNI	ES SM	ITH.
PIANO	o — Air and	l Variatio	ons, .								Raff
	3.577	C TOTO 2 A	TT TT A T	T 4.3	7.15	MITCC	11.723	CATTOR	200		

PROGRAMME - PART SECOND.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA.

F. H. Cowan.

SOLOISTS:

MISS FLORENCE NOONE

Song - "Springtime,"

MISS ELIZABETH BACON

Vidal

MISS AGNES SMITH.

On Sunday, June 16, the baccalaureate sermon was preached at the South Church by the Rev. Dr. W. H. Davis of Newton, upon the the theme, "God's measurement of our lives."

The graduating class gave a very pleasant reception on Davis Green on the afternoon of Monday, June 17.

34	THE ABBOT COURANT.
N	Monday evening the thirty-fourth annual Draper Reading was given.
	PROGRAMME.
	DUET — Minuetto,
1.	SKETCH FROM SILAS MARNER, George Eliot HONORA SPALDING, New York, N. Y.
2.	A WATERLOGGED TOWN, F. Hopkinson Smith ETHEL CHANDLER BROOKS, Manchester, N. H.
3.	HELÈNE THAMRÉ, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps MABEL ELIZABETH KLOTZ, Mauch Chunk, Pa.
4.	Wooing of King Henry V., Shakespeare belle pickering johnston, Manchester, N. H.
5.	A ROYAL PRINCESS,
6.	One of Penelope's English Experiences, **Kate Douglas Wiggin** SARAH PALMER CAMERON, Salt Lake City, Utah.
7-	In the Palace of the King, . F. Marion Crawford Katharine Ingraham Herrick, Lawrence.
8.	THE MINISTER'S HOUSEKEEPER, H. B. Stowe MERCER MASON, Washington, D. C.
9•	BERTHA'S DÉBUT, Elia W. Peattie ELIZABETH WALKER GILBERT, Savannah, Ga.
	The class exercises were held on Tuesday, June 18, at the South urch.
	PROGRAMME.
Vo	LUNTARY AND MARCH
AL	THE FIDELIO SOCIETY.
In	VOCATION,

THE DREAM OF PARADISE,
SOLO BY MISS NOONE.
CHORUS — FIDELIO SOCIETY.
Address,
REV. DR. LEONARD W. BACON, of Norwich, Ct.
Presentation of Diplomas,
REV. DR. DANIEL MERRIMAN.
PARTING HYMN,
,
REV. FRANK R. SHIPMAN.
Hamilton Griswold Merrill, Marshal.
Alumnae meeting at Abbot Hall at 2 P. M.
SENIOR CLASS, 1900-1901.
Rebecca King Baxter, Mansfield, Ohio.
Evelyn Carter, West Newton.
Katharine Clark, Middletown, N. Y.
Grace Ely Clay, Harvard.
Elizabeth Stone Douglass, . Evanston, Ill.
Anna Lucile Farrell, Fort Dodge, Iowa.
Helen Plummer Hale, Lawrence.
Delight Walkly Hall, Andover.
Grace Emma Holden, Lawrence.
Charlotte Augusta Holt, Andover.
Faith Leonard, New Bedford. Marion Rogers Manson, Dorchester.
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COLLEGE PREPARATORY SENIOR CLASS, 1900-1901.
Helen Isabella Buck, Manchester, N. H.
Emily Sophia Emerson, Hanover, N. H.
Barbara French, Andover.
Katharine French, Andover.
Delight Walkly Hall, Andover.
Isabel St. Clair Herrick, Lawrence.
Harriet Althea Lee, Marash, Turkey.
Julia Charlton Rockwell, East Windsor Hill, Conn.
Clara Locke Thomson, Andover.

hall Exercises.

On Saturday afternoon, September 28, Miss Mercer Mason recited the selection that she gave at the Draper Reading last June, and Miss Bacon played a Barcarole.

On October 5, we had the great pleasure of hearing Miss Alice French, (Octave Thanet), a former graduate of Abbot and a well-known writer, who spoke to the school in a very witty and interesting way about "Charm," and gave us some very good advice. Miss Bacon and Miss Gay played two duets,—the "Vorspiel" from Wagner's opera, "Tristan and Isolde," and a selection from Jensen's "Bridal Music."

October 12, Miss Kelsey gave a lecture on "Glaciers and Glacial Formations," illustrated by stereopticon.

October 19, Miss Bacon played a "Fantasie" by Mozart, and Miss Means spoke to the school on "Manners."

On October 26, Miss Alice Reed played a selection by Chaminade, and then the school held a debate on the question: "Did President Roosevelt do right in having Booker T. Washington dine with him at the White House?" Miss Johnston led the affirmative and Miss Mercer Mason the negative. At the close of the debate a vote was taken. The affirmative won.

On November 2, and a week later on November 9, Dr. Root spoke to the school about Anatomy and Physiology, dwelling particularly on the respiratory and circulatory systems. Dr. Root illustrated her talk by means of the valuable mannikin owned by the school, taking it apart, that we might understand more fully the construction of our bodies, and might see the location of the various organs. We found these lectures particularly helpful, as Dr. Root explained everything to us in a simple and direct way, using as few technical terms as possible.

November 16, Miss Verta Smith played three of Moscheles' Preludes, and Miss Tryon gave us an interesting talk on the recent excavations in Crete.

Entertainments and Amusements.

Tuesday evening, September 23, the Y. W. C. A. gave an informal dance to the school in the gymnasium. The first informal school gathering should be remembered as a great success.

Wednesday, October 9, the Senior class gave a tea to Octave Thanet (Miss French, Abbot †'68). The Seniors' parlor was prettily decorated for the occasion with autumn leaves. Tea and chocolate were served.

Tuesday evening, October 15, the faculty gave a Celebrity Party to the school. About 200 pictures of celebrities were hung about the library and reading room. The first prize was won by Miss Wright, '03, and the consolation prize by Miss Shipman, A. C. P. '02. Lemonade was served in the library.

Friday, October 18, the school was invited to the Phillips Inter-Class Track Meet. Good records were made, but only one, the polevault, whose record now stands at ten feet, six inches, was broken.

Tuesday evening, October 22, Miss Gilbert entertained the class of 1903. Miss Bedell entertained the class of 1902.

Saturday, October 26, a number of the girls attended the football game, Andover versus Yale Freshmen. In spite of Andover's bad defeat, 11-0, the game was an exciting and interesting one.

Thursday evening, October 31, Hallowe'en, a masquerade party was given in the dining room. Many costumes were pretty and unique.

Tuesday evening, November 5, the Senior class gave their annual reception to the trustees, faculty, and the school. The reception was held in the Seniors' parlor from seven-thirty until eight. Miss Means, Miss Mercer Mason, and Miss Spalding received. At eight, two shadow pantomines, "Young Lochinvar," by Scott, and "The Modern and Mediaeval Ballad of Mary Jane," from St. Nicholas, were given by the Senior Middlers.

The cast for the first was:

Lochinvar, Miss Packard.
The bride, . . . Miss Anne Mason.
The groom, Miss Eshbaugh.
The mother, . . . Miss Holland.
The father, . . . Miss Mason.
For the second:

Mary Jane, Miss Gilbert.
The father, Miss Herrick.
Benjamin, Miss Hegeman.
Mortimer, Miss Whiting.

The readers were Miss Burnham and Miss Draper.

A dance was then held in Draper Hall. The reception was the most successful and pleasant of any that has been given by a Senior class in years.

Tuesday evening, November 12, the girls on Miss Chickering's corridor gave to the girls on Miss Kelsey's corridor one of the pleasantest parties of the term. It was a progressive domino party. The prize was awarded to Miss Bosher.

Wednesday afternoon, November 13, Abbot played Bradford at Bradford in basket ball. The score was 13–12, in favor of Bradford. The game was played well throughout, especially the second half. The game was called at three o'clock in the Haverhill Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Fifteen minute halves were played. The line-up for the first half was: Beatrice Tisdale, centre; Clara Castle, goal; Helen Bott, goal; Rosamond Thomson, guard; Martha Blakeslee, guard. For the second half: Beatrice Tisdale, centre; Sarah Hincks, goal; Anne Mason, goal; Martha Blakeslee, guard; Rosamond Thomson, Gertrude Lemis, Abbie Smith, guard.

Friday afternoon, November 15, a number of girls, under the chaperonage of Miss Durfee, attended a recital given by Mme. Lilli Lehmann.

Friday evening, November 22, the Dramatic Club of Phillips Academy gave an entertainment in the Town Hall. Most of the girls attended.

Religious Notes.

The first meeting of the year was led by Miss Means on Saturday evening, September 21.

September 28, Dr. Day, of the Theological Seminary, spoke to us from the seventh chapter of Hebrews on the mysterious personage, Melchisedec.

October 5, Professor Taylor talked to the school on the "Power of the Will,"

October 12, Miss Milham, travelling secretary for the Young Women's Christian Association, spoke on "Missionary Interests in School Life."

October 19, Mr. Shipman talked to the school, choosing for his subject "Prayer." He read from Prof. Phelps' "Still Hour."

Rev. Mr. Frederic Palmer spoke on Saturday evening, October 26. His text was taken from Galations V. He enlarged upon the liberty of the spirit over the lusts of the flesh.

Miss Means, on November 2, spoke to us from Philippians IV, 8, dwelling particularly on the last phrase. "If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

November 9, Miss Merrill gave us an interesting account of the meetings of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions she had attended in Pittsfield.

November 16, Miss Morse, treasurer of the Young Women's Christian Association, talked to the school on the meaning of the Week of Prayer among the Associations of the world.

November 25, our Thanksgiving service was held.

This fall, the Y. W. C. A. has held its regular prayer meetings on Sunday evenings. On the evening of October 13, Miss Milham, who was visiting the Association, spoke to the girls on the work she hoped to take up in China and the condition of the girls in that country.

Miss Noyes, a returned missionary from India, spoke to the Association Sunday evening, October 27.

Through the Week of Prayer, from November 10 to 16, a meeting was held every evening to pray for the Association work in different countries. On Sunday evening of that week, Miss Morse spoke on the "Use and Helpfulness of Prayer."

Young Women's Christian Association officers:

President, . . . Honora Spalding.
Vice-President, . . Margaret Eshbaugh.
Secretary, . . . Belle P. Johnston.
Treasurer, . . . Elizabeth Gilbert.

Items of General Interest.

Certain important changes have been made in the school organization since last June. In the summer, the trustees engaged Mr. A. F. Abbott of Andover, as superintendent, and his practical oversight has already made itself felt.

Mrs. William G. Abbot, a personal friend of Miss Means, came, the last of October, to take up the work so long and so ably carried by Miss Angelina Kimball. Mrs. Abbot's qualifications for the important

work which falls to her share are already manifest and her interest in it is so sincere that she has never seemed like a stranger among us. On the contrary, teachers and girls already feel that a new and gentle, but strong and refining influence has come with her into our midst.

That Miss Kimball is still with us, is to us, and will be to the hosts of old girls to whom her presence here means so much, a cause for real thanksgiving. To "reckon up in order" all the service that Miss Kimball has rendered to Abbot Academy would indeed be impossible.

Coming to the school as a young girl, she has really spent her life here, giving without stint of time and thought and labor, for it may truly be said of her—"She hath worked willingly with her hands;" "She hath looked well to the ways of her household." It was not easy to let her lay down the burden she had carried so long; it certainly could not have been easy for her to give up the work which has been her very life, but we had her cheery welcome as we came back to school this fall, and may she long brighten our return to work and encourage by her friendly presence the hearts of timid or homesick new scholars.

Our debt of love and gratitude to this most faithful friend of Abbot can never be over-paid.

Our large family was widely scattered during the Thanksgiving recess, which lasted from Tuesday afternoon until Friday evening, only two of the teachers and six girls were left behind. They were Miss Schiefferdecker and Miss Durfee, with Miss Mary Castle, Miss Clara Castle, Miss Fanny Perry, Miss Ruth Perkins, Miss Cornelia Sattler and Miss Edna Wright.

Tuesday evening, after dinner, we gathered around the open fire in Miss Means's room, and were entertained by Miss Means's descriptions of the pictures in one of her portfolios. On Wednesday evening, we had a jolly candy pull in the kitchen.

Thursday morning, we went with Miss Durfee to carry Thanksgiving dinners to two families in the town. Our hands were loaded with large baskets, whose contents were the results of careful, enthusiastic planning, and our candy pull supplied us with sweets for the expedition.

Mrs. Dowd took great interest in our small party and when we went down to dinner at two o'clock we were greeted by a large, attractively arranged table in the centre of the dining room. Our places were designated by Gibson dinner cards done by Miss Wright, and Miss Schiefferdecker presided. When we were seated, Miss Kimball explained that the pen-and-ink sketches on the dainty napkins, which we were admiring, were done by Miss Phoebe McKeen. The old epergne

and the old silver belonging to the school graced the occasion, and Miss Kimball's stories about them aroused much interest. The elaborate dinner was enthusiastically appreciated by us all and reflected great credit upon Mrs. Dowd.

The growth of the library has necessitated a marked change in the cataloguing. The old shelf system has given way to the Dewey system, the flexibility of which simplifies the whole method of cataloguing. This change was made during the summer vacation under the direction of Miss Kathleen Jones (†'89) of Radcliffe College library. Miss Bosher worked with her and at the end of six weeks Miss Jones and Miss Bosher had reclassified and recatalogued nearly 3000 books. The books in the Jackson Memorial Library remain under the old system. The expense of this change was covered by the income from the Alumnae Fund.

In response to an invitation from the Trustees of Bradford Academy to the Faculty of Abbot Academy, to be present at a reception of welcome to Miss Knott, the new Principal, Tuesday afternoon. Oct. 20, Miss Schiefferdecker, Miss Merrill, Miss Bacon and Miss Bosher went to Bradford that day, sharing with many others the pleasant reception and the informal exercises in the hall. The Leonora Society occupied the rear gallery and sang beautifully under Prof. Downs' leadership. Dr. Arthur Little, President of the Board of Trustees, made the opening address, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, representing the lately appointed trustees, also made some characteristic remarks. The words of Miss Knott herself were most enthusiastically received, as she stated very clearly her views on education and the lines which the new administration will follow. She enlisted the sympathy and support of the friends of Bradford Academy, as she unfolded her plans to them, in simple and straightforward sentences. Everyone must have felt glad that a woman, well qualified for the headship of such a school, was entering upon her duties, feeling that she had been called to the highest work, and rejoicing in it.

Obituaries.

The long and painful illness of Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs has ended in her passage from mortal life to the immortal this day, the ninth of December. It is too late to say what we desire to say of her in this number of the COURANT, but in our next we shall endeavor to give fuller expression to our deep love for her and to our sorrow for our beloved teacher, Mr. Downs.

'82. At the Elliot Hospital, Manchester, N. H., August 23, 1901, Fannie Belle Pettee, wife of Eugene Carroll Bringham, and daughter of Fannie B. Pettee and the late Holmes R. Pettee.

To those who knew and loved the subject of this sketch, an attempt to put into words a just appreciation of her character and personality seems futile, and only justified in the desire to lay upon her grave one laurel, the enduring token of an affection which she won and held in the hearts of all who ever touched her life at any point, as schoolmate, teacher, wife, or leader in a wide social and intellectual circle. Her fine mind, to which she gave most thorough and arduous training, supplemented by wide reading, especially along the lines of history and art, gave to her career as teacher at Jamaica and Atlanta University, and with private pupils, a high degree of success, while her broad sympathies, her intense altruism, made her eager to serve others without distinction of race, color, or social position, winning all hearts. Her sincere and charming personality, her unfailing endeavor, her quick appreciation of the needs of others as of their hidden possibilities, her depth of religious feeling and devotion, which, without cant, never wavered in its belief and search after the true God, in whom her being moved, her intense loyalty to her friends, to her ideals, to her interpretation of a life of service to others, all these traits formed a character almost flawless; one finds no blot upon the page of her written life, too brief for the splendid promise of its future.

During the past ten years she won recognition as a leader of thought, an authority upon her special lines of study, and rose to the position of president of the Federated Clubs of Manchester, an honor unsurpassed in influence and distinction in the state of New Hampshire. Her name was also brought forward as a member of the school board of her native city, but her already failing health obliged her to relinquish both of these high honors.

If one might name the characteristic which stands out among so many admirable ones, it was her *utter* lack of self-consciousness; so absorbing was her altruism, no individual, no worthy cause, ever appealed to her in vain. The whole world was not too wide for her sympathy, nor any human being so humble as not to be worthy of it, it was free, never discriminating, like the sunshine and the air; thus the growing tide of her life steadily encroached upon her physical strength which succumbed at last to its demands.

She went to the operation, which it was thought would better her condition, as smilingly and cheerfully as one who "lies down to pleasant dreams." And thus it proved to be, for her spirit never regained consciousness, but was released without pain.

One may think of her with her perfect faith and trust, her constant thought of others, repeating in the cadence of a voice singularly beautiful, the lines of her beloved Tennyson—

"And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

"For though from out the bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot, face to face—

When I have crossed the bar."

Abbie J. McCutcheon.

Alumnae Motes.

Delight W. Hall, † 1901, has been elected president of the Freshman Class of Mt. Holyoke College.

Catherine F. Crocker, † '87, returned in the summer from a two years' course of study abroad, and is now at the head of the modern language department in Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y.

Josephine Crocker is still in Paris studying the piano with a pupil of the celebrated Pugno. A recent letter tells of her having played at a musicale with the violinist, Joubert.

Sarah P. Cameron, 1901, is to spend the winter with her father, in foreign travel.

Miss Merrill attended the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions, held in Pittsfield, Mass., Nov. 5-7, with Mrs. John M. Harlow. They were glad to meet there several old scholars, among whom were: Mrs. Mary Hunter Williams, Mrs. Mary Cushman Coyle, Miss Mary E. Newton. Miss Anna L. Dawes, whose home is in Pittsfield, also gave them a hearty greeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Bogart (Henrie A. Calhoun, † '94), tarried long enough, on their wedding journey in Boston, to invite Miss Merrill and Miss Bosher to lunch with them at the Touraine. They sailed from New York for Liverpool, Oct. 19, but were to be at home in Savannah, Ga., after Dec. 1.

Grace E. Clay, † 1901, is studying in a business college at Manchester, N. H.

Margaret A. Reed, † 1901, who was teaching in Litchfield, Mass., in the autumn, has just accepted a more congenial position in Miss Wheeler's school, Providence, R. I.

Honora Spalding, 1902, attended the wedding of Elizabeth D. Nichols, †'93, of Amherst, N. H., and brought back to school glowing accounts thereof.

Mrs. William Fairchild, (Agnes Baldwin), of Newark, N. J., has made a short visit in the old school, the first since her marriage. The pretty picture of her three children shows us that she has been long away, but we are glad of her prosperity and happiness.

Mrs. Ethelyn Marshall Cross, † '94, is now living in Brookline, as her husband, the Rev. Allen Cross, has recently been chosen assistant pastor of the New Old South, Dr. Gordon's church, in Boston.

Margery Ide, who left school three years ago to go to Manila, is now in San Francisco, owing to the illness of her sister.

Visitors during the first semester: Alice Wood † 'oo, Edna Kidder 'oi, Charlotte Shipman † 'oo, Mrs. Louis S. Chase (Sara Hutchinson) '94, Georgia Whitney † '99, Mary Thompson † '93, Fannie Mather '89, Elizabeth Chadbourne † '78, Miriam Smyth, 'oi, Marion Manson † 'oi, Ethel Brooks 'oi, Lillian Balcom 'oi, Delight Hall † 'oi, Isabel Herrick † 'oi, C. P., Julia Rockwell † 'oi, C. P., Mrs. Willard Sperry † '68, Alice French † '68, Edith Morton '97, Lucie Hegeman † '99, C. P., Mary Marland '99, Beulah Field 'oo, Clara Thomson † 'oi, C. P., Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding † '68, Mrs. Annie Watts Pillsbury † '82, Mae Watts '81, Gertrude Lawrence † 'oo, Elizabeth Jencks 'oo, Evelyn Carter † 'oi, Agnes L. Smith 'oi, Mary Kenniston † '99, Mary Morgan † 'oo, Grace Chapman † 'oo, Genevieve Magee 'oi, Sarah P. Cameron 'oi, Helen Richardson † '98.

Engagements.

Miss Lily Griffin Stetson, '88, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Fewitt and the late Hon. Isaiah Stetson of Bangor, to Major Freiherr Wolfgang Treusch von Buttlar-Brandenfels, aide-de-camp of the Imperial German Expedition Corps, has been announced.—[Boston Transcript.]

Mabel Bennett, '02, to Mr. Thomas Church of Chicago, Ill.

Marriages.

WELCH-WILLIAMS.— Miss Jessie Elizabeth Williams, '80, to Mr. Welch. Present address, Glastonburg, Ct.*

SWAZEY-WOODMAN.— Miss Mary Darling Woodman, '80, to Mr. Swazey. Present address, Bucksport, Me.*

SHURTLEFF-FAHNESTOCK.— Miss Lillie Lucile Fahnestock, '82, to Mr. Flavel Shurtleff. Present address, Peoria, Ill.*

MACMILLAN – WEBBER. — Miss Lucy Webber, '82, to Mr. William N. Macmillan. Present address, Ave. House, Finchley, N. London, England.*

STACKPOLE-SMITH.— In Andover, Mass., June 22, 1901, Miss Agnes Gleason Smith, '90, to Mr. Markham Winslow Stackpole.

BANGS-STONE.— Miss Ione Gertrude Stone,' 92, to Mr. George H. Bangs. Present address, Augusta, Me.*

BEAN-NICHOLS.—In Amherst, N. H., Oct. 23, 1901, Miss Elizabeth David Nichols, † '93, to Mr. Norwin Sherwood Bean. At home, 63 Carpenter street, Manchester, N. H.

PECK-Brewster.— In Middlebury, Vt., June 19, 1901, Miss Susan Stowell Brewster, '93, to Mr. Joseph Alanson Peck.

HILL-SLADE.— Miss Katherine Sarah Slade, '93, to Mr. Cushing Hill. Present address, Middlebury, Vt.*

BOGART-CALHOUN. — At St. John, New Brunswick, Oct. 15, 1901, Miss Henrietta Calhoun to Mr. Frank Crosscup Bogart. Address, Savannah, Georgia.

BOONE-RUSSEL.—In Pottsville, Penn., Dec. 4, 1901, Miss Nelly Arline Russel, '95, to Mr. George Hughes Boone.

HOLT-PURINGTON.—In Bethel, Me., June 27, 1901, Miss Alice Emma Purington, † '95, to Mr. John Voorhis Holt. At home in Andover, Mass.

CORK-WOODWARD.—Miss Ruth Woodward, '96, to Mr. Daniel E. Cork. Present address, Peoria, Ill.*

AYER-FOSDICK.— In Winchester, Mass., Dec. 12, 1901, Miss Helen Burgess Fosdick, '96, to Mr. Luther Symmes Ayer. At home, Black Horse Terrace, Winchester, Mass.

CONANT-LORING.— In Dedham, Mass., June 19, 1901, Miss Ruth Baker Loring, † '96, to Mr. Henry Virgil Conant. At home, 930 High Street, Dedham, Mass.

EAMES-RICHARDSON.—In East Billerica, Mass., Nov, 18, 1901, Miss Mary Wood Richardson, † '97, to Mr. Charles Holmes Eames.

EMERSON-TAYLOR.— In Malden, Mass., June 19, 1901, Miss Edith Henry Taylor, '97, to Mr. Jason Draper Emerson.

PETTINGILL-HILL.— Miss Florence Delta Hill, '98, to Mr. Pettingill. Present address, Lewiston, Me.

Births.

'92. To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunn (Mabel Kittredge) a son, born June 10, 1901.

'96. To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Leighton Carr (Lillian Franklin) a daughter.

^{*} Marriage notices about which our information is incomplete, and which have heretofore escaped our attention.

'93. To Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Nicholls (Charlotte Conant) a son, born Nov. 17, 1901.

Deaths.

- † '70. In Somerville, Mass., Sept. 14, 1901, Mrs. Anna Thurston (Anna Moore).
- '68, At Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 25, 1901, Mrs. George P. Sewall (Sarah A. Atherton).
- † '74. In Worcester, Mass., Oct. 21, 1901, Leroy Brownell, eldest son of George L. and Elizabeth (Reed) Brownell, 16 years.

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^{*} Died December 9, 1901.

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Count competer begins

Second semester begins Feb. 10, 1902

School closes at 2.15 P.M. Tuesday, April 1, 1902

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School closes at 12 M. Tuesday, June 24, 1902

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The Abbot girls were they.
The horses danced and stepped so high,
And all were full of play.

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Then Seal, whose trot was best,
Then next in turn came dear Itto,
Whose canter led the rest.

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The Girl From English Four, betimes,
Did wildly wave her crop;
"What's worse," said she, "Than making rhymes,
Or rising to the trot?"

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A woodsy road; the air so light;
The world so full of play;
A crowd of riders came in sight,
The Abbot girls were they.—A. B.

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XVIII

A BALLAD

Τ.

There was a maid who tried a rhyme
To fit the ballad meter.

There came no sense no sense at all, No sense at all to meet her.



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She worked all night, she cried all day, But no good did this do. 'Cept make her eyes all red all red Her pretty eyes so blue.

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The weeks passed by, the day drew near On which it must be read, She took her pen and went to work Although the work she dread.

Notman - Photographic - Co.

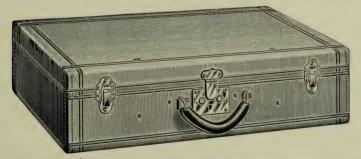
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THE M. C. LILLEY & CO., - Columbus, O.

For hours she worked and worked for hours
To get the words to rhyme.
At last she sighed, her eyes she dried,
Those words, she must them find.—A. J. M.

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Body and Brain by the Constant

* Use of *

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MALT CREAMLET CHOCOLATES

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THE METROPOLITAN

ARTHUR BLISS DRUG STORE

The Abbot Courant

June, 1902



June, 1902

THE

ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXVIII No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1902

THE ANDOVER PRESS

CONTENTS

						P	AGE
Mrs. Annie Sawyer Do	wns						5
A Poetess of Old New	Englan	d					9
Translations of "Extas	e "					. 12-	-13
Making up an Evening	Study 1	Hour					14
"The Fairies".							15
Life in Florence in "T	he Ring	and	the E	Book'	,		16
"At Night-on Grands	ather's	Piazz	a ''				18
"All for Marsa's Punc	h "						19
"The Little Jonquil Fl	ower"						21
Haying in the Country							22
My Autobiography .							23
At the Cottage Door							25
At Sunset							26
Class Poem		س	a	•			27
Tree Song		•					28
Editorials							29
School Journal .							31
Alumnae Notes .							53
Class Organizations							58
Officers of Alumnae As	ssociatio	n					58
Abbot Academy Facul	ty .					 	_

The price of the Courant is Sixty cents a year; single copies, Thirty-five cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.







ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS

THE

ABBOT COURANT.

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Business Editors.

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VOL. XXVIII

JUNE, 1902

NO. 2

Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs.

AGAIN we must begin our number with a new sorrow. The face of Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs which greets our readers as these pages open will recall to many and many the vivid personality, the wide knowledge, the ready wit, the affectionate interest of this woman, so dear to us here in Abbot Academy. During the many years of her life in Andover it was her joy to serve to her fullest ability any need. The town, the churches, the public schools, this school, individuals, the beauty and morality of the common life of the village, each and all took from her inspiration, courage, enlarged views. Were learning, music, art, morals, embellishment or cleanliness in question, each must be of the best and noblest, and must be so, not temporarily, but for the long future. In her were truly united the practical activity and the contemplative study which make the good citizen. Pen and word and effort she used unstintedly when a warning voice was needed against any danger which menaced

the town; pen and word and effort equally, when praise and appreciation of the town's noble attitude in the past or present was called for. Her varied attainments are known to us all. In poetry her feeling was frequently expressed in verse drawn out by the history whether of the simplest local movement or of some wider and greater struggle. Her longest poem, the one read by Professor Churchill at the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town of Andover, is too long to be quoted in full, but the following part, which tells of its learning and its schools, may not be left out.

- "But not on battle fields alone Our fathers' noble deeds have shone, For when grim war was at their door They calmly turned to lettered lore
- "And planted deep on hill top green, Wide o'er the country to be seen; Not fortress stern from whence to rule, But firm enduring Christian school.
- "First in the land where learning old,
 Disclosed to all its wealth of gold,
 Where side by side, the rich and great
 Sat low with men of mean estate.
- "And nobler still, the first in land,
 To write on high that God's command
 Was far above all classic lore,
 Or poets from Castalian shore.
- "O noble soul of Phillips name,
 To-day the whole world owns thy fame,
 While Phillips School is loved and blest;
 Where'er men roam in east or west.
- "School, which for hundred years and more, Has opened wide and generous door To truth, when she was known by few, To learning old, and science new.
- "Whose walls have rung with echo loud, Great names of which the world is proud. Dear names, which whether far or near, Bring songs of love, and hope, and cheer.

- "So twine once more the ivy green,
 And once more weave the bay leaves sheen;
 The Town must never blush for shame,
 Which guardian is of Phillips fame.
- "And as the years have come and gone, Round Phillips School, so early born, Religion grave has made her seat, And school for maidens, fair and sweet,
- "Has risen at the foot of hill;
 Fruit of the loving, generous will,
 Of one who to the Phillips kin
 In her low grave long years has been.
- "O, trio, blest, and good, and wise!
 Pride in your fair fame never dies,
 For of your life the noblest part
 Springs deep from out the old town's heart."

Her prose was flexible and graphic. Those who have heard her lectures on English cathedrals or on more general artistic matters, remember to this day how by describing the historic associations she enriched the mere constructive or artistic design. Westminster, Canterbury, York, Winchester, may not be visited by many of us without the memory of Mrs. Downs' beautiful appreciation of the events which hallow their precincts. Her work for such lectures, as her work for other studies, was thorough. No one consulted the libraries and museums of Boston more assiduously, or based her investigations on a greater quickness of apprehension of the point of view to be taken for the special work.

Her calm and confident religious faith bore her up during her painful illness, the end of which she probably clearly foresaw while concealing that knowledge for the sake of those who still hoped for her life. Her bright spirit, sure of an everlasting rest, but a rest with newly kindled love and earnestness, supported and still supports those nearest to her with a wonderful and persistent power. During that illness it was as if the sick room had been with us, for we hoped and sympathized and sorrowed day by day with Mr. Downs.

The months have gone on since that date, the 9th of December, 1901. We, too, have gone on, realizing that it will be impossible for us to find another with such qualities of a friend as Mrs. Downs had, but thankful that she lived among us and labored for us for so long. For wherever help was needed to fill the place of an absent teacher, when the school wanted to hear of historic Andover, or Concord, or Salem, or when questions of administration or of forgotten fact arose, she was always glad to give her best service to Abbot Academy. And as the beauty of these spring leaves and flowers gives us joy, so with the joy comes the thought of Mrs. Downs, whose death has taken from among spring's lovers one whose spring is now among the the heavenly meadows of eternity.

Our debt to her as a school cannot be expressed. The results of her influence will tell for generations of future pupils in the elevated ideals and the eager thirst for accurate knowledge which brought to us through many years better foundations for school work. Her body was laid to rest in her well loved Concord, in Sleepy Hollow. All her friends will be glad to remember what was her last message to one of her best beloved, a passage from Browning:

a Poetess of Old New England.

IN North Andover, on the old Haverhill and Boston road, stands a large, substantial house which was built almost two hundred and forty years ago, and which was the home of "the morning star of American poetry," Anne Bradstreet.

It was in the year 1630 that Anne Bradstreet, with her husband and father, left England in the Winthrop party, and set sail for the New World. She was at that time about eighteen years old, a quiet, studious young woman, and far from well, as she had been stricken with smallpox some years before and had never entirely recovered from its effects. She was deeply religious too, — all the more so because of her delicate health and sensitive nature,—and it was no wonder that she was sad and serious, and that her thoughts were always tinged with gloom.

The great desire of the Puritans was to increase the number of their churches. So the General Court encouraged the founding of new settlements, and in 1634 it was ordered that "the land aboute Cochichowicke shall be reserved for an inland plantacon." Some years later the town of Andover was founded there, and among the first settlers were Simon Bradstreet, his wife, Anne, and their children. Here they made their home, and here Anne Bradstreet lived until her death in 1672.

She has left us little record of her life in Andover, but it was probably much like that of other Puritan women. She had many children, and many servants to attend to, and we know that, lame and delicate as she was, she was yet a diligent and thrifty housewife, and a tender mother. But in the midst of her household cares she always found time to write poetry. Very strange poetry it seems to us now, yet interesting in its way; for it was the first lyric verse written in America, and was the forerunner of the many great and beautiful American poems of later days.

In 1650 a little volume of her verse appeared in London, and attracted much attention, for it had been written in America,—and by a woman! This was the title:

"The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America; or Severall Poems, compiled with a great variety of Wit and Learning, containing a Compleat Discourse and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year; together with an Exact Epitomie of the Four Monarchies, viz.: the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman; also a Dialogue between Old England and New concerning the Late Troubles; with divers other pleasant and serious Poems. By a gentlewoman in those parts."

It is hard to undersand how anyone could care to read a book with such a very unpromising title as this. Yet it was read, and enjoyed, and praised and quoted by Anne Bradstreet's contemporaries; indeed, she received the most extravagant compliments from all sides and was looked upon as a wonder. Today her verses seem gloomy and tiresome, without the least bit of originality, or the smallest spark of "divine fire." In her style she imitated the writers with whose works she was familiar — Milton and Spenser, but especially Du Bartas, a French Puritan. And in substance, some of her poems, especially those treating of historical subjects, are merely paraphrases of other authors.

More interesting are the verses in which she expresses her own thoughts, and tells of the constant suffering, of her trials and troubles, of her affection for her husband and children, of her religion. Here, through the stilted phrases and the halting metre, we see a noble, patient, conscientious woman, loving and lovable, bearing up bravely under ill health and fulfilling every duty that her religion and the care of her large family demanded.

It is a pity that Anne Bradstreet's poems do not more often describe American landscape, or picture American life and customs. In "The Four Seasons," for instance, where she had a splendid opportunity to do something of the sort, she wrote of conventional English country scenes, without a word for the pleasant New England meadows, and the round topped hills, and the "big pond," near her home. But perhaps at the time poor Anne was thinking with homesick heart of her native Lincolnshire.

In one poem, however, entitled "Contemplations," she describes a beautiful summer day when she is wandering along the banks of the Merrimac. It begins delightfully:

"Some time now past in the Autumnal tide,
When Phoebus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad yet void of pride,
Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head.
Their leaves and fruits seemed painted, but was true
Of green, of red, of yellow mixed hue.
Rapt were my senses at this delectable view."

This may really be called poetry, and it is doubly charming compared with the labored productions that preceded it. It is true that the poem soon wanders away from the landscape into "moral reflections," and we are inclined to agree with Anne when she says:

"My great Creator would I magnifie, That nature had thus decked liberally: But Ah, and Ah, again my imbecility."

Yet further on she returns to nature and, speaking to a "Merry Bird" she cries, in joyous, musical verse:

"The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew;
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better Region,
Where winter's never felt in that sweet, airy legion."

But alas! Here she suddenly remembers that it is wrong to be happy, and, checking herself, she begins a discourse on man, who is "at best a creature frail and vain," etc.

Poor Anne Bradstreet! The stern, narrow religion of her day clouded all her bright thoughts and happy fancies. She never dared indulge in them, for she had found that a pleasure, and mere pleasure was, of course, sinful. Yet, though we cannot enjoy her poetry, we can certainly admire the brave, patient soul who, in spite of many obstacles, spoke such words as she could, earnestly and sincerely, and became our first American poet.

ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER, '03.

Extase.

J'étais seul près des flots par une nuit d'étoiles, Pas un nuage aux cieux, sur les mers pas de voiles, Mes yeux plongeaient plus loin que le monde réel. Et les bois, et les monts et toute la nature, Semblaient interroger dans un confus murmure Les flots des mers, les feux du ciel.

Et les étoiles d'or, légions infinies, A voix haute, à voix basse, avec mille harmonies, Disaient, en inclinant leurs couronnes de feu; Et les flots bleus, que rien ne gouverne et n'arrête, Disaient, en recourbant l'écume de leur crête:

- C'est le Seigneur, le Seigneur Dieu!

VICTOR HUGO.

Two Translations.

ECSTACY.

Alone by the sea, in a starry night,

Not a sail on the sea, not a cloud was in sight,

I gazed far away from the everyday world;

While the woods, and the hills, and all nature together
Seemed softly to question and answer each other,

The stars that shone; the crests that curled.

And the golden stars from their thousand throats
Whispered and shrilled in their musical notes
And bowing their fiery crowns, joined the call
With the waves which no man can hold back or arrest,
With the waves, white with billowy foam on their crest:
"'Tis the Master, the Master of all."

MARY B. SMITH, '04.

ECSTACY.

I stood alone one starry night, Close by the waves, with their gleaming light; A cloudless sky, a sailless sea, Lay opened out in front of me. Beyond this world I fixed my gaze, Woods, nature, mountains, in a maze, Asked questions of the billows blue And fiery skies.—The bright stars, too, In legions infinite they stand, A glowing, sparkling, dazzling band. Aloud, then low, their tones they blend, While low their fiery crowns they bend, In saying, with the waves of blue, Ungoverned, ceaseless, always new, Which roll the foam back from their crest Again, forever, without rest: "'Tis God who gave our beauty bright, The God of Heaven and of night."

BERTHA M. HARVEY, '03.

Making up an Evening Study Hour.

T was on the second day of May. Two girls were sitting in their rooms trying to write a composition.

It was hard to write on such a beautiful day, when the sun was shining so brightly and the leaves were just coming out. There seemed to be so many things going on through the open window, to attract their attention. They could hear the cheering of a distant baseball game, and a game of tennis was going on just below, and it looked so nice and cool under the large oak tree on the other side of the lawn.

Jane stopped writing and said, "Listen, does this sound right?— 'Strange, queer, and awful shrieks were heard piercing the cool May air.'" Kate gave a start and then burst into a fit of laughter—Jane could not make the strange shrieks and the cool May air go together so she tried to chew a thought out of her pencil.

Suddenly she jumped up, saying something about the sun on her back, and throwing herself into a Morris chair, wrote as if she were inspired. Kate not caring whether she was inspired or not, interrupted her by exclaiming,

"I have had a cow chase them down to the river and one has fallen in and the other is on a rock ten feet from the bank, with her skirts all muddy, and the cow is watching them like a hawk, how shall I get them out?"

"Let me see," said Jane "have a canoe come around the cor-

ner with-"

"Oh! but I hate to read a thing like that in class."

"I don't see what you can do then," replied Jane turning to her work.

Then there was silence for some time, with only a question like —

"How do you spell precious?"

"Pre-s-i-o-u-s" and silence again.

At last Kate got up, "Well," she said, "I have done all of that that I am going to do."

"How did you get them out, a canoe came around the corner?"

"No," and she left the room.

Jane wrote on, hardly stopping to think.

Then giving a sigh of relief, threw down her paper saying—
"That's done!"

Anne Judkins Mason, '03.

The fairies.

Come, come with me to Fairyland, And we will join the Elfin band! The moon is rising o'er the hill, Behind the old, deserted mill.

It floods the woods with ghostly light, The dew-drops sparkle clear and bright, A rustle sounds among the trees, The fairies rush in with the breeze.

They dance upon the soft, brown earth, The woods resound with cries of mirth; When tired, they sink upon the ground And look for mushrooms large and round.

On these a charming feast they spread, Delicious dainties are their bread; The banquet o'er, they dance again, These airy, fairy, little men.

The east becomes a rosy red,
'Tis time the fairies were in bed;
They can not stay till break of dawn,
A rush, a whir, and they are gone.

KATHARINE SCOTT, '03.

Life in florence in "The Ring and The Book."

A T noon time and at market time the great wide square of San Lorenzo was crammed with booths of all descriptions, everything was confusion and bustle as venders called out their wares and the passers-by paused to gaze upon the scene and examine the articles of all sorts displayed before them. Booths surrounded the square and were crowded into every nook and corner, even the broad steps of the Riccardi Palace, where in early times lounged the knaves of the Medici family, were strewn with old books, worn out picture frames and prints. There on those very palace steps Browning found the square old yellow book which had in it the story of Guido and Pompilia, there close to the Riccardi where Guido's race lived and near the church of San Lorenzo where they now lie. After Browning had purchased the book, he passed on through the crowded square and its stalls filled with pieces of old crockery, bits of tapestry which still showed their once brilliant tones of red and blue, rare candlesticks and brass knobs from off heavy wooden chests from which the dames of old Florence chose their rich brocades.

He stopped by the fountain; leaning over the low railing he watched the thick ankled Italian girls filling their copper cans with water and the market men stopping to freshen their vegetables by sprinkling them with wet melon leaves; on he went through street after street where he found the same confusion of a market day and the way strewn with the straw used for festival days. He finally came to Strozzi Palace, crossed the Bridge and reached his quiet home, Casa Guidi, near the de Felice church. In the evening, after finishing the book, Browning went out on the terrace which was covered with flowers, among which the fire flies flitted. Across the street was Felice church, its windows all aglow with light.

"Whence came the clear voice of the cloistered choir Chanting, a chant made for midsummer nights."

In the street below walked the townsmen in twos and threes

talking together, their figures hardly distinguishable in the thick darkness.

A day in Florence is shown to us in these glimpses of the life there which made such an impression on Browning on that day when he bought the little old yellow book. We see the busy morning and noon hours of a market day, the throng of people in the street, the venders and market men jostling one another, the streets littered with old curiosities and much rubbish. From the glare and hurry of the open square, we pass on to the quiet street by the de Felice church where all is still and peaceful at this hour, but there in the cool evening the Florentines stroll about chatting together.

We feel not only the atmosphere of modern Florence, but we realize that in these old palaces of the Riccardi and Strozzi lived many families of great renown and that they walked through these very streets and beside these fountains. These famous Florentine names bring before us the history of the great medieval city and its struggle for freedom. The rare curiosities which we find among the booths, old mirrors and bits of furniture show the manners and customs of the people in those times.

Through all the descriptions in the first part of "The Ring and The Book" we feel more strongly than anything the life that has been in Florence for so many many years and through so many troublous times, and the life and people of the present time, that "busy human sense" which Browning felt as he looked out over the city towards Arezzo at evening.

HONORA SPALDING '02.

At Night - on Grandfather's Piazza.

WHY we always sit on grandfather's piazza, I don't know. It is not so large as ours nor so far back from the street. But there is a certain undeniable pleasure in hanging one's dusty, tired feet over the edge of it. The grown-up people are always chatting in their listless, polite way, but somehow that, too, sinks into the background with the frogs and the river and the mosquitoes; and the child finds herself in a world of her own, which she can shape as she fancies. For the daylight world is utterly different from this dim eight-o'clock-at-night world. In the two pieces of light that strike out from the house behind her, she can see shreds of fine, fairy grass. And she tries to guess whose house it is far away where a lamp is glimmering.

How strange the trees are at night and how hard they are to recognize! The elms are the queerest of all. They look like sprays of giant seaweed festooned against the sky, while the telegraph poles are the masts of great, square-rigged ships.

The child has outgrown the stories of bears that hide and jump out at her from behind the trees. Yet even the disbelief in these stories is shaken by a fear of what might lurk in the shadow of the syringa bush.

The grown-ups presently stop talking and the child's eyelids begin to press closer, one to the other. Then she thinks of what she will do tomorrow. She feels of her pulsing arm. She tells herself it does not hurt and she resolves to roll up her sleeves every day till she becomes as brown as a sailor she has seen. Then she stops thinking.

A watch snaps. The child knows what is coming, for doesn't it come every evening when people sit on piazzas? But she cannot ward off the distant sound of her father's voice as it rends the silence, growing and vibrating as a crash of thunder, "Come, child, isn't it about your bedtime?"

MARY BYERS SMITH, '04.

All for Marsa's Punch.

NE spring day, years and years ago, when all the earth was in bloom and the soft spring air sent a thrill and a desire for action through one, a certain Mr. Beaufort, plantation owner and sportsman, sent out invitations for a grand ball at his manor house to celebrate a successful hunt.

The long drawing-rooms were to be cleared for dancing, and across the hall the dining room was to be in charge of black Sambo, who would serve punch to the thirsty dancers. It seems a trivial matter, but Mr. Beaufort was very particular about the quality of his punch and no one could produce quite such a delightful mixture, with just the right amount of orange peel in it, as Sambo. Sambo was a handsome, powerful negro; goodnatured, but very rash.

On the day of the ball, unexpected business compelled Mr. Beaufort to send Sambo and another trusty negro, Mose, across the river, and as their errands took them in widely distant parts of town, and Sambo's farthest from the wharf, it was arranged that if he could not get back in time, Mose should take his place in the dining room. So there was a deep rivalry between these darkies as to who should get back first and have the honor of making and presiding over the punch; but as both went over in the same boat, it was just chance who the fortunate one would be.

Soon after dinner they started. The river was very high. Once on the other side, they did their errands and both started back for the wharf.

Sambo, although he was farthest from the shore, reached the wharf first, and crawled out on his hands and knees on the old pier. It was very dark. A fog was rising from the river and the angry waters rushed beneath him. He felt of each one of the posts which supported the pier until he should find the one to which the boat was tied. At last he found it; as he was untying the rope, as fast as was possible with the wharf quivering under him at each mad rush of water, and the boat tugging

violently at its tether, he heard quick footsteps on the wharf back of him; a light form shot past him; one thrust of someone's knife cut the rope, and as Mose shipped the oars, he called mockingly back through the fog:

"Hi, da, Mistah Sambo, reckon Marsa's punch ain't gwine ter be spiled by you, ter night." And he was gone.

For a minute Sambo was wild with rage.

"I spile Marsa's punch, me what has done made hit for twenty yeahs. Marsa's comp'ny shan't have ter drink dat blame nigger's mess ter night, if dis yer chile kin help hit." And he plunged into the river and struck out straight across.

The current was strong; one undercurrent almost drew him under, but the muscle which could stand almost any amount of work the overseer could put upon him, was saving him now. He was swimming steadily.

He thought feverishly of Mose, who, although he was small, was a fast rower and knew all the currents of the river.

Sambo's brain was getting bewildered. How the water roared around his ears.! He was swimming slower now, each stroke a great effort; but at last his feet touched bottom, he waded out nearly exhausted, and as he climbed the steep bank he heard the grating of the boat as it grounded. It sent a thrill through him, and he muttered with a chuckle:

"S'pect Mose cayn't make dat punch ter night noway, an' I reckon Marsa wanted me ter git back fust, anyhow." And he leaped the fence and started for the house on a hard run, and Mr. Beaufort, elegantly dressed for the ball, in cream-colored satin coat and smalls, waistcoat to match, fine lace on his collar and sleeves, and carrying a jewelled snuff box, anxiously met him, as he was running across the back veranda, dripping wet and his ebony face shining with moisture, and greeted him with:

"Well, well, Sambo, you did get back first, didn't you? Hurry up, now, and get dressed."

* * * * * * *

Late that night crowds of fair ladies, with widely flowing brocades and towering plumes, gay gentlemen in satin coats,

wigs, cocked hats and swords, passed, in an everchanging gay throng, in and out of Mr. Beaufort's stately oak dining room, in the centre of which stood Sambo, serving punch of a degree surpassing all his former concoctions, and with a deftness, ease, and grace unequalled before in all his twenty years of service.

Avis Booth, '04.

Che Little Jonquil flower.

Out of the ground it poked its head,
A dear little jonquil flower,
"I don't like thee, Earth," it softly said,
That dear little jonquil flower.
"Thou art so big, thou art so old,
And here it's warm, and there it's cold,"
Sobbed the little jonquil flower.

Then from the clouds the sun looked out
And smiled on the jonquil flower,
A warm spring ray it sent as a scout
To the little jonquil flower.
"Come forth to earth and make it gay,
For this fair month's our month of May,
Thou dear little jonquil flower."

So wide it flung its yellow wings,
That dear little jonquil flower,
And to the world it softly sings,
That dear little jonquil flower.
"Oh now, oh earth, I have no fear,
For spring has come, it's here, it's here!"
Brought by the jonquil flower.

MERCER MASON, '02.

Haying in The Country.

T was noon; the sun was high in the heaven and the trees and bushes drooped and withered under its scorching rays. The heavy hay-rick came creaking along through the tall daisysprinkled grass, and the meek-looking horse switched the buzzing flies from his shaggy sides. The farmer swayed from side to side in the cart, and guided the horse between the high piles of dry hay. Beside the horse walked the farmer's son, brawny and tanned, and his strong-looking sister. Pile after pile of sweet smelling hav was tossed high by the pitch-forks, and the cart grew fuller and fuller until it could hold no more. shadows grew longer under the trees, and the sun sank lower and lower, hanging like a huge red lantern just above the horizon. The children, who had trailed on behind, jumped about in the hay and tossed it in each others' faces. The tired people after their work was done threw themselves down under a tree, and lazily watched the clouds chase each other through the sky, and the purple haze over the distant hills. A refreshing coolness filled the air, and even the tired horse drank it in thankfully. At last the sun sank behind the hills and shouldering their pitchforks, the haymakers rode home on top of the load of newly-mown hay, and the field was left deserted.

ALICE R. REED, '03.

My Autobiography.

THE first home that I can remember is the cottage where I was born. It was a typical Southern house, built of brick and painted bright yellow, with wide, vine-hung verandas around both stories. There was a bit of green lawn in front, also some palms, and rose bushes, and a large magnolia tree; behind it was a garden,—a dear, old-fashioned garden, with narrow brick walks, neat flower beds, and privet hedges, beautifully trimmed. At the very farthest end of the garden, in a corner of the brick wall, grew a huge live oak tree, and beneath it was the little summer house, where I used to dream and play all by myself during the long light hours.

I was a very lonely little girl in those days, and I had no playmates that I can remember. I wish now that I had had a brother or sister, or some friend of my own age, for, as I was so much alone, I grew to love solitude, and to be shy and reserved toward the people with whom I came in contact in later years. But at that time I felt no lack of friends or companions. I was happy in my own thoughts and fancies, and I peopled the garden with all sorts of strange kings, who were as real to me as my own father and mother were. Indeed, my imaginary world some times seemed to me to be the real one, and everything about me was strange and dream-like.

Fortunately I was not left to myself all the time. When I was five years old, mother said that I must begin to go to school. So one morning I was dressed in my freshest and daintiest pinafore, and, feeling very proud and happy, I trotted along by mother's side to Mrs. Jameson's school for little girls, which was just around the corner. Shall I ever forget that morning? Shall I ever forget the awful feeling of loneliness which came over me as mother said goodbye, and left me to my fate? Shall I ever forget the round, staring eyes of the twenty little pupils, all fixed on me, as I took my seat? I suppose that almost every-

body has gone through this experience, but really, my first day at school was so utterly wretched that I hate to think of it even now.

When recess came my schoolmates ran out into the yard, and played games, skipped rope, or, with their arms about each other, walked up and down the path under the cotton maples. But I sat on the steps all alone, the most unhappy little girl in existence. When the bell rang again, and the children came crowding back to the door, I saw my chance. Quick as a flash I was out of the yard and down the street. How I ran! I fancied I was being pursued and I dashed on in a veritable panic of terror. At last I saw the little yellow house; at last I saw the big garden, all aglow in the morning sunlight. And oh joy, there was mother at the gate! Trembling and sobbing, I threw myself into her arms—and so ended my first day at school.

Of course I grew to like school later on, but though many of the little girls whom I met there were friendly and pleasant, yet I never grew very intimate with them. I never wished for a chum or a companion. I liked to play alone in the garden with my own dream people for company. My life was quiet and happy; it contained no excitement of any kind. And so, if I am writing an autobiography, I must end it here, for there is nothing more to tell.

When I was about seven years old we moved to a city in the North, and I have lived there ever since. I wonder sometimes who is living now in the little yellow house, and whether there is any child running about in the garden or playing in the summer house. Or perhaps the cottage is vacant and empty now. Then I am sure that there is a little ghost wandering to and fro in the garden,—the ghost of the lonely happy child who used to play there.

ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER.

At the Cottage Door.

A LONG the margin of one of the many canals that twist and twine through the southern part of England, there is a little cottage where lives widow Davidson, a character whom every one in the vicinity knows. She is middle aged, and as far as any one can tell always has been. Tradition says she came from Bristol, but she has lived so long in the little stone cottage by the canal that this fact has been forgotten.

Tonight she stands at her door watching a barge come up the locks; she has been feeding her chickens, and now she has stopped to look for any neighbor that may chance her way on this soft summer evening. Soon she sees a figure coming along the grass-grown towpath and she recognizes Thomas Marston.

"Good evening, Mr. Marston," she said, in a tone that invited conversation.

"Good evening, Mrs. Davidson, and how might the chicken business be doin'?"

"Pretty well,—but what is this I hear about the artist that has come to the village. Have you seen him?" Mrs. Davidson had a gift of getting out of people any gossip she wished to know, but tonight her task was not difficult.

"Seen him! I should think so!" And then old Thomas leaned against the cottage door and began; he loved a story and his love was not lessened when the first person singular played an important part in it.

"As I was working on the canal a little chap steps up to me and says, 'I wish to paint this part of the canal, and if you would let me put you into the scene I would pay you well.' Paint me, indeed, and what would my folks say to see me figirin' in a picter in my workin' things? So I suggests to him that I should fuss up a bit and then he could paint me, but he got real put out and wouldn't hear of no such thing. I wouldn't be took to be the laughing stock of the village, no, indeed!"

"You did quite right, 'deed I wonder he asked you," said the widow.

"Well, Mrs. Davidson, I must be goin', it's gettin' dark. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Then Thomas Marston walked homeward through the twilight, and if anyone had seen that gray haired old man swinging along with strong, even strides, he might have felt a pang of sympathy for the young artist.

RUTH H. PRINGLE, '04.

at Sunset.

The stillness in the little hollow seemed to be made deeper and more profound by the chattering and quarrelling of the sparrows among the branches of the trees and the gurgling of the little brook. Here there was no sign of humanity except the tiny rustic bridge built across the brook, and even that was half hidden by the graceful willows which overhung the stream on either side. A little farther down was a round, still pool in which the willows were perfectly reproduced.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the beat of hoofs and the sound of merry whistling, and a small country boy appeared leading the horses to the water's edge to drink. He whistled cheerfully for a moment, but then he seemed to feel the stillness and charm of the spot, and he sat thoughtfully on the bank adding his reflections and completing the picture while his horses drank from the clear water.

ALETTA HEGEMAN '03.

Class Poem

T

Now, when associations dear
Of others who have labored well
Throng ever round, from far and near,
We would their inspiration tell.
In loving service to mankind
They brought to those about good cheer;
In tender love our hearts they bind
As in our thoughts we see them here.

 Π

When they as girls like us roamed first
These grassy lanes and woody ways,
Delighted, eager, on them burst
New wonders ever for their praise.
They wandered in the shady grove
Where violets and wind-flowers dispersed
Sweet fragrance through the air, and wove
Fair garlands, and gay tales rehearsed.

HI

Oh! may their influence be strong
To make us ever walk aright,
To make us choose the truth from wrong,
The narrow path keep straight and bright.
Though life be troubled, pleasures few,
The way be wearisome and long,
Let us to our ideals be true,
March bravely on with joyful song.

MILDRED A. MOOERS.

Tree Song

We sing to thee,
Little linden tree,
In voices sweet and low.
We will think of thee,
Little linden tree,
In the years that will come and go.

In the fall or spring, Your leaves must sing For us, little linden tree. And upward fling The songs you sing To the blue skies above thee.

And from the skies,
From Paradise,
A blessing will come to thee;
To keep for us,
And impart to us
When we think of our linden tree.

So grow for us.

And be for us

What we would have you be.

Oh! wave for us,

And tell for us

That you're our little linden tree.

MERCER MASON.

Editorials.

We take pride in all that our teachers do for the world outside of the school, and we feel specially glad to be connected in any way with the work among the Filipinos. Miss Angelica S. Patterson, who has been for years in charge of the studios, has completed a three-quarter's length portrait in oil of Bishop Brent, lately appointed to the diocese of the Filippines. The picture represents the clergyman in his cassock, standing with hands clasped before him in a dignified attitude, with the head raised and with an expression of earnestness and force. handling, as a matter of painting, is able; the whole is what a portrait should be, reposeful and vet strong, and his friends like the portrait very much as a representation of the man's personality. Miss Patterson has also painted one of Bishop Brent's coadjutor. These are to be placed in the vestry of St. Stephen's Church in Boston, where the new bishop has been working up to this time. Besides these works, which she has presented to the church, Miss Patterson's offer to decorate the walls of the cathedral at Manila with some angels has been accepted. first designs in cartoon are now on the walls of her studio. is intending to devote herself mostly to such mural decoration and possibly to windows, taking as subjects angels as types of great attributes. To this special work she has felt a strong drawing for a good while, and we congratulate her that it has now become more than a longed-for possibility.

Sooner or later every schoolgirl is confronted by this question: what shall she do with the old, worn-out, dilapidated books that are accumulating on her shelves? A friend of mine settles the question by having a little bonfire in her back yard at the end of every term, — a bonfire of the books for which she has no further use. Now there is no denying that it is an immense satisfaction to see some hated rhetoric or arithmetic writhing in the flames, and to know that you need never set eyes on the detestable thing again; yet, on the whole, most girls do not care

for this solution of the problem. Their books are old friends and companions; they have a sort of affection for them, and are unwilling to destroy them.

Then, too, there is another thing to be considered. We all know what a delight it is, when we are in the library at home, to come upon some old book belonging to father in his college days. How we laugh at the boyish caricatures of his professors and fellow students, which adorn every available place! And how eagerly we read the hasty little notes that he scrawled in the margin! Or, perhaps, we discover a "Fifth Reader" with mother's maiden name written in prim, delicate characters on the fly leaf, and beneath it a date which brings to mind visions of hoopskirts and "waterfalls." We look at these old books very tenderly, and try to imagine the dear, worn, elderly faces that we know so well, all alight with youth and laughter. And after enjoying this pleasure so much, ought we not grant it to others?

Then let us keep the old books! Let us find some unused corner of the house where we may pack them away. Let us treasure them—the grim, battered, pathetic reminders of our youthful days, and of our struggles in the thorny paths of knowledge.

Since the beginning of the year, Mr. Draper, who had been treasurer of the Board of Trustees for nearly twenty-four years, has resigned the office that he has so long and so faithfully filled. During his period of service, the external features of the school have greatly changed and the internal working has adapted itself to the changed outward conditions.

In no small degree is the prosperity of the institution due to Mr. Draper's successful management of financial matters and to his watchful oversight. Colonel Ripley, his successor, has taken up the duties of his office with interest and energy and we know that into no abler hands could this important work fall.

School Journal.

Hall Exercises.

On Jan. 18, at the first of our Hall Exercises after the Christmas vacation, Miss Merrill gave an interesting account of her experiences in Egypt and her trip up the Nile. The talk was illustrated by stereopticon views, some of which were lent by Professor Taylor of Andover.

On Jan. 25, Miss Susan Jackson talked to us of the Andover of long ago, and of her experiences in Abbot Academy, both as a pupil and a teacher. After hearing about the struggles and privations of the school in those early days, we realized as never before, how many advantages and opportunities we now possess.

On Feb. 8, Miss Annie Edwards told us of French home life as she knew it, when she lived in a French family in Paris, just before the Franco-Prussian war. We were much amused and interested in her description of the various members of the family, of their old-fashioned courtesy toward her, and their hearty affection for each other. Miss Edwards also read a short paper on "Irish Wit."

On March I, Miss Pettit and Miss Stone talked to us about their work among the poor people in the Kentucky Mountains. They told of the quaint sayings and odd customs of these mountaineers, of their dull, narrow lives, and of their pleasure in the attempts made by the missionaries to brighten them. The talk was illustrated by stereopticon, and at its close we were allowed to inspect specimens of the goods manufactured by the mountaineers. There were queer hats and great clumsy shoes, and pieces of stout cloth that promised to wear like iron—all hand made, and all very interesting.

On March 8, Miss Hersey of Boston addressed the school. She first gave a most delightful talk on poetry in general, then spoke to us of Mr. Drummond, the Canadian poet, who writes in the quaint Canadian dialect. She read "The Habitant," and several other selections by Mr. Drummond, all of which were greatly enjoyed.

On March 15, Miss Durfee talked to the school on "Physical Culture," showing how necessary it is to take plenty of exercise, in order that one may be strong and well, and able to study hard and work hard without injury.

The exercises of March 22nd were especially pleasant. Miss Kathleen Jones, a graduate of Abbot, (class of '89), read a paper on the songs of Shakespeare, and Miss Carter of Andover sang some of these songs—"Where the bee sucks, there suck I," "Orpheus with his lute," "Under the greenwood tree," "It was a lover and his lass," and several others, many of them to the old, old tunes that were used in Shakespeare's time. Last of all came, "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," to Schubert's bright, beautiful melody, and this was a fitting close to a delightful program.

On March 29, Miss Knowles gave an interesting talk on the architecture of the middle ages,—that is Gothic architecture. She spoke from the historical as well as architectural point of view, and illustrated her lecture by stereoptican views of some of the magnificent cathedrals of the old world.

On May 5, Mr. Freeman, of Phillips Academy, entertained the school with an interesting paper on the character of Queen Elizabeth.

On May 10, Prof. Angelo Heilprin of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences gave an illustrated lecture on "The Problem of the Two Poles."

On May 17, Mr. John Alden, of Andover, gave a lecture on milk and its various uses. We were surprised to learn of the number of milk products that are used, not only for nutriment, but in mannfactures and arts as well. Though not as numerous as the products of Coal Tar, of which Mr. Alden told us last year, they are quite as important and interesting.

On May 24, Miss Keeney sang a ballad by Reginald DeKoven, "My hame is where the heather blooms," and then the school was most pleasantly entertained by members of the fourth year English class, who read original themes and essays. Miss Anne Mason read "Making up an Evening Study Hour"; Miss Gilbert read a paraphrase of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" by Miss Reed, and "Description at Sea" by herself; Miss Holland read "A Thunderstorm in the Country," and Miss Herrick, "A Summer Scene." Then a part song, "The Lonely Rose," was sung by Misses Albee, Blodgett, Holland and Keeney. Miss Burnham read "A Misunderstanding"; Miss Johnston, "The Vocabulary of Macbeth," and Miss Nason "The Atmosphere in Shakespeare's Tempest." Miss Scott gave an essay on Milton's "L'Allegro," and also a poem, "The

Fairies." Miss Fordham read a poem, "A Summer Day," and the program was concluded by a story by Miss Booth, "All for Marsa's Punch."

Sectures

The lectures in the Alumnae course have come later than usual this year. Professor John Tyler of Amherst College gave the school two interesting and instructive biological lectures, on April 26 and April 27, respectively. The subject of the first was the nervous system, which is, Professor Tyler said, the foundation for the study of man. He explained the structure of the nervous system, and told about reflex actions,—actions that we perform almost unconsciously, because the nervous system and the muscular system are so closely united. These reflex actions are controlled by the small brain, but when consciousness enters into the action the impulse or vibration travels to the large brain.

The most important use of the brain is that of a switch board, to meet every incoming impulse, and send it out to the right muscle at the right time. As every nerve enters into a perfect cobweb of threads and fibres, it is hard to understand how one impulse can find its way through this cobweb, and affect the right set of muscles. But practice and habit so mark out lines of least resistance along the nerve threads,—or nerve paths, as they are called,—that the impulse is guided in the proper direction. So different people may respond to the same stimulus in different ways, for each acts according to the result of habit upon his nervous system.

Professor Tyler's second lecture was on the development of the child. He said that the great thing that a baby possesses is a digestive system. The digestive system is the foundation of life and the foundation of all greatness. Then in early childhood the muscular system develops. The muscular system is the seat of health. It makes strong calls upon the heart, so that the heart muscles are strengthened, the heart pumps out more blood and the child becomes strong and vigorous.

In a baby the emotional powers develop before the intellect does. This is necessary because the feeling influences the will and the will controls the action. A man may think what he pleases, and no one be the better or the worse for his thoughts, but when he begins to *feel* he begins to *act*. Next the dawning moral sentiment of the child is shown in the desire that he suddenly has for "fair play." This desire should be encouraged, for it is the germ of all morality.

So the child grows, its muscles develop, its emotions, its morals, and last and least important of all, its intellect. Then comes adolescence when vitality is at the flood, and the boy or girl sees visions and dreams dreams.

Old age comes soon to a man. He goes out into the world and loses the dreams and ideals of adolescence, or else intends to put them into practice "later on," when he has become successful. But all the time the brain paths that run in the direction of selfishness become smoother and smoother, and the other brain paths gradually stop up. Women do not lose their ideals so soon. They are always younger, more enthusiastic, more cheerful than the men, and this youthfulness and cheerfulness should be their contribution to the community in which they live.

On May 10, Professor Heilprin of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, gave an illustrated lecture on Arctic and Antarctic problems. Professor Heilprin does not in the least consider that he is an Arctic explorer, yet he may certainly speak with authority on the subject, for he has made two expeditions north with Lieutenant Peary.

He first explained that there is a large extent, still unknown, of the earth's surface, millions and millions of square miles, both in the north and in the south; and it is to open up knowledge regarding these regions, and to find a solution of the most important problems of geography, geology, and botany, that men are constantly trying to reach the poles.

The northern tract is composed of disjointed fragments of land,—fragments of some vast continental area, which is gradually falling to pieces. A large part of this Arctic tract is very agreeable during the summer months, for there is a semi-summer temperature, and even in winter the extreme of cold is practically the same as in the middle of the continent, many latitudes lower.

In Greenland the snows of centuries have quite buried the country, lie upon it five or six thousand feet deep, and in some places even seven thousand feet. Yet along the coast the climate is milder, and there are beautiful green valleys, reminding one of Switzerland, all covered by a wonderful growth of low herbs, grasses, and flowers. There are, however, but few trees. Little birches are found, from six to eight inches high; and there is also a diminutive willow tree, which is only six inches high, but lies nearly flat upon the ground for three or four feet, and so may be called "the giant of the northern forest."

There are also many animals and insects in this far land, and sometimes Professor Heilprin said, millions of ants fly by overhead, in great flocks, blotting out the sun entirely. But Greenland has few inhabitants, and these are, of course, all Esquimaux. It is uncertain whether these Esquimaux are of the Mongolian race, or whether they are a modified type of the American Indian.

There are traces in Greenland of a vegetation and climate far different from those we know now, and this is probably because the earth has

changed its relation to the sun, and does not now revolve upon the same axis. Fossils have been found, of trees and leaves and fruit; there are coal deposits only three hundred and sixty miles from the pole; and six hundred and fifty miles from the pole there are coral reefs. From these things we learn of vast climatic changes, which took place in a comparatively recent period, about fifty or sixty thousand years ago.

Professor Heilprin said that expeditions to the far north have been conducted for over three hundred years. The first cause was the search for a passage to India. Later came the discovery, or rather, the location of the magnetic pole, which is fifteen thousand miles away from the true pole. The needle of the compass always points to the magnetic pole, and if this pole had not been found, true navigation by means of a compass, would never have been.

Of the Antarctic regions nothing was known until a short time ago. Until five years ago not a trace of vegetation was found there, and there appeared to be no animal life whatever. Lately the remains of evergreen trees and shellfish were discovered, fossilized in the rocks. It is supposed that South America once stretched down into what are now inaccessible fields of ice; indeed, it is probable that South America Africa and Australia were once united by a land mass that no longer exists, or exists only in part.

Professor Heilprin said that the loss of life in Arctic exploration is not nearly as great as in African exploration and he thinks that in the future there may be commercial results that will justify the loss of life, and loss of money. But the explorists greatest wish is to find out the changes that the earth has gone through, and if he accomplishes this wish he will feel more than repaid for all the hardships and dangers that he has endured.

Entertainments and Excursions.

Tuesday evening, January 14, Miss Bosher and Miss Knowles presented "A Fair Encounter" before the school and a few guests in Abbot Hall.

Monday afternoon, January 20, the last November Club reception for the winter was held. A number of the girls and the greater part of the faculty attended.

Tuesday evening, January 21, the school enjoyed a sleigh ride to North Andover Pond.

Saturday afternoon, February 1, the play "The Button," translated from the German by Miss Schiefferdecker, was given at the Vendôme

before the Abbot Club of Boston. Miss Jameson, Miss Herrick, Miss Holland and Miss Gilbert took part. The Mandolin club rendered various selections and the Seniors ushered. The Mandolin club and those taking part in the play stayed in Boston for dinner, chaperoned by Miss Schiefferdecker.

Tuesday evening, February 4, Miss Kelsey's corridor gave a Garden Party to the school in honor of Miss Chickering's corridor. All the girls represented flowers—the object being to guess the various representations. Misses Hegeman '03, Nason '03, won the first prizes. Miss Harriet Smith and Miss Castle, '04, had the best disguises.

Friday evening, February 14, the November club presented "Second Thoughts." The play showed much work and was a great success.

Tuesday evening, February 11, the play "The Button" was given again, in Abbot Hall, for those who had not seen it in Boston. Following the play an informal dance was given in Draper Hall.

Friday evening, February 21, a number of girls attended the Washington's birthday dance given at the November Club.

Tuesday evening, February 25, Miss Knowles took a party of girls to see Irving and Terry in "The Merchant of Venice."

On Feb. 27, the second of Mr. Downs' concerts was given by Mr. Felix Fox and Mrs. Allen.

Tuesday evening, March 4, the Seniors entertained the school in the library by charades. The tableaux were very good and showed the competency of the class for informal entertainment.

Tuesday evening, March 11, the Senior Middle class gave an Auction Party. Miss Hegeman, Miss Gilbert, and Miss Anne Mason of the class were auctioneers.

Thursday evening, March 13, Miss Merrill and Miss Durfee took some of the girls to Phillips Hall to hear Professor William G. Anderson of Yale lecture on Gymnasiums.

Friday evening, March 14, Miss Means took the Senior class to a lecture on "Microbes" given by Prof. Sedgwick of the Institute of Technology at Bartlett Chapel.

Tuesday evening, March 18, the Draper Hall girls were invited to Phillips Hall to a sleight-of-hand and juggling entertainment.

Wednesday evening, March 19, Miss Means and Miss Merrill, Miss Draper '03, Miss Gilbert '03 and Miss Holland '03 attended the Jewish play given by the Wiltse Club of Boston.

Friday evening, March 21, a large number attended the Phillips Musical Club's concert given in the Town Hall.

The German department with Miss Schiefferdecker and Miss Tryon attended a play, "Der Senator," given by the German department of Harvard.

Tuesday evening, April 22, Miss Merrill and Miss Knowles chaperoned a large number of girls to the Philo Forum Debate, in Phillips Hall.

Monday afternoon, April 28, the Abbot basket ball team played Bradford at Andover. The game was called at 3.45. The line-up was: Anne Mason forward, Beatrice Tisdale centre, Gertrude Lemis sub., Martha Blakeslee guard, Rosamond Thomson back. The score was 5-2 in favor of Bradford. The game was witnessed by a few Andover people, besides a small delegation from Bradford. Although the game was lost the players deserve much praise. The officials were: Mr. Bellis, umpire, Miss Durfee, timekeeper, Miss Shipman, A. C. P. '02, Miss Ruth Mason, linesmen; Miss H. Smith and Miss Danenhower '04, police force; Miss Chase A. C. P. '02, Miss Burnham '03 and Miss Wright '04, cheering staff; Miss Bosher, Miss Fletcher '02, Miss Gilbert '03 and Miss Herrick '03, reception committee.

Thursday afternoon, May 8, the third concert in the series arranged by Mr. Downs was given by Heinrich Gebhard in the November Club House.

Friday afternoon, May 9, Andover played Yale 'Varsity at Andover. A large party from the school attended under the chaperonage of Miss Bosher, Miss Knowles and Miss Tryon.

Tuesday evening, May 13, a vaudeville show was given in Abbot Hall Miss Alice Reed '03 and Miss Whiting gave selections on the piano. A play, "A Piece of Gossip," was then given by the Misses Albee, Holland '03, Blakeslee '02, Elliott '02, Wright '04, Burnham '03, and Sattler '04. This was followed by a solo, "My Josephine" by Miss Keeney and sleight-of-hand tricks by Miss Pillsbury '05 and Miss Bampton '04. A topical song was then sung; Miss Holland '03 taking the solo part. The evening was closed with dancing in the gymnasium.

Friday evening, May 16, the Means Prize Speaking was held in Phillips Hall. Prizes were awarded to Messrs. Perrin, Bannwart and Clark.

Miss Schiefferdecker gave the German students a picnic at Sunset Rock on the 23d of May. It was a beautiful day and in the afternoon we wandered through the woods and gathered flowers. About half past five we saw Allen Hinton approaching with his wagon quite loaded with supplies. We had a merry supper and then adjourned to Sunset Rock where we sang German songs and played German games. Miss Schiefferdecker had provided some very pretty little prizes for the winners which she brought from Germany in the fall, and which we were all delighted to win as souvenirs. We started for home about half past seven and serenaded Prof. Moore and Prof. Newton on the way. Prof. Moore made us a little speech in German and Prof. Newton sent us all some flowers so we felt as though we were fully appreciated. The German picnic was one of the pleasantest events of the spring term and one which we all look back upon with a great deal of pleasure.

On Tuesday evening, May 27, a translation of "Les Romanesques" of Edmond Rostand was put upon the stage by the Seniors, and while the attempt may have seemed presumptuous for young amateurs, the result was both charming and amusing. The two crabbed fathers, and the two sweet boy and girl children, the strutting bravo and his lugubrious attendants, the clumsy gardener and his rake, and that most important centre, the old wall, made an ensemble quite novel for Andover plays. It would be vain to tell those who did not see it of the friends' plotting, the quarreling and reconciliation of the old men, the graceful simplicity of the children's idyll, the fantastic abduction, and the tragic battle of the boy and the bravo. The scenery was ingeniously planned, and the actors did excellent work both in committing difficult dialogue and in representing character. The effect was of a play worth working upon, and of one worth hearing and remembering. - (Andover Townsman.) The play was given for the benefit of the McKeen Memorial Building Fund.

The cast was as follows:

PERCINET, a lover	-	-	-	Miss Mason
STRAFOREL, a Brave	0	-	-	Miss Chase
BERGAMIN, Father to	o Per	rcinet	_	- Miss Johnston
PASQUIN, Father to	Sylv	ette	-	Miss Lindenberg
BLAISE, a Gardener	-	•	-	Miss Bedell
Notary, -	-	-	-	Miss King
SYLVETTE, Daughte	r to	Pasquin	-	Miss Spalding
Bravos -	-	-	-	Miss Blakeslee, Miss Bedell
Blacks -	-	-	-	Miss Avery, Miss Mooers
TORCH-BEARERS	-	~	-	Miss Fletcher, Miss King
WITNESSES -	-	-	-	Miss Avery, Miss Blakeslee
WEDDING GUESTS	-	-	-	Miss Fletcher, Miss Mooers

Miss Anne Mason '03 rendered two selections on the violin during the evening, and Miss Shipman C. P. '02 and Miss Mason played the Wedding March during the play.

Wednesday, May 28, the Third Annual Field Day was held. Every one took part, the Seniors and Junior Middlers being classed together and the Senior Middlers and Juniors. The class winning the greatest number of points won the day, first place counting five points, second three, and third one point. The Seniors won the day with 73 points. The events entered were: Hoop rolling parade, slow hoop race, jump rope, 50 yards dash, 100 yards dash, 50 yards hurdle, 50 yards fastwalking, 3-legged race, high jump, broad jump, shot put, fencing, tether ball, and tennis finals. At the end of the morning, basket ball was played, Miss A. Mason's '03 team winning 3-0. The class baseball game was then played—the score being '02: 12 and '03: 8.

Saturday afternoon, June 7, Andover played Exeter at Andover. The score was 6-3 in favor of Exeter.

Tuesday evening, June 3, the German department gave to the school and its friends a thoroughly successful presentation of scenes from the fourth act of Schiller's exquisite drama, "Jungfrau von Orleans," and of Mark Twain's lively farce, "Meisterschaft." Under the careful direction of Fräulein Schiefferdecker the details of both plays were excellently managed. The garden scene in the Jungfrau, with its shrubbery, flowers and background of evergreen was artistic and effective. Miss Frieda Billings as the Jungfrau, clad in bright armor and helmet, holding the white and silver fleur-de-lys flag of France, carried herself with the simple dignity characteristic of the historic Joan and delivered her lines not only with a true German accent, but with sympathetic interpretation. Miss Alice Reed in a charming court gown of green velvet impersonated Agnes Sorel with much sweetness and grace. The gay colored crowd of eager peasants thronged about the Jungfrau with a naturalness which was most pleasing and convincing and which was gained through the sincere and intelligent acting of each peasant. Following the Jungfraucame the delighfully funny "Meisterschaft," a farce, half German and half English. Spurred on by their enthusiastic audience, the actors did their very best, entering into the spirit of the "system" with considerable dramatic ability. After the plays the audience joined the actors in singing the stirring "Wacht am Rhein." The department certainly gave the school and their friends a most delightful entertainment, as well as proof of their careful and able work in the study of German.

PROGRAM:

PROLOG UND SCENE AUS DER JUNGFRAU VON ORLEANS.

PERSONEN:

JUNGFRAU	-	-	-	-	-	Frl. Billings
AGNES SOREL	-	-	-	-	-	Frl. A. Reed
		M	USIK.			

- Mendelssohn Chorgesänge: Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath Die Lorelei - Silcher Wer hat dich, du schöner Wald - Mendelssohn

SCENE AUS DER JUNGFRAU VON ORLEANS.

PERSONEN:

JUNGFRAU	-	-	-	-	Frl. Billings		
LOUISON hhre	Schv	vestern	{	-	Frl. Albee Frl. Eaton		
ETIENNE CLAUDE MARIE	Fr	eier der	Schw	estern {	Frl. Parker Frl. Duncan		
BERTRAND, ein	Land	mann	-	-	Frl. Schneider		
LANDLEUTE.							

FRL. DANENHOV	VER	-	-	- FRL. PIERCE
FRL. LEMIS	-	-	-	- FRL. SCOTT
FRL. MATHER	-	-	-	FRL. SHIPMAN

MUSIK.

Chorgesang: Wenn ich	n micl	nach d	ler Hei	math se	hn	
Frl. Albee, F	rl. Bu	ırnham,	Frl. Le	mis, Fr	l. A. R	eed
Solo: Der Schwur	-	-	-	-	-	Carl Bohm
		Frl. A	lbee			

MEISTERSCHAFT.

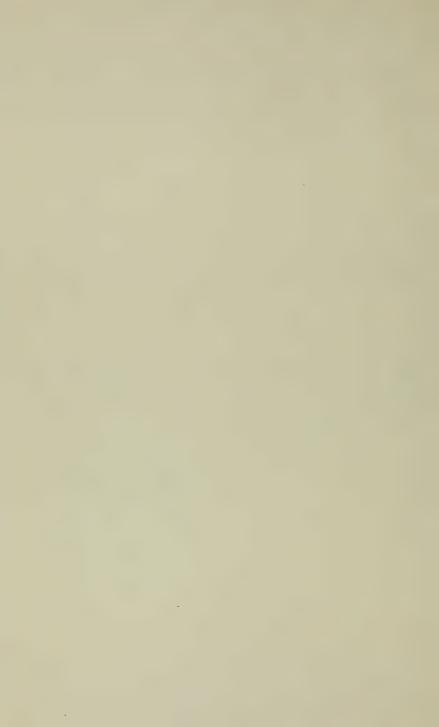
(In drei Aufzügen.)

Mr. Stephenson -	-	-	Frl. Perkins
GEORGE FRANKLIN -	-	-	Frl. Herrick
WILLIAM JACKSON -	-	-	Frl. Eshbaugh
MARGARET STEPHENSON	-	-	Frl. Billings
Annie Stephenson -		-	Frl. Burnham
MRS. BLUMENTHAL, die Wirtl	nin	-	Frl. Whiting
GRETCHEN, Dienstmädchen	-	-	Frl. Sattler
CHORGESANG Die Wacht am	Rheir	1	- Wilhelm





GROUPS FROM THE GERMAN PLAY



On Saturday, May 31, a party of girls started out with Miss Mason and Miss Kelsey to Nahant. Three of us were in the geology class and the other three went strictly for pleasure. One of them had never seen the ocean. Miss Mason and Miss Kelsey with some of the girls started on the 8.21 train for Boston where they joined the rest of us and took the train for Lynn. There a carriage met us and we drove to the beach where we spent a short time doing a little work and a great deal of laughing at the delight of the poor girl who had never seen the salt water. She even went to the point of tasting to see if it were really salt.

We next drove to Nahant to the entrance of Senator Lodge's estate, where we spent two hours on the rocks. We found numerous dykes and faults, but best of all we found a comfortable place to eat our lunch. That was one of the most enjoyable things of the day. After a good long rest at Nahant we drove through Lynn and Swampscott to Marblehead where we finished our lunch and sat on the beach for half an hour.

The drive back to Lynn was delightful and we were all sorry to leave the grand old sea and take the train for Andover. Every moment of the day was delightful. I am sure the illustrations which the expedition afforded the geology class taught them many things they had never thought of before.

On the fourth of June, eleven girls started with Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason, on a trip to Concord and Lexington. A wagonette met us at the Concord station, and we had a most delightful drive through the town. We saw all the places of historic interest. Among them were the homes of Emerson, of Hawthorne and of the Alcotts; perhaps the most interesting to us, was "The Orchard House" and the old tree where Jo used to sit and write her stories. We also saw Wright Tavern, the house of Mr. Bull, the originator of the Concord grape, and Sleepy Hollow Cemetery where are the graves of many renowned people who have lived in Concord. We had our lunch on the Concord battle-field under the shade of the Minute Man, with the Old Manse in view. Then we drove to Lexington over the same road on which the British marched from Lexington to Concord and where Paul Revere passed on his memorable ride. We saw Lexington Green and the statue of Colonel John Parker, the leader of the Minute Men. From Lexington we took the electric car back to Andover, all declaring we had had one of the best times of our lives.

On Wednesday, June 11, Miss Mason, accompanied by six of her physics and chemistry pupils, went through the great Pacific Mills in Lawrence. Mr. Alden met us and took us first into his private laboratory and into the rooms where the colors are made and tested. Het hen

took us to the main building and showed us every step which the cotton has to go through, before it is made into cloth, and all the processes necessary to prepare the cloth for market. We saw the means by which the cotton is cleaned and made ready for carding and spinning, and other operations before the cotton can be woven. Then came the bleaching, singing, washing, printing, steaming, pressing and the folding and making the cloth ready for shipment. Mr. Alden very kindly explained all the different steps to us, before we went into the rooms, making it much more interesting and much clearer to us. It was a trip well worth taking, and one we shall always look back upon with pleasure.

Religious Notes.

On January 11, Professor Moore of the Theological Seminary led the first service of the new year. He chose his text from the 21st chapter of St. John, the 2nd and 3rd verses, where Peter and the other disciples go forth to their occupation of fishing. He spoke of perseverance and faithfulness in doing the drudgery of the moment never mind what form of work it may be.

January 18, Mr. Wolcott of Lawrence talked to the school on "Imagination and its Uses." Its usefulness in science, in invention, in art and above all in religious life. Faith is helped by imagination, and hope in a future life is strengthened by it.

Prof. Taylor spoke to the school on January 25. His text was taken from II Samuel, XVIII, 33. "And the king was much moved and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept." The theme of the talk was "Feeling."

On February 1, A Praise Service was led by Miss Means.

February 8, Dr. Day of the Theological Seminary addressed the school on the meaning of the Day of Prayer.

On the Day of Prayer, Sunday the 9th of February, Professor Ryder gave the school a talk on "Cheerfulness."

February 15, Miss Wiltse under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. spoke to the school of her work among the Russian Jews in Boston.

A service preparatory to Communion was held by Mr. Shipman on Saturday evening, March 1. He spoke of Mrs. Lee and her work in Marash, Turkey, as an example of a beautiful life.

On March 8, Miss Kelsey with Miss Hegeman and Miss Slack gave a most interesting account of the Student Volunteer Conference in Toronto which they had attended the previous week.

March 15, Mrs. Howard Taylor of the Inland China Mission talked to the school of Inland China, its present condition and its great need.

March 22, Mr. Wilson of the Free Church, Andover, spoke on the subject of "Fellowship with God and Fellowship in work." His text was from the First Epistle of John I, 3, "Our Fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."

On March 30, an Easter Service was led by Miss Means.

Saturday evening, April 19, Miss Means talked to the school on "Great Examples in Characters." She spoke particularly of Robert Louis Stevenson and of the cheerfulness he showed through all his suffering.

On April 26, Mr. Robert T. Speer, leader of the Student Volunteer Movement, addressed the school. He spoke of the great differences between the Eastern and Western countries and showed that they can only be brought together through love. The one thing that separated the East from the West more than anything else, the Great Gift that was given to us, Our Lord Jesus Christ, is the only thing that can bring the two together.

May 3, Mr. Libby of the Theological Seminary, spoke about the "Reformatory at Concord, Mass."

May 10, Miss Chadbourne, a former member of the faculty, talked to us on "The presence of the Lord being always with us."

Miss Kyle, State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., spoke to the school on Saturday evening, May 17.

May 24, Mrs. Vaitses gave a very interesting description of her work in Boston and Lowell among the Greeks.

May 31, Mr. Andrews of West Parish, Andover, led the service. His text was "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The main thought in the talk was that we shall find rest in work and activity through trust in God.

On June 7, Professor Platner of the Theological Seminary, addressed the school. He chose two phrases from St. Luke, XII as his text. "Consider the Ravens." "Consider the Lilies." He spoke of "The Religious use of Knowledge of Nature."

The Y. W. C. A. has held its Sunday evening meetings throughout the year. On Sunday evening, March 16, Mrs. Howard Taylor spoke very earnestly to the association on "The Power of Prayer shown in Answers."

Miss Kyle who spent Sunday, May 18, with us, on that evening gave an account of her work in a city association.

The officers of the ensuing year are:

HELEN L. PACKARD - - - President
ELIZABETH GILBERT - - Vice President
MARGARET ESHBAUGH - - Treasurer
ISABEL JAMESON - - - Secretary

The school was very much interested this year in sending three delegates, Miss Kelsey and two of the girls, Miss Hegeman and Miss Slack to the Student Volunteer Convention held in Toronto, Canada, the last of February. These great gatherings of the schools and colleges occur only every four years; they have not been attended by anyone of this school for some time. Besides the account of the Convention given in chapel, Saturday evening, Miss Hegeman and Miss Slack spoke to the Y. W. C. A. on some of the special meetings. We are very glad to be united with such a world-wide movement and have enjoyed having with us some of the prominent speakers at the convention, Mr. Speer and Mrs. Howard Taylor.

A conference is to be held for the first time this summer in Northfield, for boarding schools; most of the schools in the East will be represented by small delegations. Our Y. W. C. A. is going to send two delegates and it is hoped that as many of the other girls as possible will be able to go.

Obituaries.

In South Chicago, Illinois, March 4, 1902, of apoplexy, Carrie Elizabeth Hall Bird, wife of Rev. George H. Bird, aged 48 years 2 months.

Carrie Elizabeth Hall '77 was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 5, 1854. Two years later the family removed to Plymouth, N. H. Here she entered the Normal School of Plymouth, on its organization, and was graduated in 1872. Schoolmates of this period write of her remarkable ability as a scholar, her wonderful memory, her thoroughness, her enthusiasm, and her devotion to duty. After teaching for a brief period in the Normal School, she entered Abbot Academy taking first rank in the class of 1877. She immediately won the love and respect of teachers and schoolmates. Her preparation for her recitations was exhaustive, everything possible to be found upon the subject in question was made hers, and a failure from her was unknown. This remarkable power of acquisition did not make her impatient of others less fortunately endowed, but enabled her to give the aid so often needed, and the inspiration to

greater efforts. A year after her graduation she returned to Andover, and taught in Abbot Academy, uutil her marriage, six years later. These six years served to bring into clearer light and higher development the characteristics of the earlier period; self-denial, spiritual consecration of all her powers, readiness to serve, an ever increasing desire to do the Master's work by helping others to know and love Him. She possessed in a remarkable degree the power of winning the love and confidence of her pupils. They felt sure of her sympathy and help, and a half hour spent with her meant increase in mental and moral fibre. She expected much from her pupils, but no more than she exacted from herself; she gave much. The teachers associated with her always found in her the ready helper, the delightful companion, the loyal friend.

In 1884 she became the wife of Rev. George H. Bird of South Chicago; fifteen months were spent in ideal companionship and travel in Europe and the East, broadening the already wide horizon. Her husband's and her chosen work in South Chicago are widely known. She gave to it her time, her strength, her life. She shrank from no task however difficult, but brought to bear upon the every day pleasures and trials the same tender sympathy, the same generous judgments, the same prayerful spirit which had become characteristic of her. After seventeen years of this devoted life, this strenuous life, the Summons came, and she entered into rest. Mourned by all classes of people in South Chicago, we feel that her work still goes on, and will go on in ever wide ning circles.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"Whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

F. K. H.

January 23rd, at Marash, Turkey, Clara Hamlin Lee, died of pneumonia after a short illness. One who had known her many years thus characterizes Mrs. Lee as she appeared during her recent sojourn in this country.—" So self-forgetful, unselfish, quietly doing and accomplishing much, saying little about her work, ready to give everybody else a lift, loving and generous. She was a strong, forceful, capable, highly, cultivated Christian woman." A fellow worker in Marash, speaks of Mrs. Lee's life there, so full of cares and labors, as "like the sun on its round, which we fail to heed because it is a matter of course. There was not a fibre of her being which was not true and right altogether."

Child of the well known missionary and founder of Robert College, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, and of his second wife Harriet Lovell, her life, aside from a few years here while acquiring her education, was spent in the Turkish Empire. Born on the shores of the Bosphorus, she obtained, even in childhood, the ready use of several languages.

In this Academy she proved herself an excellent scholar and an accomplished musician. During her last year at Abbot she taught music.

On leaving the academy she was invited to take charge of a family school in Princeton, N. J. After a few years there, she accepted a call to return to Turkey, and from 1878 till 1889 she was associate principal with Dr. Patrick at Scutari. When she entered the school it was called the Constantinople Home, but her work there raised it to the position of a college. Leaving the college in 1889 to become the wife of Rev. Lucius O. Lee, President of the Theological Seminary in Marash, Asiatic Turkey, she at once entered with zeal into the educational work of the mission, devoting much time and labor to all grades from the kindergarten up to the academy. The Sunday-chools and churches also enjoyed her beneficent and efficient efforts. So unostentatious was she in all these heroic toils that even the Missionary Boards have not seemed to comprehend their loss in her death.

Little can we conceive the horror of the day when the Turks rushed upon Marash, killing men, women and children, and burning their homes. Then came added loads for Mrs. Lee's heart and hands. The rare union in her of sympathy and tenderness, with energy and executive capacity was taxed to the utmost. Means of support must be devised and directed. Mrs. Lee had always done most of the treasury work of the station, attending wholly to the book-keeping—no light task—and now this work became more arduous as gifts for specific objects came in.

Under the nervous strain of the massacre and its results, the health of Mr. Lee failed and he and his wife came to America for a year of rest. As Mr. Lee was unable to respond to all the calls for addresses, more of this work fell upon Mrs. Lee than her share. After taking up the work in Marash, Mr. Lee's health did not seem greatly improved, and last win. ter he again suffered from insomnia, and for relief started on a horseback journey to Antioch. He left home, feeling, as he says, that Mrs. Lee was "the one enduring member of the family."

Soon after he left, Thursday, January 16, Mrs. Lee had an attack of grip; it seemed slight at first but developed quickly into pneumonia. Wednesday, with much effort Mrs. Lee dictated a letter of melting tenderness to her little Carrie, and wrote a short farewell to Mr. Lee. Thursday morning, feeling that a last duty remained, she requested her attendant to bring her a drawer full of note and account books that she might explain all things for the benefit of those who must take up the work she dropped.

She asked Mr. Macullom to select and read to her passages in the Bible that taught the immediate entrance of the dying Christian into heaven. In the afternoon he came in and read them to her, to her inexpressible comfort, so she that kept repeating "Absent from the body, present to the Lord, how good it is, how good it is!" Later her mind wandered. "The conscious moments were yours," wrote Dr. Hamilton to Mr. Lee, "and then she would converse in Heavenly places." Her last utterance before final unconsciousness was, "Jesus, dear Jesus, yes, I am ready, take me into thy loving arms."

When her departure was known, the Armenians said, "Grief has come to every door," and day by day the sobbing women came to sit by her grave under the shadow of a mulberry tree in the new cemetery.

A week elapsed after her death before Mr. Lee could reach home. On the following Sunday a memorial service was held in the large First Church, of which every inch was packed by the assembled throng, while hundreds were turned away.

In his address Mr. Macullom said, "Mrs. Lee's desire this last season has been a for a revival of Divine grace in this community, and in what way could we better show our love for one who has left us than by working together for this end." And truly there began a genuine revival in the second Church, deep and pervasive, which extended to the other two Protestant churches.

S. E. J.

The death of Helen Porter Farnsworth, known to many in Andover as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. K. Porter of Boston, will bring a shock to a large circle of friends. Mrs. Farnsworth had been ill but a short time suffering from rheumatism of the heart. She spent several summers in Andover with her family, when she was a young girl and later attended Abbot Academy, graduating in 1897. Soon after her graduation she was married to Mr. Crawford Farnsworth of New York and one son has been born to them. Her life was a peculiarily sweet and attractive one and her early death brings sorrow not only to a devoted family, but to all who have enjoyed in one way or another, her happy life and never failing cheeriness. The funeral was held at Mont clair, N. J.

Items of General Interest.

The colleges of the Middle States and Maryland have adopted a uniform system of examinations for the admission of students.

There is a College Entrance Examination Board, of which Nicolas Murray Butler has been a leading spirit. This Board appoints a committee of teachers from colleges and preparatory schools who prepare

the questions on each subject on which examinations are to be given. When the papers are collected another committee appointed by the Board, reads and rates the answer books.

The various ratings of a student are then sent to the college he wishes to enter. The college decides what rank shall admit him, some colleges admitting on a lower rating than others require.

Last summer thirty readers were appointed of whom six were ladies. Abbot Academy had its representation among these six ladies—Helen Jackson of 1895, now teaching at Wyncote, Pa.

The inspection of examination papers was held in the library of Columbia University. Although correcting papers is not one of a teacher's recreations, these readers found much to entertain in their mutual labors. Some of the papers inspected came from Andover.

The Abbot Academy Club of Boston has devised one very successful way of keeping in touch with the school whose interests it has so much at heart, and that is to make it, from time to time, gifts that shall be of practical and daily help. This year we are grateful debtors to the club for three gifts, two of which really come from last year's treasury, and the third from this year's funds.

Early in the year, a fine oak mail rack was placed upon the wall of the Trustee Room, and there letters are eagerly sought in the morning and at noon. At night, the old custom of reading off and giving out the mail still prevails.

Later, twelve dollars were given for the purchase of a spirometer which has been used in the gymnasium for testing lung capacity. It has been a great encouragement to deep breathing, awakening amusing rivalry while promoting proper respiration.

At the end of this year we learned that the club wished to give us something that we really wanted, and a list of much needed maps was sent, in the order of need. To our surprise and joy, the president of the club wrote that the whole list could be bought, so we have today; Kiepert's Roman Empire, Ancient Greece with Asia Minor, a map of the World, showing commercial routes, etc., and a map of Europe. All are mounted in diamond cases and have found their place in the school rooms. These five maps cost over \$37.00, a generous sum, but they are worth far more than that to the classes which use them, and to the whole school as a constant reminder of those who have been here before us,

Mr. Arthur Mighill, a nephew of Prof. Downs, has been much interested in studying the moon through our telescope and he has just given to the school two framed photographs that he made, one of the moon nearly at the full, the other of the third quarter. Both are beautifully clear, a most acceptable gift.

Before Prof. and Mrs. John Phelps Taylor started on their foreign travels, they saw an important change made in the dining room, the expense of which they gladly assumed. The central window, looking out upon Davis Green, has been made into a door window, thus giving easy access to the grounds. The dining room, pleasant as it is, has sometimes seemed, especially on anniversary day, like a big box, the entrance to which was far easier than the exit. With this new door it is hoped that conditions at the end of the year will be more agreeable, and we already know that it tempts many to spend more time out of doors, which is, in itself, a good thing, for which we thank our thoughtful benefactors.

One of the gifts which will most touch the hearts of old Abbot Academy girls of "Miss Phebe's" time is that of her well-known volume of Shakespeare, given to her by the class of 1868, and used by her so constantly in her own classes. A vision of her, swiftly passing on her way to the hall, with her flashing dark eyes and keen face, her slender form wrapped in her favorite brilliant red shawl, comes before us who had the privilege of studying the great poet with her. With what width of culture she opened his meaning, what fire she put into our stumbling apprehension of the drama, what enlarged appreciation of spiritual and literary beauty she helped us to!

And the gift has a history which increases its value. Treasured by Miss McKeen as all Miss Phebe's belongings were, she left it to Mrs. Downs at her death. And Mrs. Downs in her wise love, knew that nowhere but in Abbot Academy could be its permanent home; so she gave orders to have it passed on to our library. Ask to see it, all you who remember Miss Phebe! Nothing will more bring back the real old school days than to hold it in your hands a moment!

Through the kindness of Mrs. Danenhower the school has recently received a collection of sixty beautifully mounted Botanical specimens.

The income from the McKeen Art Fund has been used this year to purchase 145 new lantern slides for the Fine Arts department. These slides have been chosen to illustrate the development of painting in the Italian schools.

Miss Rose Anne Day graduated from the school of Mrs. Delafield and Mrs. Calvin, Boston, on June 3, 1902.

Estelle Greenough has just graduated from the National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Maryland.

After a visit in the autumn, Mrs. Daniel Merriman sent to Miss Means a cheque to defray the expense of tinting the walls of the lower corridor wing and the dining room staircase; the painting was done in the Christmas vacation.

The Senior parlor is greatly improved by the pretty table cloth which the Seniors have provided for the room.

The following letter will tell in its own way of one of the best gifts we have received this year, a noble gift from the two friends whose bountiful kindness we constantly enjoy.

ANDOVER, May 24, 1902.

Trustees of Abbot Academy;

Dear Friends:—Recognizing the Divine goodness and mercy that have followed us all the days of our life, and desiring to give some expression of our gratitude to the Lord for all his benefits, we have decided to celebrate the fifty-fourth anniversary of our marriage, on this twenty-fourth day of May, 1902, by a gift to Abbot Academy of one thousand dollars, for the founding of a Library Fund, the yearly income thereof to be used under the direction of the Trustees, or a committee of their appointment, solely for the purchase of books, not for incidental expenses.

We gladly place this fund in your charge, hoping that other friends of the Institution will contribute to its enlargement, as time shall demonstrate its usefulness to the school.

Very sincerely yours,

WARREN F. DRAPER, IRENE P. DRAPER.

The McKeen Memorial Building Fund has reached the sum of \$43,371.00. \$1,000 of the money paid in is from the New York Abbot Academy Club. This report is encouraging not only to the building committee, but to all who hope to see the building soon completed.

Commencement Week.

The anniversary exercises extend from June 21 to June 24. On Saturday evening, June 21, the annual Draper Reading will be given. The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached Sunday morning, June 22, by Rev. Prof. John W. Platner D. D. of the Andover Theological Seminary. On Monday evening, June 23, there will be a Musicale by Professor Downs's pupils at which the cantata "Florabel" by Roland Rogers will be given. On Tuesday, Anniversary Day, the address to the Senior class will be given in the South church by Rev. George Hodges D. D., Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge.

Engagements.

Isabel S. Chapin, '96, to Mr. Charles Barney Gould.

Jessie R. Ross, †'96, to Mr. Walter Gibby.

Marion Marsh,'99, to Mr. Francis L. O'Bryan of Winston-Salem, N. C. Susan Couch, '98, to Mr. Gerald Sherman Badger.

Marriages.

KENNEDY-FLEEK — In Newark, Ohio, Jan. 30, 1902, Miss Grace Fleek, †'00, to Mr. Francis P. Kennedy.

Young-Rockwell.— In Ridgefield, Ct., April 14, 1902, Miss Abigail Wright Rockwell, '93, to Mr. Conrad Henry Young.

WARD-BOUSFIELD — In Bay City, Michigan, Jan. 2, 1902, Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Bousfield, '96, to Mr. Franklin Benjamin Ward.

Brown-Coffin — In Newport, N. H., June 4, 1902, Miss Emily Richards Coffin, '96, to Mr. Henry Wheeler Brown.

POTTER-OTIS — In Watertown, Mass., April 2, 1902, Miss Lydia Richardson Otis, '00, to Mr. Frederic Avery Potter.

Brewster-Marvelle — In Derby, Conn., March 13, 1902, Miss Bernice H. Marvelle, '00, to Mr. Henry G. Brewster. Present address, Torrington, Conn.

BACON-Goss — In Vergennes, Vermont, June 17, 1902, Miss Mary Elizabeth Goss, '94, to Mr. Howard Kidder Bacon.

GABRIEL-ENFIAJIAN — On Feb. 3, 1902, Arshaluis K. Enfiajian, '00, of Troy, N. Y., to Mr. A. H. Gabriel, of Union Hill, N. J. Present address, Union Hill, N. J.

Births.

†'89. To Mr. and Mrs. William J. Long, (Frances Bancroft), a daughter, Lois, born December 15, 1901.

'95. To Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Young (Grace Simonton), a son, born in November, 1901.

'97. To Mr. and Mrs. F. Crawford Farnsworth (Helen Porter), a son, born September, 2, 1901, in Upper Montclair, N. J.

'91. To Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Earhart (Carrie Beal), a daughter, Marguerite, born February 3, 1902.

' '92. To Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stephenson (Mary Beal), a son, John Alexander, born March 20, 1902.

'94. To Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Wilcox (Mary Glenn Crosby), a daughter.

'93. To Mr. and Mrs. William Eaton (Isabel Nicholson), a daughter, Hope, born May 28, 1902, in Pittsfield, Mass.

†'96. To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Conant (Ruth Loring), a daughter, Marion Kingsbury, born, in May 1902, at Dedham, Mass.

Deaths.

'54. In Londonderry, N. H., May 27, 1902, Martha Upton, wife of Rev. S. F. French.

'59. In Andover, Mass., January 15, 1902, Mary Hannah Grosvenor.

'80. In Charleston, S. C., July 4, 1901, Jessie Elizabeth Williams, wife of Mr. Henry F. Welch.

'81. In Attleboro, Mass., August 20, 1901, Miss Alice Jewett of Grafton.

'90. In Whitinsville, Mass., in November or December, 1901, Mrs. Myra Taft.

'95. In Butler, Penn., March 31, 1902, Louise McCandless Paige.

'97. In Upper Montclair, N. J., May 23, 1902, Helen Porter, wife of Mr. F. Crawford Farnsworth.

Alumnae Motes.

Miss Sara K. Jackson, of '96 has been supervisor of drawing in Dover, N. H., the past school year. With great care she has recently prepared an exhibition of the work of her pupils. A Dover newspaper complimented her work in a long article, specifying those lines of work which had excited special admiration and praising the high standard reached in each of the schools.

Carol Matthews (President of '96) is going to take a course in the New York summer school this season in "Applied Philanthropy." On account of her efficient and extensive relief work in connection with the disasters in Paterson, N. J., this winter, she is admitted, the only requirement being that she shall present a paper on her work in Paterson.

Gertrude Halderman Kelsey †'95, starts on the first of June for the South on an extended trip with Mr. Kelsey. He is to make a study of the negro, in preparation for a thesis, and will collect his material this summer. Mrs. Kelsey says, "If it proves too hot for me I am to be left in some mountain region to cool off."

Caroline Goodell †'91, who is teaching in the High School at Whitinsville, Mass., had a leave of absence in the early winter, spending the time in Cuba and Nassau.

We learn that Harriet Himes, †'91, Mrs. J. E. Flack, has a dear little daughter, and another member of the class of '91, Katharine Winegarner, now Mrs. Charles H. Spencer, has three children.

Alice Hamlin, †'87, (Mrs. Edgar L. Hinman) has been giving lectures on art in Lincoln and other cities and towns of the far West.

Belle Wilson Pettee, '74, of Okayama, Japan, has two daughters; the elder, Elizabeth, took the highest honors last year in graduating from the Newton High School, and the younger, Anna, takes the highest honors this year at the same school. This is especially interesting because their mother prepared them in Japan for the High School, and they had never been to school at all until they came here five years ago.

We are grieved to hear of the death of General Hamilton, father of Lucy Hamilton, †'00, of Quincy, Ill.

The many friends of Mrs. Frances Kimball Harlow will learn with sorrow that she has been called to mourn the loss of her mother, who died early in May.

Miss Nellie Flint, '98, has sailed for Europe.

Miss Martha Hitchcock, †'91, has been spending the winter in Florida with her father. Dr. Hitchcock found there Indian relics and several valuable specimens of fossils, the most interesting being an aukbone, which proves that the great auk has existed in Florida instead of being confined to the arctic regions as has always been supposed.

Alleine Hitchcock, †'93, is taking the kindergarten training course in Pratt Institute in Brooklyn.

Miss Charlotte Holt, †'ot, is teaching in Milford, N. H.

Miss Susan Chase, †'93, goes abroad this summer.

Miss Louise Stoors, '92, is principal of a primary school in Milford, Mass.

Miss Clare Sanborn, †'92, has returned from an extended trip abroad and has been spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Julia Sanborn.

One of the †'92 girls, Miss Blanche Morton, is teaching in Pueblo, Colorado. Another member of this class, Miss Katherine Gardner, is taking a nurses' course in a private hospital in San Francisco.

Word has come to us of the sudden death of Mrs. Grace Fleek in Newark, Ohio. Mrs. Fleek's two daughters, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Kennedy, are well remembered here, and we sympathize with them in their deep sorrow.

In March we were saddened by news of the death of Arthur Field, younger brother of Beulah Field. His death occurred at The Touraine in Boston, after a six days' illness from pneumonia. In April Beulah, in company with her older brother, sailed for Costa Rica. She plans to return home in August, sailing up the Pacific coast and then crossing the continent to Boston. Her address is care of the United Fruit Co., San José de Costa Rica, Central America.

Lucy Howe †'96, received the degree of M. A. from Cornell University in June 1901, and has been studying this year at Columbia University.

From the Class of '93 to the Abbot Courant, Greeting:

As the Class of '93 approaches its decennial it may not be out of place to remind posterity that its several members are still in possession of

their faculties and filling their respective corners in the world, though at Abbot a new generation has arisen that knows not how May Alden used to grow thin over COURANT finances, nor how Susan Chase and Anna Nettleton burned the midnight oil reading proof for that worthy publication.

Within a month our ninth annual class letter has been received with reports from twelve of our fourteen members. Isn't this in itself a

proof of our loyalty, and of our secretary's zeal?

For some time past we have been well matronized by May (Alden) Smith, Elsie (Francis) Cotton, Anna (Finch) Andrews and Amy (Childs) Rose and, within a year, Elizabeth (Nichols) Bean has joined the matrimonial ranks. Mary Thompson and Caddie Abbot are home makers and book lovers, while Charlotte Briant is a trained librarian. Alleine Hitchcock, after a long sojourn in Honolulu, is now in Brooklyn, where she and Annie Ingalls are enthusiastic kindergarteners. Susan Chase and Anna Nettleton are not too busy with their various clubs and charities to catch an occasional glimpse of each other and both are to sail soon, though not together, for a summer in Europe.

We are already looking forward to our reunion in Andover next June when we shall be ready to exhibit our class baby, John Alden Smith, and furnish cheerfully any additional data that may be desired.

Dear Courant:

Ninety owes you a debt of gratitude for your inquiry as to our present status.

We shall certainly begin again the long neglected class letter after this stirring of our slumbering class-feeling.

One very much loved member of our class, Mrs. Herbert D. Bard (Cora Ernestine McDuffee), left our circle on earth in 1899, followed only a little later by her baby daughter, Lorraine. Beautiful memories we have of her, although her place is vacant.

Mrs. Henry Valentine Jones (Edie Dewey) is living a busy life in the very attractive house which Mr. Jones built on Dexter Road in Newton-ville. Catherine, the class baby, is six years old, and Hilda, her little sister, is four—little folks worthy of their mother, everyone says. With these two babies in the kindergarten, Edie finds time to keep up her music, and played recently at a recital in Huntington Chambers. You will find her in Duxbury summers, where Mrs. McDuffee often joins her.

Mr. and Mrs. David Harold Walker (Adeline Perry) returned about two years ago from study in England and Germany, bringing with them beautiful little Hester, who is three years old this fall. Dr. Walker has been connected with the Eye and Ear Infirmary. In October he is to

open a private office in Boston, as an ear specialist, also teaching in the Medical School. They are at 99 Mountfort street, almost out to the Brookline line.

Mrs. Carl Copping Plehn (Elizabeth Brainerd) is still in Berkeley, California. Mr. Plehn (who is the author of an "Introduction to Public Finance," published by Macmillan) is a professor in the University of California. We hear rumors of a some months' trip to Manila, last year, but haven't as recent word from Elizabeth as we wish for.

Olive Wheaton is our other California girl, but though we have heard of exciting experiences teaching English in Mexican families and Spanish in the American families, we are sorry to admit ignorance of this year's doings.

Whenever word reaches us of Esther Kuhmen, who has had many responsibilities to carry, since Abbot days, she is visiting some beautiful part of the country. Mattie Hart Moore says she has recently returned from a winter in the South, part of the time having been spent at Pinehurst.

Anna Johnston is teaching English in the High School in Mount Vernon, N. Y., busier than she ought to be, as we teachers often are, but happy in her work. She says: "A thousand thanks to the COURANT for trying to rouse the class spirit of Ninety."

Irene Barrett has been making a specialty of Botany during the last few years. When Anna Johnston met her in the train last winter, she was taking work with a botanist at the Bronx Botanical Gardens, and giving private lessons in the subject.

Jessie Guernsey is teaching history in the Normal Training School in New Britain, Conn., and for the last five years has kept house there with her mother and aunt.

There are a number of old girls in New Britain of our time. Mrs. Edythe Goodrich Walker and Mrs. Carrie Zelie Stanley, whom all of Ninety will remember, have delightful homes and charming children, not to mention Mattie Hart Moore and Bessie Rockwell Russell, who will doubtless be reported in their own class.

Thank you, wise COURANT, for your helpful queries.

CLASS OF NINETY.

The following is the list of visitors for the second semester.

Mary Thompson, †'93, Isabel Herrick, C. P., '01, Martha Hitchcock, †'91, Anna Decker, '93, Lydia Stone, '92, Gertrude Ware, †'97, Mary Fiske, †'80, Frances George, †'97, Alice Wood, †'00, Georgia Whitney, †'99, Mary Kenniston, †'99, Ethel Wolfenden, '01, Belle Fuller, '01, Jessie Fox, '01, Emma Bixby, †'00, Mary Carleton, †'00, Helen Hale, †'01,

Ida Swift, † '01, Helen Stanley, '98, Delight Hall, †'01, Clara Thomson, C. P., '01, Mabel Tubman, '00, Elizabeth Jencks, '00, Edna Kidder, '01, Evelyn Carter, †'01, Adelaide Lane, '01, Elizabeth Ripley, '01, Constance Gutterson, † '00, Frieda Billings, '01, Mrs. Alice Goddard Emerson, '64, Mrs. Edith Capron Mooers, † '78, Mrs. Emma Meacham Davis, † '75, Bessie Carmichael, '97, Kathleen Jones, † '99, Mariana Ross, '97, Mary Frances Merriam, † '70, Mrs. J. W. Churchill, † '63, Mrs. Katherine S. Killam Pearl, '76, Mrs. Florence S. King Elton, '76, Joanna Endicott, '01, Helen Lowe, '00, Julia Rockwell, C. P. '01, Mildred Guild, '00, Agnes Longfellow Smith, '01, Fanny Lewis Shattuck, '93, Carrie S. Harmon' † '00, Grace C. Chapman, † '00, Carolyn Matthews, † '96, Frances Saunders, † '96.

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^{*} Died December 9, 1901.

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KATHERINE R. KELSEY, Mathematics.

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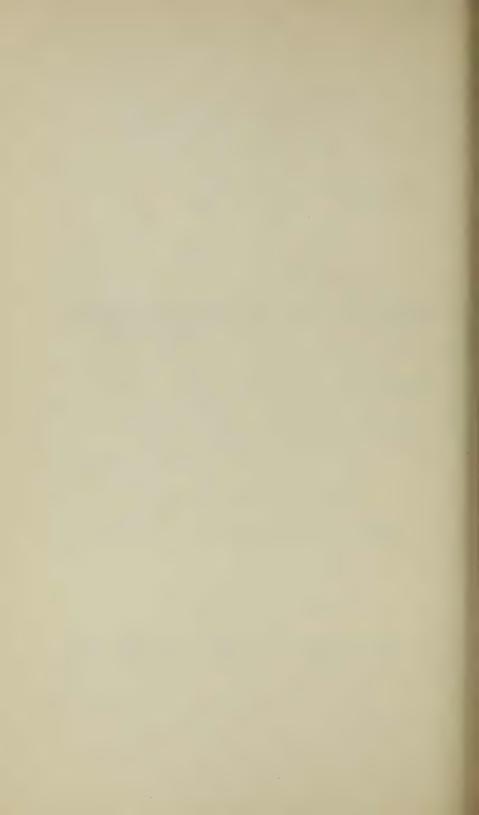
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The Abbot Courant

February, 1903

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1903



FEBRUARY, 1903

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXIX No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1903

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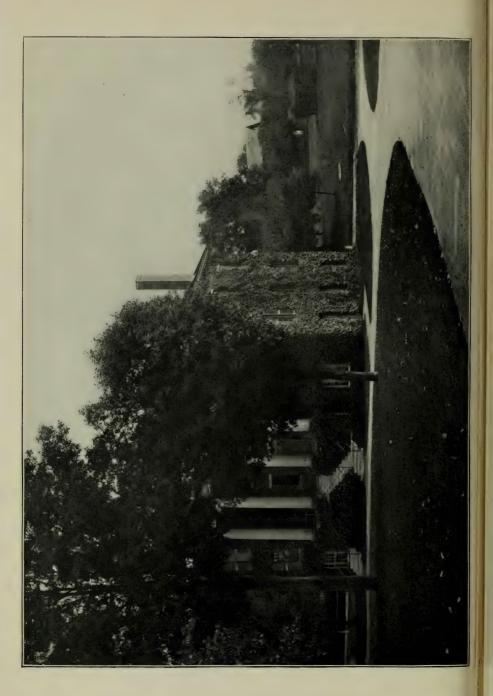
CONTENTS

								PAGE
A New England Tow	'n			•				5
In the Woods .								7
The Up-River Pilot								8
Autumn								10
Two Sonnets .								11
A Child's Face								12
Shelley					-			13
Chaucer								15
The Ocean in a Stor								16
Thanksgiving Day								17
The Passing of the H	Hunt						۰	18
Le Colibri (with Tran	nslat	tion)						19
How We Went Trepa	ssin	g						20
Song of the Seasons								22
Where the Tweed Me	eets	the	Man	or W	ater			23
In Ceylon		•						24
The Exeter Game .								25
My and Your Sonnet								26
The Rising Bell								27
Editorials	,					•		28
School Journal							•	32
Alumnae Notes		•	•					49
Organizations .				•				55
Faculty		•	•		•			56

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ABBOT COURANT.

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EMILY WILLISTON STEARNS, '05

VOL. XXIX

FEBRUARY, 1903

NO. 1

a New England Town.

THE town is so near the coast that salt breezes often sweep down its quiet streets, so near that one can see the ocean from any of the housetops, and in stormy weather can hear the moan of breakers on the shore. Nearly all the larger houses are the homes of retired sea-captains. On pleasant days many an old skipper may be seen, pottering around in his garden or reading his paper on the porch. Great pink-lipped conch shells sun themselves on the front steps and whisper of the sea, while down in the garden the flower beds are bordered with lines of scallop shells.

In the parlor of the captain's house there are more shells, many very rare and beautiful. There are branches of coral on the mantlepiece, there is a shark's tooth hanging over the bookcase, there may even be a stuffed albatross on the table in the corner.

"The cap'n shot the albatross himself," explains the captain's wife proudly; "'twas off the coast of Africa somewhere." What weird, awful thoughts that bird suggests! Yet, here comes the Ancient Mariner himself, stumping cheerfully down the street from the post-office, with a hearty "How d'ye do?" for every one he meets; apparently the killing of the albatross does not weigh upon his conscience!

The society of the town,—such society as there is,—is composed mainly of the families of these retired sea-captains. The townspeople do not approve of strangers. They also try to ignore the fact that a cotton mill has been built on Black River, and that, in consequence, a crowd of foreign workmen has invaded the place. Even the mill superintendent and his wife, although they are acknowledged to be very pleasant people, are included in the general boycott.

Some years ago a railway was built from the town to the port. The tracks strike across the sunny, salty marshes, where haycocks stand on stilts the year round. One summer a little girl, who was visiting in the town, used to cross the marshes every pleasant afternoon and romp and play all by herself on the long beach. I asked her if she were never lonely.

"O, no!" she said cheerfully; "everything's so alive out there!"

Often when she came home in the evening she would bring us sea-lavender, wild roses, and beautiful purple orchids, which she had found along the track. She seemed to think that everything about her was friendly and lovely, — the sea and the wind and the gulls, the flowers in the marshes and the people in the town. She was the happiest little soul I ever knew.

A very different person was the postmaster's wife, who had seen the sea only once in all her life, and never wished to see it again.

"It was just awful!" she said, "so terrible big! And them waves kep' a-rollin' in 'til I thought I sh'd go crazy if they didn't stop. Then I started to think of how many years they'd been rollin' in jest that way, and of how many years more they'd come rollin' in, one after another, and I—I couldn't stand it! That was twenty years ago and I've never seen the sea since. But

sometimes at night, when I hear it roarin' out there after a storm, I start to think how many waves has come in since I seen it last—"

She broke off with a shudder, and in the silence that followed we could hear the far-a-way murmur of the breakers.

The old town no longer sleeps in the sun all day and dreams of the sea. New stores and new houses have been built. There is a pleasant little bustle in the principal streets, the train steams in twice a day from the port, and the workmen pour in and out of the cotton mill. But it is still a quiet place. On summer evenings, after the mill has closed, there is almost no sound to be heard but the twitter of swifts as they circle about the chimneys before settling down for the night. As dusk gathers, people sit on their front stoops or make "doorstep calls." But by eleven o'clock everyone has gone in, all lights are out, the old town is very still, — only the sea can be heard moaning faintly across the marshes.

Elizabeth Schneider.

In the Woods.

The cool leaves gently rustle on the trees, Whispering secrets softly to themselves, As if they feared to break the noiseless peace. And underneath, the never ceasing brook Is gurgling on its way and murmuring soft, And low, a song, sweet as the mother bird Sings to her young at night, when all is still.

Elizabeth Cole.

The Up-River Pilot.

"SAY!" called out a harsh voice, "See that feller over there?" A row of grey-headed men in oil-skin jackets who were dangling their rubber-boots over the edge of the wharf, looked in the direction of his out-stretched arm. "Jim Baker, ain't it?" the voice continued, "Hez fits, don't he? 'n'th' other time he hed one he stove in the ferry w'arf. Looks like he was fixin' up his bo-at to go out now, don't it? 'n'ther's a three-master out there waitin' to be towed up river. P'raps he thinks he's goin' to pilot her—but he ain't." He changed from his sneering tone. "Got yer barrer down here, Frank?"

"Wacher goin' ter do with it, Chris?"

"Where is it?"

"In the shop, I s'pose, but what---?"

Christopher turned sharply and scuffed into the dirty, tumbledown fish-house. There was a jerky sound of falling timber, a rumble, and out he came dragging a rickety, green wheel-barrow behind him. Frank stood in the door-way to force an answer. He put his hand on Christopher's shoulder. "Now say, Chris, ye won't do anythin' rash, will ye? Can't ye tell y'ur own brother where y'ur goin'?"

Christopher pushed past with his wheel-barrow. "I'm goin' to beat Jim Baker out to the schooner," he said deliberately. "He's goin' round the p'int an' I'm goin' 'crost the beach 'n' row out. 'Taint but a little ways off shore." He got out a cobwebby gunning-float, chose an oar, dumped his things on the wheel-barrow and trundled it off round the corner.

- "D'you s'pose he'll ride the breakers all right?" ventured one old salt.
 - " Pshaw! ther' ain't no wind-no sea nuther."
- "But he ain't young, to be careerin' off with a float," chimed in Christopher's brother, peering anxiously up the road.

There were no trees on the wind-swept point—a strip of land, the beach and then the sea. One after another the lazy old fishermen slouched to the corner of the fish-house, looked at

Christopher, then went back to their old places to lounge and smoke.

Christopher was by this time nearing the beach. The wheel, with a steady grinding, dug into the sand. The stiff beach-grass tapped against the spokes, and the crash of the breakers grew louder. On the sea-wall Christopher paused. "I kin do it all right," he said, mopping his face with his ragged hat, "Ther' ain't much sea on."

He was a stocky man, not very tall but broad-shouldered and giving signs of tough muscle under his ungainly clothes. His face was tanned and his hair was grisled.

He stood for a moment looking at the schooner as it rode at anchor in the midst of the sparkling ocean, then rolling the wheel-barrow to the edge of the water, he laid the boat on the wet sand. He pushed quickly off, and, dragged by the undertow, shot upward into the grinding teeth of the in-coming wave. A second of hissing spray and it was over. He met the next wave before it broke—the next was but a ripple. He sculled rapidly. Five minutes later a long, white trail showed the progress he was making. Now he could see men moving on the decks where the sails were drying and where shirts and pantaloons were dangling from the rigging. A few sailors peered curiously over the rail as he drew nearer.

"Ahoy there!" he shouted eagerly, "Where's your cap'm?"

- "Ashore," one of them drawled.
- "He want a pilot?"
- "Naw."
- "Who's goin' to pilot?" he demanded, fiercely. "By Jove! I'll fix—"

"Jest come in for grub. Ain't goin' up river." Then as he saw Christopher grimly changing his course and steering for the harbor entrance, "Say! don'cher want to come aboard?"

Christopher shook his head. "That's the greatest sell," he mumbled to himself, "What'll the boys say? I can't tell 'em—" He sculled silently for a few minutes. A heavy cloud almost touching the horizon, now glowed with intensity; the sun came

out dazzling him with its blinding light, then sank behind the hills. Distinct in the yellow after-glow, another boat was approaching Christopher's.

"Jim Baker's," he muttered. Then he smiled grimly. "I kep' my bargain. All 't I said was he wan't a-goin' to pilot thet boat up-river—and he aint. Nice day, ain't it Jim?" he called, chuckling good-naturedly as he slid into the golden path of the sun-set.

Mary B. Smith.

autumn.

Here's to the Autumn with its wealth of leaves,
That round us fall in wondrous golden sheaves,
And make a glorious mass of color, red,
Purple and orange, which we lightly tread
And spoil the beauty. Oh! The heaven's blue
Is sight to thrill us deeply, through and through,
And fill our souls with joy.

'Tis now the heavens are a pure delight,
And in the clearness of the starry light
The moon looks softly down. Now howls the wind,
And rattles with each whirling gust the blind.
So closer draw we round the blazing fire
And watch the flames shoot high and ever higher;
And quaff the sparkling ale and make a toast
To Autumn, of all seasons loved the most.

Marguerite A. Marney, '04.

Two Sonnets.

Oh! why art thou my best and dearest friend,
Or why should I desire to have thy love,
And seek thee through the world, from end to end,
And want thee, yes, all other things above?
Is it because thou hast a happy face
That shows the pure and honest heart below?
Is it because in thee I find that grace
Which only in the good is known to grow?
Thou art, indeed, the sunlight of my life,
Without thee all the world is cold and gray.
Thou art my constant hope in peace and strife,
That leads me on until the break of day.
Live on, dear one, and living know 'tis true,
My deepest, fondest love, is all for you.

Helen Emerson Childs, '04.

They say that thou art fickle as the breeze

That wafts the summer fragrance through the air,
They say proud men have fallen on their knees

And sought thy hand with ardent, burning prayer;
While thou hast laughed and lightly turned away

With careless heart, regardless of their fate.
Yet, what care I for what the world may say!

My loving faith in thee shall ne'er abate.
To others thou may'st seem to be quite cold,

To have no heart, but never so to me.
For in my mind spring up the days of old,

And all the warmth of heart displayed by thee.
So let them talk. But say, dost not suspect

There's one their jealous words can not affect?

L. P. E.

a Child's face.

IT is the face of a poor little newsboy and it haunts me still. I try and close my eyes and forget it, but there it is ever before me.

He was scarcely more than six years old, but his baby face, so pale and thin, looked twice that age. The sad little mouth drooped piteously at the corners and quivered sadly as he was refused time after time and pushed hastily out of the way.

There were deep hollows in the cheeks and around the delicate mouth, lines of care had already made their deep impression.

The transparency of his skin was set off by the darkness of his eyes, which shone forth like two stars from beneath their fringed lashes and seemed to pierce through you like a sword.

His thick, dark hair lay in damp curls on his broad, white forehead and fell in a heavy mass about his neck.

Never have I seen a face with so much sadness written in every line, and I turned again and again to gaze after the tiny figure as he was jostled here and there by the crowd.

Marjorie Wilson, '04.

Shelley.

THE first thing we notice in reading Shelley's poems is the musical quality of the verse. We find this in all of his poems, but it is impossible to imagine anything more musical than "The Cloud." In this poem, the rhyme and the meter and verse, as well as the choice of words, all seem to combine to give an effect of pure music. The reader is so carried away by this sense that he notices nothing else. In this respect, I think, "The Cloud" is one of the most wonderful poems that we know.

Shelley uses a great variety of rhyme themes, some of which are to be found in the works of no other poet. We seldom find two of his poems written in the same verse. This is one of the ways in which he shows great originality. His descriptions also are different from those of other poets.

He seems to delight in the beauties of the sky and air, rather than those of the earth. He writes of the winds and breezes, of warmth, of the clouds and moon and stars. He also loves the music of the birds. In his song "To a Skylark," he delights in the joyousness of the music and in the height to which the bird soars.

In his landscapes and other descriptions we notice particularly the coloring. We always get an idea of purple and green and gold:—

"The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—"

These colors are found again and again in his poems. He sometimes brings in yellow and dark coloring, as in describing the autumn leaves:—

"Yellow and black and pale and hectic red, Pestilence-stricken multitudes!" We never find bright, glaring colors. They are always soft and blend together, so as to give a rather dreamy atmosphere.

His poems usually seem to give expression to his moods. In nearly all of them we have a sense of the poet's self and not mere description of things for their beauty alone.

There is always something more which seems to tell of the poet's humor or his feeling for something, so that the poem is real and living to us and full of meaning.

Aletta Hegeman.

Chaucer.

THERE are times in the lives of most people when they become so accustomed to their surroundings that it is very natural for everything to seem monotonous and uninteresting. Indeed, to many a person this condition is the normal one. To the man who dreams, the days come and go in much the same way, and he seems to cultivate observations and ideas only on subjects that are of especial interest to him. He has certain individual fancies and he spends his time enjoying these, becoming rather indifferent to everything outside his own interests, and by thus shutting himself off from the world, loses much fun and pleasure. The faculty of being keen and awake, interested in everything that passes, adds much to one's own pleasure as well as to that of those around one.

Chaucer is the one English poet, except Shakespeare, who seems to lose himself in the world about him.

Chaucer was an active business man as well as a great scholar. History shows us that through his position under the king, and the important commissions depending on it, he became acquainted with the highest classes of society; and through personal connection with various kinds of business, he learned to understand the middle and lower classes. In his works we can see his pure, sincere love of nature, his wonderful knowledge of all phases of human character, noble as well as unworthy, his familiarity with many branches of literature and science. This many-sided sympathy is that which makes his humor so charming to us.

In the "Nun's Priest's Tale," we have a description of the pursuit of "Dan Russel," the fox, who has run away with "Chauntecleer," the proudest cock in all the land. As they see their lord and master carried off, the hens begin to shriek and wail, making more lamentation than did the ladies when Ilioun was won. Pertelote, his wife, wept louder than Hasdrubal's wife after Carthage had been burned. Out from the cottage ran the widow and her daughters shouting, "Out! Harrow! And well-

away! Ha, ha, the fox!" They carried staves and clubs, and after them came Talbot, Gerland, and Colle, the dog. The cow, the calf, came, too, the very hogs ran.

"The dokes cryden as men wolde hem quelle; The gees for fere flowen over the trees; Out of the hyve cam' the swarm of bees;"

This reminds us of the fun in Caldecott's pictures that are so full of life. To compare hens to the noble ladies of Troy, and to have a fox and chickens speak, seems especially ridiculous.

When we finish this tale we laugh with something of the same enjoyment with which Chaucer must have written it.

Fanny E. Perry.

The Ocean in a Storm.

NE of the most beautiful sights I know is the ocean in a storm. The only light part of the sky is that nearest the horizon, which is every minute becoming smaller and smaller by the great cloud covering the heavens. The dark green, neverceasing waves dashing up against the pier, and falling back in spray and foam, make a constant roar and drown all other sounds. No ship is seen. The only sign of life is a great number of sea gulls flying a little way above the water, all at once swooping down on the crest of the waves in search of fish, then rising with their prey. A feeling of total loneliness, dread and fear, which is irresistible, comes over one as one sees nothing of life except these birds, and hears not a sound but the roar of the waves.

Bessie Irene Winsor, '04.

Chanksgiving Day.

WHAT pleasant memories are associated with Thanksgiving Day. As I look back through the years, a picture rises before my mind of Thanksgiving Day when I was a child. The long table, the two rows of happy, smiling faces—I see it all as clearly as if it were yesterday.

At one end of the table, mother—smiling and nodding at father who is too far away to hear her if she speaks. At her right sits grandfather, white-haired and venerable, beaming on everyone and telling his stories—the same old ones he has told on Thanksgiving Day ever since the oldest grandchild can remember. There are the two grandmothers—the city one who brings candy in pretty boxes, and the country one who comes loaded with delicious sugar cookies. Thus we used to distinguish them. There are the big brother and sister, too, and all the aunts and uncles and cousins. Between the two rows is the table with its snowy cloth and all the best silver, and in the centre a great pumpkin hollowed out and filled with oranges and grapes and the red apples from grandfather's farm.

We are a good long time coming to the critical moment when the different kinds of pies are set down before mother; mince and apple, pumpkin and cranberry, — how hard it is to choose! The college cousin gets himself out of the difficult position easily.

"A little of each," he says, and the aunts gaze at him in dismay, and the uncles smile, remembering the days when they used to do such things.

It is almost dark when at last we rise from the table.

"A toast, a toast!" cries the college cousin. "To grand-father and all his family! May they live long and prosper!"

The college cousin lifts the littlest grandchild up upon his shoulders, the other children stand on the chairs, and all the family lift high their glasses of sweet cider.

"To grandfather!" they all shout, and grandfather responds heartily to the toast. Then they all troop into the sitting-room, and Thanksgiving Day—at least the part most important to the littlest grandchild—is over.

Emily Williston Stearns, '05.

The Passing of The Hunt.

T was a beautiful day in the early fall, and as I sat with my sewing by the window, suddenly there came to my ear the penetrating notes of the hunter's horn. Then I remembered that the Squire was out hunting and would probably pass through the village. The sounds had hardly died away when I heard the sound of running feet and the shrill voices of some little boys, gasping out: "They are coming! They are coming!" Scarcely had their footsteps ceased; again I heard the horn's clear notes, this time louder than before and with it was the clatter of horses' hoofs. I grabbed up a shawl and throwing it over my head ran out to the gate. Boys of all descriptions ran past me, no two shouting the same thing. Tagging at their heels or leading the crowd, were the village dogs barking with all their might. Hens eating peacefully in the road gave a startled squawk and started to run to one side of the road, then deciding that the other was safer, turned, cackling and flapping their wings to gain it. Close on them came the baying hounds followed by the Squire and his red-coated hunters. Out ran all the men with the remainder of the boy population throwing up their hats, if they had any, shouting and cheering, some running along with the party. Women with children clinging to their skirts or in their arms, smiled and bowed as the squire passed. The hens, now scared beyond all reason, rushed out down the road in front of the hunt. All was dust and confusion.

At last the noise and rush and dust ceased. The hunt was gone and the village was silent once more.

Olive B. Williams.

Le Colibri.

J'ai vu passer aux pays froids L'oiseau des îles merveilleuses, Il allait frôlant les yeuses Et les sapins mornes des bois.

Je lui dis: "Tes plages sont belles, Ne pleures-tu pas leur soleil?" Il répondit: "Tout m'est vermeil: Je porte mon ciel sur mes ailes!"

G. Boutelleau.

TRANSLATION.

The Humming Bird.

Over the yews and the pine trees sad, I saw a humming bird lightly skim Toward the cold, wintry lands far and dim, Making our dreary day bright and glad.

Said I to him, "From thy shores men bring Tales of beauty, dost miss thy sun's light?" He replied: "Nay, to me all is bright, For I carry my sky on my wing!"

Clara E. Searle.

how We Went Trespassing.

THE country is a very nice place. You can do pretty much what you like there, except trespass. The seashore is nice, too; but there you see nothing much except people and water, and the people are tiresome, especially those that walk over your sand castles and knock them down. In the country you can make great hay houses, only at first you've got to be careful that the hay does not hurt your feet; and there's no horrid people in the country, either, except old Farmer Jones, and he's just awful.

The other day we went out trespassing.

Trespassing is going where you mustn't. There is a board put up on the end of a stick and it says:

You can't trespass in cities, at least I don't think you can, because there are no fields in a city to trespass in.

There are four of us. There's me, I'm eight and a half and my name's Bert; and there's Sissy, who was seven a little while ago, when it was her birthday; and Johnny, he's almost ten, and then there's Jim. He's fourteen, and wouldn't play with us.

The day we trespassed, we went for a walk by ourselves. Nurse told us to play in the garden, but it's nice to do what you oughtn't some times; only afterwards when you're found out, it isn't nice at all. When this happens at home, papa looks stern and says, "John and Herbert go into my study and wait till I come to you."

There's a part of the garden where you can't be seen from the house; we climbed a fence here and ran past the board with "No Trespass" on it; on the other side of the field there was a great, high hedge and we had to explore it. I once read in one of Jim's books how you climb high walls by getting on people's backs, so I told Johnny to climb upon me and stand on my

shoulders. So Johnny started to climb up on me; he was almost all right when he slipped and fell down on my head. At first I couldn't say anything for I thought my head was crushed; but Johnny began to cry 'cause he's a cry-baby anyhow, so I let him climb up again, though my head hurt dreadful bad. This time he took off his boots and he stood firmer; then Sissy climbed up, but it hurt lots 'cause she didn't take off her boots.

She was all right at last and sat on the top of the hedge; it was a dandy hedge only it was prickly. She saw lots of nice things; a horse with no halter on, some calves, and some little chicken houses. Johnny and I wanted awfully to get up to the top, but Sissy only laughed and wouldn't stretch down her hands for us to pull ourselves up by; I told her she was a bad girl and I wouldn't take her down, and Johnny said, "You might as well, 'cause we can pay you back." But still she wouldn't, so Johnny got angry with her and stretched out his hand to take hold of her and pull himself up, and Sissy kept backing further away, till a dreadful thing happened.

All at once Johnny saw Sissy's heels going right over the hedge, and then we heard a splash and Johnny sat down on my head again. Then Sissy began to scream and to cry for mother and nurse, and we could her hear teeth chattering as if it was very cold in the water that made the splash, and we supposed she must have fallen into a pond on the other side. And that was a bother 'cause it makes nurse so cross if we get wet.

We ran to see if we couldn't find some one and ran right into Farmer Jones. We tried to get away 'cause we didn't dare tell him, but just then Sissy began to scream and he asked us what mischief we'd been in now.

We told him that Sissy fell into a pond on the other side of the hedge, and he said she couldn't for there was not a pond there. We said we heard the splash anyway, but he didn't wait to hear any more but hurried through a little opening of the hedge and lifted Sissy out of a great, big barrel of rain-water. It wasn't half full and Sissy was holding to the side waiting to be lifted out.

We could have lifted her out ourselves, Johnny and me, if

we had seen that opening of the hedge. I think Farmer Jones a very rude man, 'cause he said we threw Sissy over the hedge, and Sissy was crying and wouldn't tell that it was her fault, and besides Farmer Jones was carrying her.

Farmer Jones came home with us, and Sissy was petted and Farmer Jones gave her some lovely pears and said she was too nice to be the sister of those naughty boys; and pretty soon Johnny and me was sent to bed, and so, I don't think trespassing is a bit nice, now.

Jean Thomson David, '03.

Song of the Seasons.

T.

Why is it we feel of such cheer
And gay? And such sounds hear
As cause our hearts within us to leap
With unknown joy? Because the peep
And chirp of the sweet-voiced birds
Ring back to us these simple words:—

"The Spring is here!"
The Spring is here!"

II.

Why is it we faintly shrink
And shudder at leaving the brink
Of the bright, warm hearth-fire? Why blow
Those cold north winds? From over the snow
From the throng of the fast flying birds
There echoes to us the mournful words:—

"Winter is here! "Winter is here!"

Mary Marjorie George, '04.

Where the Tweed Meets the Manor Water.

A FTER the Tweed has left Peebles, and has roared and dashed against the old arched Roman bridge, it gradually narrows, and flows with less rush and more peace through the lowland pastures. Narrowing still more, it enters into what looks at a little distance to be a tunnel, but is really a forest of large, old pine trees, bending forward, as if to protect the impetuous little river as it hurries on to meet the Manor Water. On the left, the woods stretch for miles from the river, but in the dark line of pines on the right there is a break, and there, on a rocky height towering over the river and even the old pines, is Miedpath Castle. Just here the river turns sharply, and then among the pines and the moist mossy rocks the river meets with joyful clamour its companion, the Manor Water. Here, where the Tweed from its lowland course and the Manor Water from the Highlands come together with a mad rush, an enthusiastic fisherman is always to be found.

Tonight, Mr. Burns had thrown his line for an hour without getting a bite, but he continued with true fisherman's patience, thinking that when once the daylight went the trout would be sure to rise to his persuasive fly. Again he threw the line, and the fly sank with a quiet dip into the water. But still no trout.

At last he gave it up, swung the basket, which was far too light to please him, over his shoulder, and walked homeward —

"The feesh are no' risin' the nicht!" he said, slipping back into the dialect of his childhood.

Stump, stump, stump, echoed his angry footsteps as he walked doggedly down the little foot-path on the edge of the river. But the river gurgled with merry laughter as it trickled over the stones, and dashing, tumbling, bubbling, it hurried on to tell the joke to the Manor Water.

Ruth H. Pringle, '04.

In Ceylon.

A FTER a half hour's ride through little villages dotted with mud huts, and a long stretch of parched, barren rocky ground, we at last reached the shore road.

It was deliciously cool and the wind seemed as variable as the scenes. To the right was the clear, deep sea, nearer a narrow strip of white sand, then a row of swaying palmyra and cocoanut palms, looking as if they were on guard to keep the sea from coming up any farther. Around the palms climbed the November plant with its slender leaves, its large red orchid-shaped flowers in full bloom. Starting from among the palms and growing thicker as they reached the road, were the masses of red and yellow cactus, their delicate blossoms making a striking contrast to the round, fleshy leaves. Here and there stood a beautiful fall lily on its slender stem.

On the other side were groves of palmyras or fields of yellow paddy. Now and then one saw a flamboyan tree, its flat top ablaze with red; the koanthul or fox tree, its branches laden with strings of yellow flowers that looked as if their petals had been crimped; or the banyan tree full of its red berries.

At times the cactus would give way to bushes of the graceful pink and white oleander, its slender stalks bending with the wind as if they would touch the ground, only to rise again and sway to and fro.

Abbie Allen Smith, '04.

The Exeter Game.

WE found our seats at last, just as our boys trotted on 'mid the first mighty cheer. What masses of people everywhere, and each side fairly blossoming with flags, this side blue, of course, and that, crimson. How warm and sheltered, too, it is inside this great white canvas which shuts out so many poor unfortunates. But here come the Exeter boys. They look so very huge and strong; but, anyway, our men are trim and neat in their new suits.

Oh, the kick-off, what a beauty! If we only get it! Oh, hurrah! there's Bullock on the bottom. I hope he isn't hurt. Where is it now? Oh, there it goes! Dillon! Dillon! Hurrah! Hurrah! A touchdown the very first thing. Such a pretty kick for goal! What a noise! Everybody on their feet, and the very trees rocking with joy, and the people in them. A great kick-off for Exeter. Oh, get it; well, I don't suppose you could, but stop them, get in their way, oh, if you only were heavier! It's almost there. Hold them! Oh, hold them! I can't imagine what the Exeter boys are howling so for, just one little touchdown. How absurd! And so it goes on through the first half and most of the second. First Exeter scores, and then we score, and then they score again. The bleachers tremble with cheer after cheer, and time passes unnoticed in the rare excitement. Men, laid out and sobbing, are helped tenderly off the field, for weren't they a part of the glorious, splendid game? We are beating. We are way ahead, and time must be nearly up. Oh, it is! It is! We have won! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! I am so glad, I am so glad.

But, then, everything seems to change. What a noise everybody seems to make, anyhow. Our men might at least wait till the Exeter boys get off the field. See, there they go. How dark it has grown, and how bright the moon is. I didn't see how red the sky was before. Come, I am cold, let's go home now.

Sarah Hincks, '05.

My and Your Sonnet.

When one is asked to write a sonnet for class,
And when this one is you and is not a poet,
You, whose genius here wouldn't allow you to pass,
Does your instructor wish to torment you and know it?
And then for a subject he gives you no theme—
For this to your very bright brain you resort;
And after you've searched high and low for what perfect he'd

Wouldn't you answer like me with a brilliant retort?

A, b, a, b, c, d, goes right through my head,
All, puzzled and muddled beyond reparation of time,
And wishing and praying that Shakespeare were not quite so
dead—

That he might but return and make thought for this rhyme. But why make apologies—for all know it's your best
But next time they'll take my refusal with zest.

M. M. George, '04.

The Rising Bell.

"Come, come," it said; "come, come, your hour has come, Your sins are many; now we'll count up some. The notes you wrote in class, the stuffed ink wells, The midnight spreads, the tongueless table bells, Those tardy meals, those rides on fire escape, Those classes cut, for fear of too much tape. Minutes in closets dark, spent in suspense: Ear-drums with listening breaking; muscles tense— I sat in bed filled with the dreadful thought, My fun in school was o'er, for I was caught. Letters of shame they'd written home to mother, Of all the naughty deeds, and untold bother Of which to Alma Mater I'd been cause. But suddenly in thoughts I made a pause: The noise for which my sorrow was the cause, That awful din both in my heart and ear Had stopped; my thoughts came back to me all clear. "A guilty heart those words to you were dinging, O Nan, 'twas but the rising bell a'ringing."

Abbie Allen Smith, '04.

Editorials.

THE COURANT wishes to thank its subscribers for their inquiries as to its whereabouts. This shows such a sincere and lively interest in our labors that we are grateful and shall do our utmost adequately to repay their long period of anxious waiting. In order that the material for the school journal may be more evenly divided between our two issues, we have thought it best to follow the division of the school year and make our appearance at the end of each semester. We hope that our decision will meet with the approval of our subscribers.

AFTER long thought and consideration of the subject of societies in the school, as well as after examination of the working of acknowledged societies in other schools, the Principal decided to recognize them at Abbot Academy, on the following conditions; namely, that the Principal, or some representative of her among the Faculty, should be a member of each, and that each member should promise to answer truthfully any question which the Principal or such representative should think it wise to ask. The present Principal has become a member of each one of the existing societies on these conditions. This movement recognizes openly what has been for years in existence in secret. The secrecy has no longer cause for being; and the good friendship which is the simple and only foundation of the societies can now be fostered and made a force for good in the school.

The usual difficulties have been carefully weighed, and the advantages have seemed to outweigh them even as the matter stands now. In the future we hope that the character of the societies may become an increasingly strong governing power in the school life. The society letters are the G. A. S., the S. M. T., and Alpha Sigma.

HERE in our school life we have many opportunities of noticing the treatment of books, their use and abuse. We are not careful enough with them,—these delightful aids to our culture. Some one has a book that we would like to borrow:

all very well and good, but when we have finished it, instead of leaving it carelessly lying on a chair, wherever we happen to be, why do we not return it to the owner, who perhaps values it highly?

It is due to this careless forgetfulness that so many books are lost, and we, ourselves, have perhaps been to blame for the loss of some one's book. Even if we replace it, it is not the same well-read and thumbed copy that the owner prizes for personal associations. How many of us would think of throwing some dainty party dress on a chair where the next person that came into the room would probably sit on it? There are a few I admit, but only a few such. On the other hand, not many of us stop to think of putting away the dear book (so much more valuable than the perishable gown) when we are through with it.

Then in our reading, how do we keep our places? We seldom think of glancing at the number of the page; instead some of us turn down the leaves and others throw the volume face downward. Besides the injury done in this way, in our use of the reference books in the library, we often put others to great trouble, by carelessly dropping a book on some shelf, or behind other volumes wherever we happen to be standing looking at it. A book out of place is as good as a book lost to anyone who wants it on the moment.

We all do these things unconsciously, out of mere habit, but instead of letting this habit grow upon us, let us do our best to overcome it and treat our books with the love and honor that is their due.

The girls have taken an unusual interest in the Fine Arts and Music this year. In the studio opportunity is given the students to study the branches in which they are particularly interested. The class this year is divided. One part is studying composition in various forms. This semester the majority have used black and white and opportunity is given them to show their ingenuity in the arrangement of different tones and values. The systematic study of design has just been introduced. The

principles of design are learned and illustrated by making arrangements of straight lines and dots. Next slanting lines are used and then we advance to open figures and after that to enclosed figures. Finally we arrive at curves, and now we are making complicated designs.

The two musical clubs, the Fidelio Society and the Mandolin Club, have both increased their membership. The Fidelio Society is studying a very pretty cantata which will be given at the annual concert in the spring. The Mandolin Club was organized by the girls last year. This year they are studying under an instructor.

We all are glad to see this increased enthusiasm. The Mandolin Club especially should be recognized as a noticeable mark of school spirit. Many opportunities are given here to develop a love for the beautiful, and we should appreciate and use these advantages.

The School spirit in athletics has been exceptionally good this fall. We began the year with a large Athletic Association, with Miss Hegeman as president, Miss Abbott, vice-president, Miss Davis, secretary, and Miss Stearns, treasurer. Before this, golf and the riding-academy, have kept the girls from regular training in basket-ball. There have been but two interests this fall, the Bradford game and the tennis tournament. The entries for the tournament were far more general than ever before, and the matches were on the whole closer. About a month after the first match was played off, the finals, of three sets, were decided between Miss Corbin and Miss Wallace. Miss Wallace was victorious and she will hold the cup for one year.

Miss Slocum's help as a coach in basket-ball has been of the greatest advantage. More girls have come out, and before the teams were narrowed down to the best players, there were two games every day. On the eleventh of November, the team had finished its preparation and the Bradford game was played.

The part of Draper Hall surrounding Davis green was massed with Abbot blue. The porch where sat the faculty and the guests, was festooned with blue and white. The appearance of Griswald Boynton, our tiny mascot, dressed as a basketball, was a relief to the girls' pent-up excitement. After a little practice, the game was called. During the first half, there was sharp, quick play on both sides. But ignorance of the out-of-bounds rules caused many fouls. The second half was a great surprise to every one. With growing enthusiasm, we saw our team making headway, point after point, until the score stood 5—4 in our favor. The girls from the side lines closed in upon the team, congratulating them and wringing each others' hands in senseless happiness. A candle-light procession to Mr. Draper's and a basket-ball luncheon, given by Miss Means to the team and the substitutes marked the day as one of lasting triumph. A less apparent result of the game, but one which will appeal to our common sense, is that of the training table. The Metropolitan may have suffered by our not eating between meals; but no one, who observed the good color and the healthy appetite of the basket-ball girls, can help acknowledging the greater good.

Miss Slocum, whose name is mentioned so frequently in connection with the sports and pleasures of the school, is Miss Agnes E. Slocum of Newton, (Smith College, '00,). With hearty and cheerful sympathy and ever ready aid, she has filled a place where she was needed, with efficiency.

School Journal.

Commencement Exercises.

The Commencement Exercises of the seventy-third Anniversary of Abbot Academy began on Saturday, June 21, 1902, with the annual Draper Reading.

PROGRAMME.

	Piano Solo — Gavotte
	ALICE RAYMOND REED.
ſ.	JUSTICE AND THE JUDGE Margaret Deland
	MARGARET ESHBAUGH, Montelair, N. J.
2.	JOAN OF ARC DeQuincey
	MARION LOUISE AUDETTE, Jamestown, N. Y.
3.	BARKIS IS WILLIN' Dickens
	MARY BYERS SMITH, Andover.
4.	PELANG William Henry Drummond
	EDITH DUNCAN BURNHAM, Manchester, N. H.
5.	ACCORDIN' TO SOLOMON Mary B. Mears
	ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER, Lawrence.
6.	THE DEFEATED SOLDIER OF FORTUNE
	Richard Harding Davis
	KATHARINE INGRAHAM HERRICK, Lawrence.
7.	MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH
	Alice Caldwell Hegan
	ELIZABETH WALKER GILBERT, Savannah, Ga.
8.	IN THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS IN '75 Dickens
	ROSAMOND MEANS THOMSON, Andover.
9.	ARDELIA IN ARCADY Josephine Dodge Daskam
	ANNE JUDKINS MASON, Washington, D. C.
	On Sunday, June 22, the baccalaureate sermon was preached at the
So	uth Church by Rev. John Winthrop Platner of Andover.

The graduating class gave a very pleasant reception on Davis

Green on Monday afternoon, June 23.

Monday evening a musicale was given by the pupils of Mr. Downs, assisted by the Fidelio Society.

PROGRAMME - PART FIRST.

I.	Solo and Chorus — King John and the Abbot							
	Air of the 16th Century							
	MISS ALBEE.							
2.	The Belated Violet Johns							
	MISS KEENEY.							
3.	Impromptu Reinhold							
	MISS REED.							
4.	Solo and Chorus — Meadow Rue Foote							
	SOLOS BY MISS KEENEY.							
5.	(a) Menuett (from the Fire Music) Händel							
	(b) Deutsche Tänze Beethoven-Seiss							
	MISSES SMITH AND PARKER.							

PROGRAMME - PART SECOND.

FLORABEL.

Roland Rogers.

CHARACTERS:

Ina					Miss	Keeney
Margheri	te			•	Miss	Albee
Zilla					Miss	Holland

The class exercises were held on Tuesday, June 24, at Abbot Hall and at the South Church.

PROGRAMME - ABBOT HALL.

PART SONG — The Lonely Rose		Hermes
SEMI-CHORUS.		
Essay — "Alkestis" and "The Winter's Tale"		
MISS IONE C. BEDELL.		
FAREWELL TO THE CLASS		
MISS MERCER MASON.		

Then the school assembled on the green for the Tree Exercises. The class poem and tree song were sung.

The final exercises were as usual at the South Church.

PROGRAMME.							
VOLUNTARY AND MARCH							
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS							
FIDELIO SOCIETY.							
Invocation							
Anthem — I Will Sing of Mercy and Judgment . Novello							
FIDELIO SOCIETY.							
Address							
REV. GEORGE HODGES, D.D.							
Presentation of Diplomas							
REV. DANIEL MERRIMAN, D.D.							
Parting Hymn							
Prayer and Benediction							
Mr. George Ferguson Smith, Marshal.							
Alumnae meeting at Abbot Hall at 2 P.M.							
SENIOR CLASS, 1901-1902.							
Lulu Peirce Avery Prospect Ferry, Me.							
Ione Clark Bedell Rome, N. Y.							
Martha Law Blakeslee New Haven Conn							

Lulu Peirce Avery	Prospect Ferry, Me.
Ione Clark Bedell	Rome, N. Y.
Martha Law Blakeslee	New Haven, Conn.
Harriett Louise Chase	Derry, N. H.
Lela Carrie Elliott	Plymouth, N. H.
Florence Estelle Fletcher	Manchester, N. H.
Belle Pickering Johnston .	Manchester, N. H.
Katherine Leanora King	South Windsor, Conn.
Florence Lindenberg	Columbus, O.
Mercer Mason	Washington, D. C.
Mildred Arabella Mooers .	Lawrence
Honora Spalding	New York, N. Y.
COLLEGE PREPARATORY SENIOR	R CLASS, 1901–1902.
Mildred Augusta Chase .	Plymouth, N. H.
Florence Laura Shipman	Montpelier, Vt.
Helen Beatrice Tisdale	Quincy
	· · · · · ·

Hall Exercises.

September 20, Miss Anne Mason recited the selection which she gave at the Draper Reading last June: "Ardelia in Arcady," by Josephine Dodge Daskam. Miss Bacon played several of the "Songs without Words." Miss Means addressed the school on "Conduct."

September 27, the new stereopticon slides of ruins in Greece and Rome were shown to the school for the first time. Miss Knowles explained the pictures. Miss Olive Parker played an impromptu by Schubert, and the Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhäuser."

October 4, Miss Means addressed the school.

October II, Mrs. Garland gave a most interesting account of a school for girls in the Caroline Islands, in which she taught for many years. She told some very amusing incidents connected with her work and struggles there, but she showed the dark side as well, and the terrible, pitiful life these girls are often forced to lead among their own people. After her talk, Miss Corbin sang: "A Japanese Love Song."

October 18, Miss Cooper sang a lullaby and "Where did you come from, baby dear?" Miss Schneider recited "Accordin' to Solomon," by Mary M. Mears; Miss Carmichael played "Hail, Columbia!"; and Miss Mary Smith recited "Barkis is Willin'," by Charles Dickens.

Because of a comet which was visible for a short time in the latter part of October, considerable interest in comets was aroused, and on Nov. 1, Miss Kelsey gave an interesting talk upon them. She said that the ancient and mediaeval astronomers thought that comets were not celestial objects at all, but were merely exhalations from swamps and volcanoes. The coma, or head of a comet, is ten or fifteen million miles in diameter as a general rule. In the center of the coma is a small, bright point, the neucleus, which is usually about a hundred miles in diameter. The tail, a great, streaming mass of light with a dark central streak, may be twenty, or thirty or a hundred million miles long. It is like a floating sand-bank with the particles very far apart and so lacking in density that stars may be seen through it. Miss Kelsey also told us about meteors. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views. Miss Albee sang: "In the night she told a story," by Mrs. Chickering.

November 15, Miss Stone, who spoke to the school last year, told us of her work among the Kentucky mountaineers, and of the plans which have been made for educating the young people of these regions.

She showed us samples of the handiwork of the mountaineers—baskets, hats, woolen goods, etc. Miss Clara Castle sang: "Sing me to sleep," and Miss Verta Smith played several preludes from Moschelles.

November 22, Miss Means announced that she had decided to recognize three secret societies in the school by becoming a member of each. She gave the initials of these societies, but their names are still kept secret.

December 6, Miss Bacon played from Shumann; Miss Barta sang: "A Maiden's Song." Miss Means addressed the school on "Gentle Speech," and read interesting selections from Trench's "Study of Words."

January 10, Rev. Mr. Palmer gave a paper on "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," and read many beautiful Roumanian songs, which were collected and translated into English by Mrs. Frederic Harrison. These poems, as Mr. Palmer pointed out, have no rhyme but rhythm, and many are very musical indeed. Each has a vignette whose object is partly decorative, though it is also intended to reach the main thought of the poem from another side. The songs are charmingly fresh and sweet; they express the peasant's feeling of companionship with nature, and it is noticeable that they show no great dread of death. Mr. Palmer said that the Roumanians' view of death is like that of the ancients; they seem to have escaped the influence of mediaeval philosophy and are a bit of antiquity in this modern world.

Hall exercises on January 17 were enlivened by a spelling-match. The leaders were Miss Mary Smith and Miss Barta; Miss Smith's side won. After the match Miss Means spoke to the school about spelling.

Mr. Alden, who has several times before given the school interesting lectures, spoke on January 24 about soap and oils. He first discussed the alkalies—soda and potash—which are used in making soap, then told about the various kinds of oil, and finally described the process of manufacturing soap. Mr. Alden also showed us samples of oil and soap and told many interesting and useful facts concerning them. Ivory soap, he explained, has air churned into it during the process of making. That is why "it floats."

Entertainments and Amusements.

The week after school began, September 23, a vaudeville entertainment was given in Abbot Hall. There were recitations and

songs, and the Mandolin Club gave several selections which were thoroughly enjoyed. Elinor Barta, Abbie Smith, and Mary Davis were among those who took part in the entertainment. After the vaudeville, dancing was enjoyed in the Gymnasium.

On the first of October, Joseph Jefferson, at the Colonial, drew a large party of girls from Abbot. The party was chaperoned by Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason.

There was great fun at the Hat Auction, in the Library, on Tuesday night, October 7, when Miss Marjorie George, as auctioneer, knocked down hats at such a rate that \$18.75 was realized to help buy coal for the poor in Andover.

Some very amusing, as well as interesting, charades were given in the library, Tuesday, October 14. Miss Slocum arranged them and different girls were asked to take charge of each charade. The costumes were many of them very amusing, and the entertainment was great fun.

On October 15, Miss Slocum chaperoned a party of five girls to see Robert Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune."

The Annual Fall Track Meet of Phillips Academy took place on Friday afternoon, October 17. A large party of girls went. The competition was pretty strong, the class of 1906 coming out in the lead.

On October 25, there were rival attractions in the shape of the Harvard Fresh. vs. Andover football game, and William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." Both were fully attended, Miss Durfee and Miss Bacon taking the girls to Boston to see Gillette, and the party to the football game was chaperoned by Miss Chickering, Miss Tryon, and Miss Bosher. The football game was not an especially good one, but the score was in favor of Phillips, 5-o.

On Tuesday afternoon, October 28, Miss Means, assisted by the Seniors, gave a very delightful reception to Octave Thanet (Miss French), a former Abbot girl. A number of town people were invited to meet Miss French.

The dining-room was the scene of a very novel and amusing entertainment on October 31, Hallowe'en. Miss Slocum planned a wonderful circus, and it certainly was a great success, and worthy of being noted as one of the "world's famous shows." The costumes were splendid, and the animals that stalked about were truly terrifying. Every one was full of the Hallowe'en spirit and had a good time, munching apples, peanuts, and pop corn.

The night of November 4, the long looked for Senior reception was given. From 7.30 to 8, Miss Means, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Gilbert, '03, and Miss Rosamond Thomson, C. P. '03, received the school and their friends in the Senior parlor. The ushers were Mabel Fordham, Julia Wallace, and Helen French. After the reception, "The Bird's Christmas Carol" was given in Abbot Hall. Mira Morey, Sadie Mills, and Abbie Smith acted as ushers. The cast was:

May Eddy Mrs. Ruggles Sarah Maud Amy Slack Helen Bott Peter . Cornelius Mary Davis Harriet Harmon Kitty . Peoria Marjorie George Marguerite Marney Clement Helen Childs Elv Marion Cooper

The play was a great success, and the audience was kept in a continual state of merriment at the dress and manners of the Ruggleses. After the play, dancing was enjoyed in the dining-room until half past ten. There was an orchestra of three pieces, and refreshments were served. The whole affair was a great honor to the Seniors.

On November 7, Miss Bacon and Miss Mason chaperoned a party of twenty-three girls to hear Madame Sembrich. She sang French, German, Italian, and English airs, and everyone enjoyed her singing to the utmost.

The Andover–Exeter football game came on November 8 Very nearly every girl in school went and had a glorious time. The game was a splendid one and very exciting. The Phillips boys won with a score of 30–17. That night there was a great celebration in Andover.

November 10 will long be a red letter day at Abbot, for that was the Bradford-Abbot basket-ball game. It was wildly exciting, for Abbot did not score in the first half and Bradford made two points, but in the last half Abbot scored 5, making the score 5 to 4 in our favor. The school greatly encouraged the team by their cheering songs. Miss Edith Burnham was at the head of the cheering staff, and had for her assistants Edith Moses, Helen Carmichael, Marjorie George, and Marguerite Marney. That night Miss Means allowed the girls to serenade Mr. and Mrs. Draper, and all the songs that were sung in the afternoon were repeated. At ten o'clock, just as the lights

went out, all the girls assembled in the downstairs hall, and each with lighted candle started out singing around the circle; as the procession wound round the circle, with glimmering lights, the picture made was a very pretty one. The line up was:

ABBOT.

Anne mason (Cap	τ.)	•	•			Goal		
Elizabeth Cole .						Forward		
Helen Abbott .						Centre		
Elinor Barta .						Back		
Abbie A. Smith						Goal Guard		
Cornelia Williams	(seco	nd h	alf)		•	Goal Guard		
BRADFORD.								
Martha Purinton						Forward		
Ella Eppens .						Forward		
Chellis Farnham						Center		
Anna Watkins						Guard		

On November 18, Mr. George Riddle, of Boston, gave the first of a series of three Shakespeare readings. Miss Durfee took about fourteen girls to hear him. His program that night was especially interesting, the first part containing different scenes from the "Merchant of Venice"; the latter part was made up of lighter readings, some very amusing ones, such as Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Village Dressmaker."

· · · · · Guard

May Argue

An event that was of great interest to the townspeople was the opening of the Town Hall, on November 24. Miss Schiefferdecker and Miss Knowles chaperoned a large party of girls. The Phillips Academy Banjo Club and the Andover Band provided music for the evening, and two farces were given, "A Straw Man" and "Who is Who, or All in a Fog."

On November 25, our household scattered for the Thanksgiving holidays and there were only twelve of us left. The first evening we all gathered round the fire in Miss Means's room and she joined us in telling stories and conundrums. Then some of the girls ventured out to a reading by Mr. Riddle. The next day brought a horrible downpour of rain, and as it was unmercifully cold everyone stayed in and took advantage of the time for visiting. We all enjoyed the freedom, with no restrictions and no bells. That evening we went down to the kitchen to make candy and pop corn and had a jolly, good time.

Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, the girls accompanied Miss Durfee to Ballardvale with several well filled baskets for a poor family, one member of which was a little girl who was confined to her bed. The thought that we could do something to brighten her day helped make our own happier. When we went down to dinner at two, we found a large table in the centre of the room, decorated with flowers and smilax, with small favors and a card at each plate. The dainty napkins so skillfully decorated with pen and ink sketches were the work of Miss McKeen and have been kept for use on such special occasions. Miss Schiefferdecker and Miss Durfee held the head and the foot of the table and we all appreciated a sumptuous dinner, interspersed with jolly stories. Friday, many of the girls spent the day in the city, but on our return we all agreed that to spend a Thanksgiving at Abbot is one of the happiest vacations we could have.

The last of Mr. Riddle's readings was on December 9, and a small party of girls went with Miss Knowles and Miss Tryon. Mr. Riddle first gave scenes from Macbeth; the second and lighter part of the program was made up of selections from Kipling and Southey.

Miss Merrill took five girls from the upper French class to Lawrence, on the 11th of December, to hear Monsieur Germain Martin, at Saunders Hall, give an illustrated lecture on "La Renaissance en France."

The "Annual Fall Concert," given by the Phillips Academy Musical and Dramatic Clubs, was on Friday, December 12. A large party of girls attended. The Banjo, Mandolin and Glee clubs gave different popular selections which were heartily encored. The farce, "A Regular Fix," was funny and very well acted.

The first Tuesday after the holidays, January 13, about twenty girls, chaperoned by Miss Slocum, went on a fine sleigh ride. It was a perfect moonlight night and the sleighing splendid, so all the girls enjoyed every minute of it.

On Saturday afternoon, January 17, Miss Kelsey and Miss Bacon chaperoned a large party to see the Morality Play, "Everyman," at the Park Theatre, in Boston.

The unclassified girls gave a most delightful "Hurdy-Gurdy" dance to the school on Tuesday, January 20. Everyone had a glorious time, and danced with all their might to the strains of the inspiring hurdy-gurdy. At nine o'clock the cotillion began, and

pretty pink and white carnations were the favors. It was one of the most successful of this year's entertainments and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it.

On January 21, a party of the girls went to a basket-ball game in the Phillips Academy gymnasium, between the Phillips and Dean Academy teams. The result was a victory for Phillips. The members of our basket-ball team were in the party and watched the game with particular interest.

The first of Mr. Downs' yearly concerts for Abbot came on Thursday afternoon, January 22. It was with a great deal of trouble and expense that he secured the famous Kneisel Quartette, but they were fully appreciated. The selections were from the great masters, Beethoven, Mozart, Grieg and Chopin. The piece received the most enthusiastically by the audience was Chopin's—Lento for Violoncello and Strings—in which Mr. Schroeder was given a chance to show his wonderful power over the 'cello. It was a great musical treat to every one that attended.

Friday evening, January 23, about thirty of the girls, with Miss Durfee and Miss Bacon, went to see the dress rehearsal of the November Club dramatics. "The Cricket on the Hearth" was presented with much success. We felt a special interest and pleasure in the play because three of our faculty, Miss Bosher, Miss Tryon and Miss Knowles were in the cast.

Religious Notes.

The opening service of the year was led by Miss Means. She spoke to us about the use of the Saturday evening meeting.

September 27, Miss Means again spoke to the school. Her subject was the necessity of our having a definite purpose in life.

Mr. Jones spoke to us October 4 about the power of women in India.

October 11, Mr. Shipman gave the school a very helpful talk on the right adjustment of the individual to her surroundings.

October 18, Miss Margaret Kyle talked to the school on the Y. W. C. A. work among factory girls.

October 25, Professor Taylor led the service. The theme of his talk was "Thought" and its power and importance in our lives.

November 1, Professor Hincks of the Theological Seminary addressed the school. His text was taken from Psalm 104 and there were two distinct thoughts: one that it was our duty to appreciate and use the beautiful world that God has given us; the other, that we are the interpreters of God's thoughts.

November 8, Reverend Frederic Wilson of the Free Church, Andover, spoke about God's purposes for us.

Monday morning, November 10, Miss Sorabji, a young woman from India, spoke about the education of the children of India. She herself is a finely educated Parsee and her talk was intensely interesting.

Saturday evening, November 15, Reverend Frederic H. Palmer of Christ Church, gave a very interesting analysis of The Apocalypse or Revelation. He spoke of it as a drama, dividing it into acts.

November 22, Professor Ryder of the Theological Seminary, talked to the school on "Optimism and Pessimism."

Wednesday morning, November 26, a Thanksgiving service was led by Miss Means.

Reverend Frederic Palmer continued his analysis of Revelation on November 30. He studied with us the last three acts of the great drama and his presentation of the subject was scholarly and inspiring.

Saturday evening, December 6, Vice-Principal Stearns of Phillips Academy, addressed the school. He contrasted the lives of Peter and Judas.

December 13, a Christmas service was led by Miss Means.

January 10, 1903, Dr. Pauline Root led the first service of the new year. She read from I Peter, I, and spoke on these verses. Her talk was about the Student Volunteer Movement and the work that its representatives accomplish. She spoke especially of the women of India.

January 17, Reverend Charles O. Day of the Theological Seminary, addressed the school. After reading from John X, he spoke about the Reverend Horace Bushnell, and from one of the latter's sermons took the text, "Jesus walked in Solomon's porch and it was winter." The subject of his address was winter and the time given then for physical improvement, for study, and for forming friendships.

Saturday, January 24, Reverend Mr. Andrews of West Parish, led the service. The text and subject of the talk was taken from Romans VII, "The good which I would, I do not; the evil which I would not, that I do."

The Y. W. C. A. has held its Sunday evening meetings throughout this first semester.

October 19, Miss Kyle spoke again to the girls on the important work of the association.

In October, Miss Chadbourne, a former teacher, led a meeting. Her subject was "Loyalty to friends and school."

January 11, Dr. Root spoke about "Kindness" and told us more about the women of India.

The Week of Prayer was observed here. Mr. Dale, of the Theological Seminary, spoke at one service about the work of the Y. M. C. A.

The other meetings have been led by the girls.

Our contributions for different branches of missionary work during the semester have been unusually large.

We gave \$23.55 to Susie Sorabji from Poona, India, who spoke to us one Monday morning. \$10 was contributed to the work in India, which is being carried on by Mr. Jones. The \$18.75, which was raised by the hat auction in October was sent to Miss Stone and Miss Pettit for their work among the mountain whites of Kentucky. Christmas barrels were sent to Rev. L. C. Frost, of Farwell, Michigan, and to Rev. A. J. Elleman, of Amboy, Indiana. The amount raised to complete the furnishing of these barrels was \$28, not including the freight.

Items of General Interest.

With the end of the year in June, 1902, the official connection of Mrs. Dowd with the school ceased. She came to us in the fall of '95, to substitute for a while as housekeeper, but circumstances left the permanent position open and Mrs. Dowd's interest in the school led her to cast in her lot with us for a longer term of service than she had anticipated. Her faithfulness to duty left her little leisure, but we miss her kindly presence and the quiet, unassuming dignity of her daily life.

During the summer, the plumbing in the kitchen and serving-room was entirely changed, giving increased facilities for dishwashing, etc. The range was provided with a new hood, to carry off all odor from the cooking, and a baker was put in so that all the bread, cake and pastry of the school is now made at home. A new refrigerator and cold room were built, giving more and better room for storing provisions.

Ten rooms in the corridors were painted, and the rooms belonging to the domestic service were entirely renovated.

The electric wiring was examined by experts and made safe by insulation tubing.

A finely equipped bathroom in connection with the Memorial Guest Room adds much to the completeness of that suite and increases our debt of gratitude to Mrs. John Phelps Taylor.

The oak flooring in the new lavatory was given by our superintendent, Mr. Abbott.

Another summer improvement remains to be noted; the re-shelving of the medicine closet and the cutting of a window which gives light to those who seek medicine in the day time.

A large bulletin board on the left wall of the school entrance is useful, though not beautiful.

One afternoon in the autumn, when we were having the pleasure of giving an afternoon tea in honor of Miss French, (Octave Thanet), she asked Miss Means to point out some individual gifts to the school. This, thanks to the generosity of "old girls," could be done. Miss French continued by saying that she would like to give us something that we should all enjoy. The desire "to see ourselves as others see us," led some one to say that we should like to have a long mirror. Miss French did not seem to think this desire foolish, and asked Miss Means to find a place for such a glass and give her the required measurements. The result is a handsome, oak-framed mirror on the wall by the staircase near the library. We have not yet observed any increase of vanity among us, and we do think that the mission of that mirror is to make us look better, and the house too.

A beautiful series of photographs of the Alexander sarcophagus has been framed and given to the school by Dr. Merriman, the President of the Board of Trustees. These photographs were brought back by Dr. Merriman from his recent trip abroad, and have been hung in the lower hall opposite the door of the trustee's room. This sarcophagus was found near Sidon and is now in the museum at Constantinople. The relief sculptures on the two long sides represent the battle of Issus between Alexander and Darius, and a lion hunt in which the Greeks and Persians have joined. One of the most interesting features of this sarcophagus is that the sculpture has kept its original beautiful coloring almost intact. Although our photographs do not give this coloring, they do show the remarkable skill and beauty of the workmanship, the spirited action of the scenes, and the interesting difference between the Greeks and Persians in dress and feature.

A part of the income from the McKeen Art Fund has been used this year to buy two folios for the Fine Arts Department. One is a collection of "Popular Studies of the Cathedrals of France," by Epiphanius Wilson and is very beautifully illustrated. The descriptions of the different cathedrals are most interesting and inspiring and with the excellent pictures will be a valuable aid in the architectural work of the Fine Arts Course. The other folio is one by Walter Armstrong on Sir Joshua Reynolds. The glory of this folio is the wealth of very beautiful photogravures of the wonderful portraits of the master. The text embodies a detailed life of Reynolds, selections from his own writings and very helpful and appreciative criticisms. A few lantern slides of Greek sculpture have also been added to the department. We hope that many more slides and a few more books will be purchased before the next issue of the Courant.

Mr. Arthur Mighill, a nephew of Mr. Downs, who last year presented us with two framed photographs of the moon, has just added to the series by giving us four new photographs of the moon's phases. These are framed together and their beauty and clearness make them a very attractive and welcome gift.

We have received many helpful books this year, for which we are very grateful. Books have come from Mrs. William Marland, Miss Helen Marland, Miss Mary Marland, Miss Ellen Abbott, Mrs. A. G. Martin and Mrs. William J. Long.

The plans for the new building have been for some time in the hands of the architects, in order that they may be made proper for estimates by the contractors. They will soon be finally passed upon by the teachers, the building committee and the trustees, with the intention of beginning the work in the spring. It will then be continued as fast as possible, and we hope it may be ready for use by September. There lacks yet \$10,000 of the sum at first set as needed, but temporary arrangements may be made to supply that sum pending the collection of this final amount. The alumnae and friends have now good cheer to go on and complete the \$60,000 first called for, since it is so nearly collected. Let us all go to work at every possible point. The nearness to the end is a stimulus to confidence and ought to make the rest come quickly.

The coat of arms of the Abbot family, which formerly belonged to Mr. Samuel Abbot, the uncle of Madam Abbot, whose endowment of Abbot Academy gave it its name, has come into the ownership of the

school by the legacy of Mr. William Abbot of Central street, and through the kindness of Mrs. Susan Randall, his executor. The illuminated work in colour has a simple frame, and it has now been hung over the picture of Madam Abbot, on the platform of Abbot Hall. It could hardly be in a more appropriate place; and the school feels very proud of its possession. The motto reads, "Deo, Patriae, Amicis," and is one full of meaning for the school.

Last June, too late for record in Catalogue or COURANT, Mr. Draper gave to the trustees of Abbot Academy, the Pratt estate, now known as the Scott estate. His giving seems unfailingly constant; may our gratitude be as unfailing. The school has recently received a gift of books from the same kind hand.

Since the last issue of the COURANT, Mr. Samuel L. Fuller of Andover, has been chosen trustee of the school, and in October, he took up the duties of treasurer, which Mr. Ripley felt obliged to lay down.

Obituaries.

'35. The following notice of the death of Mrs. Ellen Huse Ames has been sent to us. We regret that no date was put upon the notice.

"Mrs. Ellen Huse Ames, 92, died at her home on Front Street. She was the widow of James T. Ames, founder of the Ames Sword Company. She was born December 19, 1809, in Newburyport, where her ancestors lived for nearly 200 years. She attended Bradford and Abbot Academies, and later went to Wilbraham Academy, making the journey across the state in a stage coach. She was married to James Taylor Ames, May 31, 1838, at Newburyport. Her husband died in Chicopee, February 16, 1883. During the Civil War, when, it is believed, Chicopee contributed more supplies to the Union soldiers than any other place of its size, she was president of the Ladies' Aid Society. She was one of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her father joined the continental army when he was twelve years old, with her grandfather, Capt. Samuel Huse. She was the last of the original members of the Central Methodist Church, and had always taken a deep interest in religion. It was her custom to spend several hours of each day reading the Bible. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. Sarah T. Woodworth, and a grand-daughter, Mrs. George H. Hall. She had a daughter, Ellen M., who died in 1865."

'37. In Ipswich, Mass., September 1, 1902, Margaret A. G. Poor, widow of John Patch.

"Mrs. Margaret A. G. Patch, widow of John Patch, passed away after a brief illness. Her death was a great shock to her many friends, who had scarcely heard of her illness before news came of her decease. Although never of robust constitution, Mrs. Patch possessed a strong vitality which carried her over many ailments to which less strong natures would have succumbed. During the past few months she had seemed to be in better health than for several summers. Mrs. Patch was a woman of fine mind and strong character inherited from the sturdy New England stock of which she came. Of a peculiarly gentle and sensitive temperament, and shielded through all her younger days from all the roughness of life, yet when reverses came and there was need for her activities, she showed of what refined metal she was made, and whenever a breach appeared that needed her, she was ready to step into it. In her religious views she was Unitarian in her sympathies and beliefs, but tolerant to all those who differed from her. She was the last and youngest of her family, a family of several sisters.

Mrs. Patch was born in Andover, July 16, 1819. Her parents were Daniel A. and Emily (Goodwin) Poor. Her education was received at Abbot Academy in Andover, and here she imbibed a love for the best in life and literature, and was one of the brilliant scholars of her day. On both paternal and maternal side she came of good ancestors. Her grandfather was Daniel Poor, a captain in the Revolutionary army, and her great-grandfather Col. James Frye, who commanded a regiment at Bunker Hill. He is said to have been the only man who ever dared address Gen. Washington with an oath. On her mother's side, Mrs. Patch was a direct descendant of Dr. Francis Le Baron, the "Nameless Nobleman" of Mrs. Jane Austin's famous novel. Mrs. Austin also is a descendant of the famous doctor.

In 1846, Miss Poor became the wife of John Patch of Ipswich, who preceded her to the "other side" many years ago. For many years they occupied the Gov. Symond's house on the Beach Road, but more recently have lived in the Kinsman house on the Essex Road. Mrs. Patch leaves two daughters, Estelle, an invalid for several years, and Emily, an efficient teacher in the Essex High School. One son, John Francis Le Baron, of Cleveland, O., who bears the name of his noted ancestor, also survives the mother."

'90. In Peoria, Ill., January 5, 1903. Mary McCulloch, wife of Edward McDougal.

It was with great sorrow that we received the sad news of the death of Mary McCulloch McDougal, having just before heard through

a friend of hers that she was very well. She had gone from her home in Riverside, Ill., with her husband and two little boys to spend the holidays in their old home. On Christmas night she wrote in her journal, "All well and happy," but soon she was stricken with pneumonia and died on the morning of January 5th. She was the only daughter of Judge and Mrs. McCulloch of Peoria, much beloved in her girlhood home, in school here, and in her new home at Riverside, where she and her husband have identified themselves with the best interests of church and town. She would have graduated here in the class of '90, if she had not thought it best to continue her music, which could not then be done with the Senior work. During the years since she left school, her letters, and one visit, have shown us how beautifully her whole nature was developing and how naturally and simply and joyously she responded to the increasing demands made upon her. All her friends mourn for her and our hearts go out in sympathy for her husband and little sons, too young to know their loss, and to her father who is so sorely stricken, Mrs. McCulloch having since died of the same disease.

'92. Soon after the beginning of the school year, the friends of Eleanor Libby Holt who were thinking of her as the happy bride of Elias Thomas, Jr., and rejoicing with her in the beginning of her married life in the city which had once been her home, Portland, Me., were shocked to hear of her death which occurred Sept. 22, 1902, as the result of a necessary surgical operation. As a school girl in Andover, and in the years since, she was of a winsome sunny disposition, attracting to herself friends who ever remained constant to her. Motherless when she came to us, and later bereft of her father, her cheerful outlook upon life was helpful to her immediate and wider circle of friends. Our sympathy goes out to her brothers, to the aunts whose home was hers, and to the bereaved husband.

Alumnae Motes.

The meetings of the Abbot Academy Club began this year on the first Wednesday of November, and the change of day seems to find favor. One argument for the change was the fact that Wednesday's being recreation day here, would make it oftener possible for the school to be represented. The teachers especially appreciate this courtesy and mean to avail themselves of these pleasant opportunties for seeing the loyal friends of the school.

At the November meeting, Miss Means' report of the school was received with great enthusiasm. Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) entertained the December gathering with some amusing monologues, and music was furnished by old scholars. At the January meeting, Miss Ellen Thompson gave an interesting account of Irish folks and their ways, on the subject "Under an Ulster Thatch." The February meeting will be the mid-year reunion of the Alumnae Association in conjunction with the Abbot Academy Club.

Mrs. Luther H. Sheldon, (Caroline H. Flagg, '29), of 86 Munroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., who entered Abbot Academy on its opening day in '29, writes to ask if she is the oldest alumna.

Mrs. L. B. Curtis, (Sadie Bliss, '90), writes from 3047 Raleigh Street, Denver, Col., of her "two small boys playing with their Christmas toys, happy as little birds."

Miss Winifred Barber, †'94, of North Adams, Mass., has gone to Alabama to teach German.

Miss Lulu P. Avery, †'02, of Prospect Ferry, Maine, is teaching school in East Winthrop, Maine.

Lillie H. Stone, '92, successful kindergarten teacher at Courtland, N. Y., sends loving greetings to the dear old school and is very thankful that she was privileged to be an Abbot girl during Miss McKeen's last year.

Anna Tucker Nettleton, † '93, returned in late October from a "glorious" trip abroad. In Paris, she unexpectedly met her classmate, Susan Chase, who has since been here and told us all about it.

Alleine Hitchcock, †'93, is studying kindergarten at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

In the removal of the family of Mr. William Marland to Griffin, Ga., we have lost not only another good Andover family, but Mrs. Marland's, '63, interest in the keeping up to date of the card catalogue which she made of Abbot girls, and her intelligence and accuracy in the accumulation and collection of school records. We are glad to hear of the convalescence of Helen Marland, †'96, and of Mary's return to Wellesley.

Mary Beal Stephenson, '92, writes that her interest in music increases, though her three children and various duties prevent her from doing much at it.

Mattie Hart Moore, † '89, writes of a delightful invitation to take the Mediterranean trip with her parents and some friends, but at last accounts she had not decided to leave home even for two months.

We have noticed in the "Club Woman" that Mrs. E. L. Hinman (Alice J. Hamlin, † 87), presided at the educational department meeting of the Nebraska State Federation, held recently in Lincoln, Neb.

It was pleasant to see Nan Spencer Gilbert, † '89, here at Anniversary, and we hope soon to hear that she has organized a Chicago A. A. Club.

The friends of Henrietta Calhoun, †'94, (Mrs. Frank C. Bogart), will be glad to know that her address is 313 Anderson Street, East, Savannah, Georgia.

Miss Kate Means, '57, has returned to this country after a four years' sojourn abroad. Mrs. E. S. Mead, upon whom we have a claim prior to that of Mt. Holyoke, has also come home again.

Edith Jackson, †'89, (Mrs. Frederick W. Lewis, U. S. A.), is living this winter with her mother in San Francisco, but expects, as soon as possible, to join her husband who is on duty in the Philippines.

Letters from Nellie Hadley Rowell, † '83, May Stow Roberts, † '88, Alice Joy Arms, † '89, and Grace Wanning Day, † '89, report them well and happy in their homes and interested in the school home, too.

Anna Wright Merritt, '88, like many another woman, is interested in the club to which she belongs, and a good worker in it.

A visit of Mrs. Amanda Hebard Briggs, last June, came so near the close of the year that it was not reported in the June COURANT. Mrs. Briggs taught here in 1865-9, and again in 1872. Of course the school has changed in many ways since then, but she seemed glad to be back among us and we were glad to know her. Her home is in Kalamazoo, Mich., and she brought us greetings from Mrs. Isabella French Bigelow, who taught here in 1883-7.

A beautiful organ has been placed in the South Chicago, Ill., church, over which Rev. George H. Bird is pastor, in memory of his wife, Carrie Hall Bird, †'77, a graduate of Abbot and a beloved teacher here. Her school friends, who had the privilege of joining with her church people in the memorial, will be interested to know that the organ has already been dedicated.

Beth Richardson, †99, we hear, is pursuing her vocation as nurse in Nashua, N. H., having all she can do. We should think one might be reconciled to being ill, if one could be taken care of by her.

Helen Buck, C. P. 'o1, is president of her class at Mt. Holyoke. This is her sophomore year. The presidency of this class was held last year by Delight Hall, 'o1, another Abbot girl.

From Port Simpson, B. C., six hundred miles north of Victoria, one of the class of '86 writes: "The class letters came up on the last boat and I must add my contribution and send them along. I think it is wonderful the way we have kept in touch with each other all these years. Our pictures and letters have grown so numerous that the precious budget now travels in a leather case, the gift of Mr. Vary, one of the class brothers. The girls are such good, useful women, that I feel very proud to be a member of A. A. '86." Florence Irene Richdale. We wonder if any other class has as good a record.

Mrs. Henry B. F. Macfarland (Mary Douglas † '77), of Washington, entertained Miss Helen Gould at luncheon on Wednesday, Jan. 21.

In the early summer, Mr. N. J. Bartlett, whose home for several years past has been in Andover, died after months of ill health. His wife, and daughter, Mary Bartlett Walton, † '80, are alumnae of Abbot, and we would extend to them our sympathy.

We were sorry, too, to learn of the death of Mr. Moses Emerson, husband of Alice (Goddard) Emerson, †'64, one of our faithful alumnae.

The class of '94, in particular, will be grieved to hear of the death of Ida Cushing's father, an honored physician of Merrimac.

Another member of the class of '94, Annie Strout, is mourning the loss of her husband, Mr. Frank Dearborn, who died in their home in Portland, Me., after a week's illness. Myra Hayes, a classmate of Mrs. Dearborn, was with her for the holidays, and shared that painful week.

During the holidays, too, occurred the death of Mr. William Tisdale, the father of Beatrice Tisdale, C. P. '02, who completed her college preparatory course here last June, but did not enter college owing to her father's failing health.

The visitors for the first semester are: Harriett L. Chase † '02, Belle P. Johnston † '02, Lela C. Elliott † '02, Mercer Mason † '02, Honora Spalding † '02, Marian D. Whiting '02, Katharine I. Herrick '02, Vivia M. Dearborn '02, Mary T. Carlton † '00, Georgia M. Whitney † '99, Alice M. Wood † '00, C. Winifred Todd † '00, Pauline (Whittlesey) Patton '84, Helen Laury '97, May Watts '81, Anna (Hodges) Wilson †'75, Mrs. Emma (Meacham) Davis †'75, Mrs. Fanny (Fletcher) Parker † '72, Bessie Carmichael '97, Katharine Bruce 'oi, Cornelia Mott 'oi, Mary Morgan † 'oo, Isabel St. C. Herrick C. P. 'oi, Udetta D. Brown C. P. '99, Lucie M. Hegeman C. P.' 99, Elizabeth Bacon 'oı, Mildred A. Mooers † 'oı, Eleanor (Butters) Farnham '78, Estelle Greenough '99, Martha F. Emerson '97, Frieda Billings '01, Helen Lowe '01, Susan Chase † '93, Mrs. Frances Kimball Harlow, Jessie Fox 'o1, Carrie S. Harmon †'00, Grace C. Chapman †'00, Annie (Watts) Pillsbury †'82, Elizabeth M. Chadbourne †'78, Sadie Cameron 'or, Joanna Endicott 'or, Beatrice Tisdale C. P. '02, Lillian Balcom 'or, Isabel Jameson '02, Eleanor Duncan '02, Evelyn Carter † '01, Ethel Brooks '01, Miss Edith Ingalls † '82, A. Adelaide Lane '01, Beth Richardson, †'99, Martha Blakeslee, †'02, Katherine King, †'02, Florence Fletcher, †'02.

Engagements.

Emma Bird, '82, of Cambridge, to Mr. Albert Murdock.

Helen Laury, '97, of Laurys', Pa., to Mr. William D. Schantz of Allentown, Pa.

Mabelle Parker Norris, '98, of Concord, N. H., to Mr. Harry Oakley of Ravenna, Ohio.

Belle Johnston, † '02, of Manchester, N. H., to Mr. C. P. Miller Rumford of Wilmington, Del.

Louise Smith, '94, to Mr. Lougee of Laconia, N. H.

Emma Adelaide Clarke, '99, of Derby, Conn., to Mr. Philip Mock.

Blanche Morton, '92, of St. Anthony Park, Minn., to Mr. Henry Edgar Bean of Philadelphia.

Alice Bertha Case, † '99, of Andover, Conn., to Mr. Albert N. Colgrove of Willimantic, Conn.

Mary C. Smith, † '97, of Andover, to Marlborough Churchill, U. S. A.

Katharine Clarke, † '01, to Mr. Canfield of New York City.

Helene Baldwin, † '97, of Andover, to Mr. Julian Winsor Burdick of Albany, N. Y.

Arline Manning, '00, of Andover, to Mr. James Brainard of Pittsburg, Pa.

Sarah Knowles Jackson, † '96, of Andover, to Mr. Albert G. Smith of Dover, N. H.

Marriages.

CONANT-LORING.—In Dedham, Mass., June 19, 1902, Miss Ruth Baker Loring, †'96, to Mr. Henry Virgil Conant. At home after September 15, 930 High Street, Dedham.

ROSS-LAWRENCE.—In Newport, Vt., September 10, 1902, Miss Gertrude May Lawrence, †'00, to Mr. John McCombs Ross. At home after October 15, 306 West 102nd Street, New York City.

TWICHELL-STOW.—In Plantsville, Conn., January 1, 1903, Miss Bessie Sarah Stow, †'97, to Mr. Reuben Carter Twichell. At home I Sherman Court, New Britain, Conn.

KEMPER-MASON.—In East Orange, New Jersey, January 1, 1903, Miss Mercer Mason, † '02, to Lieutenant James Brown Kemper, U.S.A.

YODER-MORTON.—In Newtonville, Mass, January 7, 1903, Miss Edith Bennett Morton, '97, to Mr. Luther Keller Yoder. At home after March 1, 5810 Elmer Street, Pittsburg, Penn.

MORRISON-LOCKE—In Andover, Mass., July 29, 1902, Miss Marion Locke, †'82, to Mr. Henry Clinton Morrison. At home, 2 Summer Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

HALL-Howe.—In Indianapolis, Indiana, November 27, 1902, Miss Lucy Howe, † '96, to Mr. Archibald McClelland Hall.

CHURCH-BENNETT.—In Chicago, Ill., June 30, 1902, Miss Mabel Kingman Bennett, '01, to Mr. Thomas Ames Church.

THOMAS-HOLT—In Portland, Maine, July 16, 1902, Miss Eleanor Libby Holt, '92, to Mr. Elias Thomas, Jr.

WIGGIN-WHEELER.—In Lawrence, Mass., January 21, 1903, Miss Ella Cary Wheeler, '83, to Mr. Fred Ashley Wiggin. At home after February 17, 239 Broadway, Lawrence.

NOONAN-MACDONALD—In Missoula, Montana, October 25, 1902, Miss Eleanor Ross MacDonald, '98, to Mr. John Noonan. At home 337 East Spruce Street, Missoula, Montana.

BADGER-COUCH—In Concord, N. H.. Miss Susan Woodward Couch, '98, to Mr. Gerald Sherman Badger.

O'Bryan-Marsh—In June, 1902, Miss Marion Marsh, '99, to Mr. Francis L. O'Bryan.

MARR-GIBBS—In Brookline, October 15, 1902, Ethel Wendell Gibbs, '99, to Mr. Llewellyn Augustus Marr. At home, Sterlingworth, Cottage, Sewall Avenue, Brookline.

Births.

† '90. To Dr. and Mrs. William Walker (Adeline Perry), twin girls.

† '94. To Rev. and Mrs. Allan E. Cross (Ethelyn Marshall) of 43 Babcock Street, Brookline, a daughter, Louise Marshall, born November 9, 1902.

†'91. To Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bailey Hardenburgh (Anna Bull), a son.

Deaths.

- '32. Sept. 19, 1902, Mrs. S. N. Brewer (Hannah Abbot Foster), aged 85. Mrs. Brewer "was always very proud of the fact that she was one of the first scholars of Abbot Academy. She retained her interest in its welfare up to the time of her last illness, and carefully preserved all catalogues and pamphlets relating to it.
 - '52. In February 1902, Miss Mary F. Harnden.
- †'63. In San Francisco, July 2, 1902, Simon Fitch Barstow, aged 70 years. Mr. Barstow was the husband of Laura J. Williams.

Class Organizations.

'03.

"Resolve, strive, attain."

President . . . ELIZABETH WALKER GILBERT.

Vice-President . . . Anne Judkins Mason.
Secretary Helen Estelle Nason.

Treasurer . . . ALETTA HEGEMAN.

Class Color . . Carnation Red.

Flower . . . Red-carnation.

College Preparatory, '03.

President . . . ROSAMOND MEANS THOMSON

'04.

President . . . AMY H. H. SLACK.

Vice-President . . Helen Emerson Childs.

Secretary . . . ELINOR BARTA.

Treasurer . . . MAY F. EDDY.

Class Colors . . . Black and Gold.

Flower . . . Jonquil.

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Psychology, Ethics, Theism.

MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL, French.

KATHERINE R. KELSEY,
Mathematics and Science.

NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER, German.

NELLIE M. MASON, Science.

EVELYN FARNHAM DURFEE, Elocution and Gymnastics.

REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, A. B., Literature and Church History.

MABEL GINEVRA BACON, A. B., Latin.

ELLEN ISABEL TRYON, A. B., Greek and English.

MELITA KNOWLES, A. B.,
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1902-1903

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The present year closes

School begins at 9.00 A. M.

School closes at 2.15 P. M.

Tuesday, June 24, 1902
Thursday, Sept. 18, 1902
Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1902

Vacation of three weeks.

School begins again at 9.00 A. M. Thursday, Jan. 8, 1903
First semester ends Feb. 7, 1903
Second semester begins Feb. 9, 1903
School closes at 2.15 P.M. Tuesday, Mar. 31, 1903

Vacation of two weeks.

School begins again at 9.00 A.M. Thursday, April 16, 1903 School closes at 12 M. Tuesday, June 23, 1903

For information and admission apply to the Principal, Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

SONNET

[Written by an old fisherman.]

Each morn as I upon the ocean gaze,
I think of years long spent in love of thee,
A story told me by my own sad lays
Recalls my long lost love sweet Emily.



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In youth, together we drew in the seine,
In age, we sat beside our open fire,
Now in the deep, three long years thou hast lain,
But yet—in thought of thee I never tire.



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Thy heart was true and pure, thy thoughts were deep,
Thy face was bright and always full of fun.
A song of thine would oft lull me to sleep.
But now my life is dark without its sun.

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And thou dear love as ever true to me Art guiding me forsaken through life's sea. - M. W. D. '94.

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IN BIBLE I

"The fall of man began with Eve's eating the apple and lasted till the flood,"

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BASKET BALL SONG.

[To the Stein Song.]

Give a cheer girls for the team, girls—
The team that has no peer,
Watch the ball girls as they hurl it
With the feeling of good cheer.

WILLIAM J. BURNS

Tailor and Men's Furnisher

10

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MASS.

CHORUS—For it's always fair weather
When our team gets together
They play fast and true, girls
For Abbot's dear old blue.

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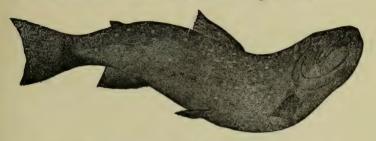
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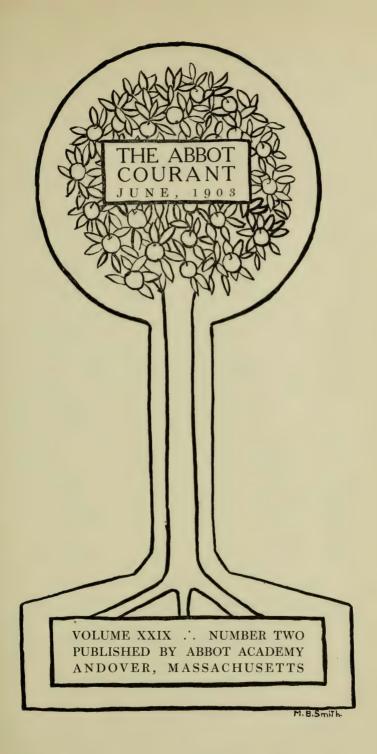
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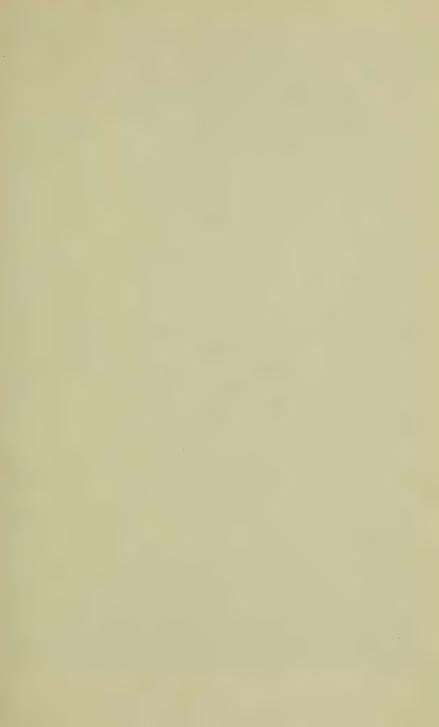
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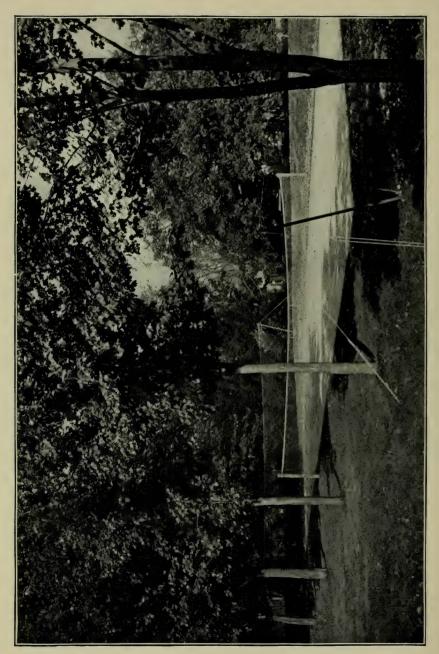
CONTENTS

								F	AGE
The Influence of	the (Child	in M	odern	Lite	ratur	e		5
My Garden				•					7
Ode				•					9
Translation				•					10
A Day in Acadia									11
Blake's Poetry									13
A Song of Spring									15
A Romance of T	wo C	ottag	es					•	16
Spring Dressmak	ing								18
After the Rain									20
A Deserted Lumb	oerin	g Tov	vn			•		•	2 I
Cowper .						•			22
Reflections .			•	•	,				22
Johnny and I				•					23
Along the Shore		•							25
At Sunset .									26
Editorials .	•					•		•	27
School Journal									31
Alumnae Notes				•					45
Organization	S								46
Faculty	•		•	•					47
Calendar									48

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VOL. XXIX

JUNE, 1903

NO. 2

The Influence of the Child in Modern Literature.

THERE are two distinct aims in modern child-literature; the one to entertain or to educate the child, the other to renew childhood for the grown person. In the first class come Kipling's "Jungle Books," and "Just So Stories," Earnest Thomson Seton's "Wild Animals I Have Known," Long's "School of the Woods" and many others. More technical, but hardly less interesting to children, are the books through which they see nature. Without realizing that they are studying, they find and pick flowers, look them up in simple reference books and learn their season and haunts. They love the birds, too. They watch their habits, learn to distinguish their calls and read about them in large bird dictionaries with readable type and colored pictures. Through these practical text books, and through these stories, children are learning to observe and to appreciate out-of-door life.

Stevenson is one of the first modern writers to interest the grown person in the daily life of the child. In "A Child's

Garden of Verses," he shows how dearly he loved his own boyhood. He never laughs at children. But with them he sees the fun and joy of living. And his simple language often hides a serious thought, as, for instance, in "Where go the Boats?" the line.

"Other little children shall bring my boats ashore."

James Whitcomb Riley, in western dialect, and Eugene Field have pictured boy-hood in verse. They show the brusque, homely side of the boy's nature: but their children are nevertheless good-hearted and lovable. Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" has all the atmosphere and fascination of the old fairy stories with the added interest of bright human characters. It is one of the books that bring to the child and the grown person alike, a delightful sense of youth and freedom.

Continuing in Stevenson's and Grahame's purpose, there are today three rather prominent authors who are picturing childlife for grown people-Josephine Daskam, George Madden Martin and Roy Rolfe Gilson. Of these three writers, Miss Daskam uses the grown person's point of view, George Madden Martin, the child's as interpreted by the grown person, and Mr. Gilson, the child's own. All have used short-story form. In the "Madness of Philip," by Miss Daskam, are several quaint and very amusing stories of children. In "Emmy Lou" George Madden Martin has given a faithful picture of a child's experiences through the different grades of the public school. simpler style than Miss Daskam's, and with more interest of character than "Emmy Lou," Roy Rolfe Gilson has painted childhood as he and many of his readers have seen it in "In the Morning Glow." That these books are written and widely read, shows the vital interest that is nowadays centred in the child.

Mary B. Smith, '04.

My Garden.

WITH first spring happiness, the soft skies and clear breezes, comes the thought of my garden. It is only a little piece of land, plowed and spaded, but the pleasure and delight that come from it begin even with reading the seed catalogue, and lasts until there is nothing left but a few withered stalks in the flower beds.

It really takes, though, quite a sober, steady, mind to order seeds properly, for it is very hard not to become excited over the wonderful descriptions in the catalogue. It almost seems as if you were in fairy land when you read the miraculous tales of the new varieties. I ordered some morning glories last year; they were said to be Brazilian, to grow all over the house in one summer, have dark green leaves six and a half inches across, and superb deep crimson blossoms. The directions said to pour on boiling water when you planted them. I did even that but only three came up, and the rest—but I am sure nobody would be interested in so small an item. So it seems wiser to order only flowers with reputations, plain nasturtiums and marigolds, and mignonette, sweet peas, asters and poppies.

After the seeds have come, later in the spring you must plant them. The beds must be ready, the right shapes in the right places, just as you wanted them and it is better to stretch string in the lines to plant the seeds by; there is no danger of their growing too stiffly, and it is just as well to start right. In a few weeks they will sprout, and then the excitement begins. The green things come up slowly at first, but if the sun is warm, in a few days the beds will be covered with them, little green needles sticking up everywhere. After a while you remember that you planted the seeds in rows, and they couldn't have spread quite so quickly as this. You must look more closely for the flower plants, almost overwhelmed by the witch grass, for there is witch grass in my garden, and I suppose that there always will be. When it grows a little larger, you must begin to weed it out. Sit down in the dryest and the cleanest looking spot, and begin to weed along the edge, and then farther in, as

far as you can reach. At first it is fun, for the earth is damp and cool, and the weeds come up easily. But after a while your back begins to ache, you feel so dirty, and the sun is hot. Suddenly you pull up something, cold and smooth and squirming in your hand. Only a common earth worm, but you drop it quickly and feel a disinclination to do any more that afternoon. Suppose you should put your hand on a whole family! But you keep on, and by supper time it is done, the garden is clear, except for the rows of fresh, young plants.

After that they bud quickly, and the interest increases. How soon a blossom will come out is an absorbing question, and when the first little nasturtium and sprig of mignonette actually do bloom, they certainly have a hearty welcome.

It is midsummer now, and the garden is in full bloom. You must come out before breakfast and pick the flowers before it is too hot. It is pleasanter then. The buds have just opened and are shining wet, the grass is all sparkly and the sweet-peas smell sweeter than at any other time of day. The asters and marigolds bloom long after the midsummer late into the fall, and even after most of the poppies are fallen to seed, sometimes there will be a little pink one, or red, that has opened in the night. Then the frost comes. The asters and marigolds wither and only the poppy and mignonette seeds stay to show that the garden was not a dream. This is the last work, to gather the seeds and put them away. It is rather hard to leave, after it is all done, there has been so much fun and pleasure in it, but then you must remember, it will happen all over again next year.

Sarah Hincks, '05

Mignonne, allons voir si la Rose Qui ce matin avait déclose Sa robe de pourpre au soleil, A point perdu cette vesprée Les plis de sa robe pourprée, Et son teint au vôtre pareil.

Las! voyez comme en peu d'espace, Mignonne, elle a dessus la place Las! las! ses beautés laissé choir! O vraiment marâtre nature, Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure Que du matin jusques au soir!

Donc, si vous me croyez, Mignonne, Tandis que votre âge fleuronne Et sa plus verte nouveauté, Cueillez, cueillez votre jeunesse: Comme à cette fleur, la vieillesse Fera ternir votre beauté.

Pierre de Ronsard, (Ode XVII)

Mignonne, come see if the Rose That early this morn did unclose Her purple robe to the sun, Hath in the evening not lost Her bright-coloured garment so tossed, Her colour so like to your own.

Alas! See! how dropping beneath, Mignonne, how her petals lie wreathed! Alas! Her gay charms cast away! Ah, Nature! so bitter and vile, Since so sweet a flower can smile No longer than one little day!

Then if you trust me, Mignonne! Now, whilst your youth is begun In its young freshness arrayed, O gather! O gather your joy, Lest age, like this flower, destroy, And your beauty but wither and fade.

Translation.

L'Amour aime les champs, et les champs l'ont vu naître.
La fille d'un pasteur, une vierge champêtre,
Dans le fond d'une Rose, un matin du printemps,
Le trouva nouveau né.
Le sommeil entr 'ouvrait ses lévres colorées.
Elle saisit le bout de ses ailes dorées.
L'ôta de son berceau d'une timide main,
Tout trempé de rosée, et le mit dans son sein.

André Chénier, 1763-1704.

Love loves the fields, and the fields saw his birth.

A shepherdess maid, a child of the earth,
In the heart of a Rose, one morning of spring,
Found him lying, new-born.
Sleep gently unclosed his bright-coloured lips,
His golden-gay wings she touched by the tips,
Drew him forth from his cradle, and, timid, caressed,
All moist with the dew-drops; then hid in her breast.

E. A. M.

a Day in Acadia.

WHEN the tide was out, and marshes and mudflats seemed to stretch endlessly beyond the dykes, the Evangeline lay on her side at the bottom of the creek. She was lying there now in the dew and chill of a September dawn, waiting for the tide to lift her back to the wharf. A group of silent, sleepy people were waiting too. They sat on the dyke and wondered how they could have miscalculated, and why they had thought of starting off at such an unearthly hour anyway.

Slowly the tide crept up the creek, and touched the boat, and moved over the white sides, slowly, oh, so slowly for the watchers; yet in less than a half an hour the Evangeline was at her wharf again, a wide path of water before her, leading out to the sea. All the while the dim sky had been growing softer and brighter. Now the sun rose and the mists rolled away from the broad level dyke lands. As the Evangeline tacked her way down the creek, a flock of swallows skimmed over the water, twittering gleefully, and a few farmers, who were swinging their scythes through the coarse marsh grass, waved their hats in greeting. All the world had grown friendly and bright at sunrise.

Once out in the Basin the boat bounded along merrily. A fresh breeze filled the sail, and little waves slapped the sides, and murmured and hissed about the prow. Here and there through breaking mists the opposite shore of the Basin could be seen, miles and miles away, tempting the adventurers onward. Seagulls flew before the boat, often settling down on the water and rising and falling with the waves, like white foam on a stormy sea; but always, as the boat came near they swept ahead again.

Now the opposite shore showed clearer in the morning sunlight. There were the great red cliffs crowned with brilliant turf, fragments of mist, delicate-tinted, still lingering about their sides. The breeze grew stronger, the boat flew faster. It keeled over until waves washed the deck and cold spray dashed into the faces of the passengers. On, on, on, with a wonderful

swift motion. Who watches the sea-gulls now, who sees the shore? Who thinks of anything but the joy, the breathless delight, of flying on with the wind! Of speeding through air that is all light and clearness, of gliding swiftly and ceaselessly on, on, on,—until the farmers, mowing at the mouth of the creek, see nothing of the boat but a tiny twinkling speck of white out in the Basin.

When the sun in late afternoon slanted over the dyke lands, the farmers were still mowing in the marshes. Across the Basin, the red cliffs showed clearly, with deep violet shadows in their clefts and ravines. The tide was coming in again. At last, far away, could be seen a flicker of white, the Evangeline's sail.

The little yacht drifted back slowly. The breeze died away at sunset and the air was still and sweet and cool. It was the time for dreamy happiness and for vague, pleasant melancholy. As the Evangeline glided into the creek, a flock of sandpipers were twittering on the beach, almost in a whisper, and a crane flapped noiselessly over the marshes; just as noiselessly the boat found its way to the wharf. The sail was furled, the little cabin locked for the night, and the passengers stepped out on the landing.

"This is the last time!" they said, "The summer is over." Then they climbed up the dyke again and trudged home across the fields.

The tide had already begun to go out and the water in the creek grew lower and lower. The Evangeline, looking rather ghostly in the twilight, sank with it. At last she touched bottom and like a tired, happy child settled down in the bed of the creek.

Elizabeth Schneider, '04.

Blake's Poetry.

BLAKE wrote a great deal of poetry that is so mysterious and confused that it is quite unintelligible to us. The fact that he was an artist as well as a poet partly accounts for this lack of meaning in these writings. He uses a great many terms which he alone understands, and for this reason has often been thought to be insane.

But besides these confused works, we have a number of poems the beauty of which we are quite able to appreciate. In his "Songs of Innocence" there is a simplicity both of thought and expression that catches our attention at once. There is a sort of daintiness in his style, that cannot fail to charm us, although the thought is often so simple that we wonder how he ever thought to write it.

It is just here that he displays a wonderful poetic instinct. We feel that he could not successfully carry out deeper or more complex thoughts. His greatest charm is his simplicity which is like that of a child. He has not the deep, grand imagination of some of the most famous poets, but he writes of the simple things about him that would be passed unnoticed by anyone who did not possess his childlike power of imagination. It is partly this quality that has made him famous.

"Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?"

This verse illustrates the extreme simplicity of Blake's imagination. It is easy to see the difference between this verse and the lyrics of any other poet. There is not a word in it that a child might not have used or a suggestion of thought lying be-

hind what he has expressed. It is nothing more than a child's idea put into verse, and yet it has an indescribable charm that is distinctly Blake's own. There is a certain sweetness that no other English poet has ever possessed.

"The Tiger" is another poem that could never be ascribed to anyone but Blake.

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?"

This is entirely different from "Songs of Innocence" and yet it is just as truly Blake's style. In this poem we seem to feel the artist as well as the poet, in the sense of great strength and beauty and fire that it gives us.

In some of his poems, there is also a great deal of melody. In the "Mad Song," for instance, we find that he can put a good deal of music into his lyrics.

"The wild winds weep,
And the night is acold,
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs enfold:
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling beds of dawn
The earth do scorn."

Nothing could be more melodious than this little song, and in addition to its sweetness, there is a wonderful choice of words and an indescribable sense of refinement.

Among the poems that have become famous, there are some exquisite little descriptions, presenting most fascinating pictures to the mind of the reader. One of the loveliest of these is in "To the Evening Star."

"and while thou drawest the Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes In timely sleep. Let thy West Wind sleep on The lake;" We have not a large quantity of Blake's poetry that we can understand, but there are certainly wonderful qualities in what we do know. It seems impossible to say enough in admiration of his lyrics, which are so full of simple grace and sweetness that it is hard to realize that he could have written anything vague and unintelligible. It is impossible to believe that the poet was insane; the vagueness and mysticism that we find in so much of his work was probably due to the eccentric tendency of his mind, and a lack of great intellectual energy.

Aletta Hegeman, '03.

a Song of Spring.

A shady lane, a gentle breeze Whispering softly in the trees; And overhead a wondrous sky, A marvellous blue canopy.

There runs a babbling little brook, And yonder o'er that leafy nook Two robin red-breasts on the wing Pour out their little throats, and sing:

'Tis well to be merry,
'Tis well to be gay,
So let us be happy,
For ever and aye;
For Spring-time is here
Was their carroling lay!

Marguerite A. Marney, '04.

a Romance of Two Cottages.

Far down the road standing back from the street were two little brown cottages, quite near together and exactly alike; brown, low-roofed, and having small windows with square, shining panes. The fence round them was low, except where it divided the two little houses; there it was much higher, but was overtopped by a row of tall sunflowers that formed a background for the marigolds and bachelor's buttons in one of the little gardens, and looked with scorn on the flowering potato plants and tall poles of twining lima beans in the other. In one front yard was a mass of many coloured flowers which grew in carefully trimmed beds with little pebble-edged walks round them. This house had a look of comfort and care; at the windows were white curtains and in one a scarlet geranium: but the other was barer; the windows were clean and shining but nothing could be seen through them — nothing but darkness and mystery.

Esther Blake came out of the door with a trowel and hoe; weeds were her worst enemy and many a fight she had with them. Soon the door of the other house opened and Adam Antony appeared, an old man with a ruddy, kind face. He put the bushel basket down and began to pick the beans; it was market day tomorrow and he had many poles to strip before sundown.

"Well, if that ain't Esther Blake out a weedin," he said as he caught a glimpse of her blue cotton dress through the plants and flowers. The two gardeners worked on in silence. Esther knew quite well that Adam had come out, but she was silent, and trusted the sunflowers to hide her.

"What Esther can see in them great, gaukin' sunflowers is more than I can see. Suppose she don't want me to bother her. Well, I guess I don't, I havn't said one word to her since—since day before yesterday!"

Adam filled basket after basket while Esther beyond the sunflowers fought and conquered. At last the beans were picked and it was growing dusk. Adam went to the fence and bent aside one of the troublesome flowers.

"Esther, have some of my beans, won't ye? They are real nice!"

Esther was just finishing the last bed. She stood up to take the beans offered over the fence.

"Thank you, Adam, you are real kind." But Adam was not to be dismissed.

"Them flowers of yours are just handsome, Esther!"

She laughed softly, she knew so exactly what he wanted — poor old Adam had wanted it so long.

"Won't you come in a while Adam?" He walked round the despised sunflowers and went in through the little gate. Esther got two rocking chairs and they sat together in front of the door to enjoy the cool evening.

"You are real lonely since your sister Mary died, aint ye, Esther?"

"Yes I am, but I'm gettin' kind o' used to it. Though I do miss her awful sometimes!"

"You wouldn't like anyone to come an' keep ye company?"

"Well, there really aint anyone to come; my niece Jane is gone to Boston to work so I don't believe she'd come—and there aint nobody else!"

Adam stopped rocking and leaned forward, trying to see Esther through the darkness. He whispered huskily—

"Esther, will you have me?"

Esther looked at the old man opposite her. Yes, she was very lonely and this kind old man had waited many years, and was it too late now?

"Well, Adam, I don't know but what I will, but it's gettin' late and this dew is terrible for the rheumatism."

Adam rose slowly, it was hard to go but the dew was bad for the rheumatism and when you're old you must take care. He walked down the tiny path and went in his own little gate, then he went up to the fence and whispered through the sunflowers—

"Good night, Esther!"

"Good night, Adam!"

Spring Oressmaking.

"Now, my dear, can't you be a little more interested? See these pretty samples. This pink is the daintiest thing I have seen this year."

My mother lays out the samples of flowery muslins on the table before me, and waits for my response, which is not long in coming.

"I hate pink! It is so sissy. I hate clothes, anyway!" I begin thus and then, realizing that at this rate I shall never get out for a ride, I change my tactics hurriedly. "I rather think I like that pink one. You'd better get it. Good-bye."

My mother is not quite satisfied but I am gone.

"Don't forget the appointment this afternoon at two," she calls after me.

Shortly after two I stand before the long glass in the little room ten feet square, while my mother watches and directs the proceedings. Some one puts a plain white lining upon me.

"I hate dresses with linings," I murmur, but nobody pays any attention to me.

"That arm size seems very tight," says Mother and the dressmaker snips vigorously. A pin sticks into me somewhere and I move uneasily.

"Getting tired?" inquires the dressmaker, and Mother adds, "Can't you stand still two minutes, dear?"

"If she would only let me pinch it in a little at the waist." The dressmaker has an irritating way of addressing all her remarks to mother as though I were not in the room. She does not think I am responsible. "It improves her so much."

I draw a deep breath to show that it is as tight as I can stand it, and I feel the pin again.

"It's a pin," I remark, and a search is immediately made. The pin is found making its way slowly but surely through one of my ribs.

"Now," says the dressmaker, in a self-satisfied manner, "If you don't think this sleeve is the swellest thing!"

It certainly is the swellest thing I have ever seen. It seems

to my inexperienced eye that there must be five or six yards in the tremendous puff. Even Mother is obliged to admit that it is rather large for such a small person.

"Show us how large you would like it," says the dressmaker. I draw it in, straight down to the cuff. The dressmaker looks at me in genuine despair.

"People will think it is a last year's dress," she exclaims. If one may judge from her tone, to wear a last year's dress is one of the worst sins a person can commit. Mother tries to settle the difficulty. "Make it as small as you can and have it look new," she says.

The dressmaker nods, but I can tell by the evil look in her eye that it will be larger than I want it.

And then the skirt is put on. It sweeps the ground all the way around.

"I want it short," I announce. The dressmaker, kneeling on the floor, with her mouth full of pins, looks at Mother, who shakes her head. She thinks I cannot see her but the long glass betrays her.

"I want it short," I repeat. The dressmaker disposes of her pins and for once addresses me directly. "It makes you look quite tall this way," she says and the glass tells me that Mother is nodding in agreement. It is evident that they are both against me.

"Well, then, make it long," I say wearily. "Only do it quick."

A few minutes later, clothed in my old blue suit, which is the only dress I like, I hurry Mother down the stairs. We are at the door, we feel the fresh, invigorating spring air in our faces. My troubles are forgotten for a time,—but only a short time. From the upper hall come the words," "Don't forget the appointment is tomorrow at 2.30."

Emily W. Stearns, '05.

After the Rain.

THE rain fell more slowly after the heavy thunder storm and finally stopped entirely. In the west as the dark clouds parted, the sun shone out bravely, while in the east the fading colors of an arched rainbow were just disappearing.

How everything glistened in the sunshine! A mass of rose bushes by the door hung over, weighted with a wealth of dripping pink blossoms, while some blue corn-flowers in the border by the path lay flat on the ground, beaten by the force of the rain. The grass looked greener than ever, each blade carrying a shining dew-drop.

The robins came out and hopped up and down the lawn and finally stopped on the fence to sing their good night song. A slight breeze stirred the elm trees causing little showers to fall, and gently moved the oriole's nest that hung on the lowest limb. Down from the porch walked a little old lady. She carried a basket and large garden shears. After her walked a large gray cat. She stopped and gathered some roses and then passed on down the path, stopping here to tie up the beaten peonies, there to gather some sweet smelling shrubs. After filling her basket with a mass of dewy flowers, she stopped a moment by the gate. In the distance the whistles in the town were blowing for six o'clock, the robin near her gave a last chirp, and the sun just passing from sight, shone on her silver hair and wrinkled face.

Fanny E. Perry.

a Deserted Cumbering Town.

NO one can realize how one short year may change a town until he sees an abandoned lumbering centre. During its prosperity both sides of the river are lined with saw mills, with black smoke-stacks reaching high into the air, rafts are constantly floating down stream, and schooners heavily laden with lumber are sailing out into the lake. In the day time the air is thick with black smoke, and in the evening the tall chimneys pour forth burning cinders looking like many falling stars, and the steady buzz of the saws can always be heard.

But great desolation is wrought when the news comes that all the timber has been cut in that section and that the mills must be shut down or moved to another town. Nevertheless this word always comes sooner or later to a lumbering town. In less than a year the river banks are deserted; but a few abandoned mills still stand as signs of former wealth and industry. No boats are sailing up and down the river and the docks are bare except for a few fishermen dangling their legs over the water and telling tales of how once there wasn't even room to drop a line in the river on account of many crafts and logs. Prowling among the ruins are small bare-footed boys picking up slabs and carry away sawdust in rickety hand-carts. These sights and even more desolate ones may be seen along any western river where a lumbering town has been "boomed."

Laura P. Eddy, '04.

Cowper.

OWPER'S poems give us the simple pictures of the country that might impress some thoughtful child who was filled with awe at the beauty and wonder of nature. He seems always to have had in his thoughts and the way he expressed them, and in all his religious views, a perfect simplicity. In his poem "On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture," his beautiful love for his mother is the affection shown by a child to the one who had always protected him and been his confidant and everything to him—he remembers the expression of her eyes and his great loneliness when she went away.

He seems to have a love for people and for animals. In a winter scene in the "Task" he gives a picture of the soft snow turning all the country white and of the driver with his team plodding through it. He admires the splendid strength of the driver as though he himself were weak. All his poems have a soothing melody about them, and although they do not fire one with enthusiasm or inspiration, they have a pleasant restfulness that is very enjoyable.

Amy T. Blodgett, '05.

Reflections.

[AFTER BURNS.]

Pussy playing 'mongst the leaves, Happy, free and debonair, Whilst her sober mama grieves Lest she muss her hair.

Oh, that I were just a cat To frolic in the sun like that!

Here I ponder at my books, Sticky, hot and squirming, Studying how the calyx looks, What's the use of learning!

Mary W. Davis, '04.

Johnny and I.

TOHNNY and I live next house to each other. Johnny is ten, and I am eight. Of course Johnny is lots older than I, but we play together and he likes me even if I am a girl. brother Harold says Johnny and I are all right-but he has only said that for a very short time, just since he and Louisebut I'll tell you about that if you won't tell, for its a secret, nobody knows it but Johnny and I and Harold and Louise. You see Harold is home from college and Louise is Johnny's big sister home from boarding-school. I asked her what that was, and she said it was a kind of prison where they shut girls up and made them study, and then she said she didn't know as it was right to say that, for it was also a place where they had lots of good times. I don't hardly like to have Louise in a place like that, but she said she was going back one year more and then she would come back home and stay with Johnny and I, and Harold, that's the way she said it, the last kind of low, but Johnny and I both heard it.

Harold and Louise used to play together when they were children like Johnny and I. They used to have awfully good times and they told us about the seat in the rocks, and the cave, and lots of fine things; and one day Louise went out with us and showed us where there used to be lots of Jack-in-the-pulpits when she was a little girl and sure enough, we found a whole clump of them, just in the same place.

This vacation when Harold came home, I asked him to go over with me to see Johnny, but he said he guessed he wouldn't go. Now before this he had always been eager to go over the first thing, although he never said much to Johnny but talked to Louise all the time; so I couldn't understand it. And then, when Louise didn't come over to see mother as she usually did, I heard mother ask Harold if he knew why, and he frowned and said he supposed she didn't want to; and then he and mother had a long talk and I heard him say that he couldn't yield, it wouldn't

be right for him to, and when she was ready to see him she would let him know.

When Harold and Louise were children they had each had a red flag that they had hung out of the window when they wanted to see each other, and they had always kept up this custom even though they were grown up. Johnnie and I were never allowed to touch these flags. Now, I thought mother would like to have Louise come over and have a good talk with her, and Johnny wanted Harold to come over to his house and play checkers with him, for once in a while Harold had played a game with him. So Johnny suggested a plan. I said it would be disobeying Harold, and Johnny said he didn't care, he should do it anyway, and you couldn't expect a girl to have much courage; so I gave in and we arranged a time to carry out our plan. About three o'clock, on a Monday afternoon when we knew Harold and Louise were both at home, Johnny hung out Louise's flag from her window and I put out Harold's from ours. and then ran down stairs to see what Harold would do. He didn't see it till after I got into the room, for he was reading a book. He looked up when I came in and then happened to catch sight of it. I heard him sav to himself, "She's hung out the flag, she wants me," and then he was out of the door before I had a chance to speak to him. I was going to tell him who did it, for I was beginning to be a little afraid he wouldn't like it. I have to be pretty careful what I do, for when Harold gets mad, I would rather some one else should be to blame than me. Well, Johnny said that Louise saw my flag just a minute after I put it up and that she started across just the same as Harold had done. They must have met about at the corner of the hedge, where Louise comes down one side of the hedge and Harold comes up to the end of it from the other side. But Louise didn't come to our house, and Johnny said he didn't see anything of Harold till about two hours later when he and Louise came back together. Johnny and I were on our front steps playing when we saw them coming and we wanted to run and hide but they looked so pleasant that we didn't and we were glad afterwards that we didn't. They came and kissed us and Harold said we

were two pretty fine kids. Then Louise gave us each a box of candy and Harold said he would give us an invitation pretty soon, and it would be to a wedding too.

Helen B. Phillips, '04.

along the Shore

The sun was fading in the west, Twilight was coming near, The solemn lapping of the waves Was heard, distinct and clear.

Along the shore a maiden came, Her face was dull and sad, Her dark eyes glowed; it seemed as if They never could be glad.

Her steps were slow and lingering
As she strolled the shore along,
And her low, sweet voice was singing
A melancholy song.

The maid has passed, the sun is down, 'Tis darkness all around,
And now the waves are lapping
With a melancholy sound.

Edith H. Spaulding, '04

at Sunset.

ON the road from Andover to Reading is some very rare country to look upon. Late on a fall afternoon, the country is especially beautiful in the mellow light of the setting sun. The clear yellow and red of the sky, as the sun first begins to go down, are in splendid contrast to the green pasture lands, and, as the sun sinks still lower, the color changes into richer and more subdued tones. The sky is less flaming, and the pastures and meadows take on a purple tinge.

Throughout the high country, the pine trees are in great abundance. Their black, clearly defined branches against the yellow sky are very Japanese in effect.

In the more undulating country, is a low scrubby growth of scarlet oak, whose leaves have already turned to plum colors and browns.

The lowest country of all, the home of the willow and cato'nine-tails, is perhaps the most picturesque, and reminds one of Hobbema's landscapes of Holland. The sweeping marshes are broken here and there by jagged pools, which reflect very charmingly the glowing colors of the sky.

When the sun has set, a grey mist rises over the land. Then the sharp outlines of earth and sky are broken and indistinct, and nature's many colors lie blended in perfect harmony.

Helen L. Bott, '04.

Editorials

The McKeen Memorial Building

At last, and with much rejoicing, we see the ground broken, and the foundations rising of the McKeen Memorial Hall. May it be a house where the school shall expand, not only in material growth, but with a deeper and more beautiful life! So shall its purpose as a memorial to Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe be fulfilled.

There will now be three buildings enclosing the circular lawn; Abbot Hall facing west, Draper Hall facing north, and McKeen Hall facing east. These will make three sides of a square open on School Street. The ceremony of the laying of the corner stone will precede the graduating exercises on Saturday, the twentieth of June. It will probably take a year to complete the whole erection, but it will be used as soon as practicable, and dedicated, we hope, at the next graduation.

The building will have a hall large enough to hold our friends at all entertainments, and one which will serve the present purpose of a gymnasium also; but we shall continue to go to the South Church for graduation. The rest of the building will have large recitation rooms, with the best of arrangements for light, heat, and ventilation; a good room for the day scholars' study; dressing rooms for the stage; toilet rooms, baths, and lockers for the gymnasium. There will also be a place for a bowling alley and a swimming tank if some one will be good enough to give them to us. Together with the rearrangement of Abbot Hall for scientific purposes, the new hall is planned to accommodate the school for many coming years. All Courant readers will be glad to know that no change is intended in the old "hall" except that the winding staircase will be altered to give easier and safer access to the upper floor.

Well laid plans for the future of the school must include central heating and lighting for the various buildings; and since the usefulness of the McKeen Hall depends on good heat, light, and ventilation, the plans must include a building for such machinery, which will also serve Abbot and Draper halls. This, in connection with the increased price of labour and building materials, makes us look for more help from those who have been already so devoted. The collection of such a sum as has warranted the beginning now made has been mostly by small contributions from "old girls," many of them not well off, but having a deep love for the school. This has attracted much admiration from all those who are informed, and has given great confidence that a school which drew out such substantial testimony from those who knew it best, must have a broad future. Perhaps some of those who made early contributions will feel encouraged, now that the ground is broken, and the building going up, to give something more, that it may be made fully satisfactory. It is really the "pull all together" which has made this great beginning possible; and that encourages us who are at the centre of the strife, to believe that we shall complete all the plans soon. Courage and perseverance has carried us so far. Courage and perseverance will take us through with success. We desire to express here our great thanks for all that has been done

With the passing of Davis Hall, the only one of the group of school buildings that has stood until it was destroyed upon its original site, the old seems to have given way to the new.

It would be interesting to trace the history of that house since it was first rented, before 1839, for the use of older students who lived in it, doing their own housework, under the supervision of a director, while pursuing their studies in the Academy, through the years of its usefulness as a home for French pupils, even up to the time when Draper Hall's doors were opened, and the French family continued its separate existence in the more spacious Smith Hall; but we must leave to the memory of its successive occupants the living over again of the old days. Mrs. Warren F. Draper remembers well her life in the house, then almost new, in 1839, when the individual cost of board was less than \$1.50 per week. For some years, the house was owned by Rev. Mr. Farwell, one of the wise principals of the Academy, but in 1865, Mr. George L. Davis of North

Andover, bought the Farwell estate, and the house was then named by his fellow trustees, Davis Hall.

Its years of service have been many and honorable. It has been a cause of regret to those who have spent many happy months and years in the old hall, that at last it should fall into the almost inevitable forlornness of an unoccupied house. We think fondly of old Davis Hall with its treasured associations, and we look expectantly upon the work just beginning, on the old site, where shall rise erelong the McKeen Memorial.

It has been evident to the trustees for some time that to keep the school at the right standard for teaching and living, the sum of \$400.00, which has been for so long the charge for board and tuition, was not reasonable, and certainly not sufficient. This year therefore, considering the increased price of living, and the needs of the school, they have decided to raise the price to \$500.00, and also to make a small charge for plain washing and for meals in the rooms. There is in this no desire to make the school an expensive one. We want the same kind of material to work with, but we want to work well with it; and this increase of income is no more than is made necessary by modern conditions. We feel sure that all our friends will agree that this step was made upon good grounds and that we believe it will be much to the school's benefit.

For the success of a new game, it is necessary to count not only upon the interest and perseverance of the players but also upon the encouragement and enthusiasm of the spectators. For the introduction of hockey here at Abbot, we have had such perseverance and such encouragement. Complete squads with substitutes have reported upon the appointed days. And onlookers from among the girls, the faculty and their guests have watched with interest the progress of the game. In short, hockey has been well received both by participants and watchers.

Hockey is played by two teams of eleven girls each. Its implements are curved sticks and a white wooden ball, heavy

enough to bound and about the size of a baseball. The object of the game is to force the ball between goal-posts stationed at either end of a hundred-yard enclosure. Facing each other in the middle of the field are the centre-forwards. In a line with them and about three yards apart are the forwards and wings. Behind this row are half-backs; behind them, full-backs. Two girls guard each goal. The ball, starting with the centre-forwards, is passed down the field. It is frequently stopped by players upon the other side, who send it back towards their own goal.

Hockey demands quick thinking, quick action and strong lungs. Strength used to good purpose is of great advantage; but a long stroke into an enemy's hands is worse than useless. Intelligent team play is what the girls are working to gain. With this point in view, we hope, next year, to make hockey even more successful than it has proved this Spring.

But what of those, whom on account of lack of strength or interest, hockey does not reach? Shall they still stroll down the hot pavements to the "Metropolitan," ignoring Andover's real charm—her wood roads? It is long walks and healthful exercise that make the Spring term the best, and that linger in the memory of the old girls for years after they have left the school.

We should like to call the attention of our readers to the new title page in the present issue of the COURANT, the design for which is the result of a competition among the members of Miss Patterson's drawing class. We hope that this innovation may serve as a precedent and an inspiration to further illustrative work.

School Zournal.

Hall Exercises.

On February 7, Miss Blodgett came from Boston to speak about the Travellers' Aid Society of which she is a member. She meets steamers at the wharf and takes care of girls who are traveling alone, helping them to find their friends or seeing that they get work and safe homes. Her experiences have been very interesting. Afterward Miss Bacon and Miss Fordham played a duet.

February 14, Mr. Crosbie, principal of the Lowell Textile School, spoke about weaving, and showed samples of work done in the Textile School.

February 28, Miss Verta Smith and Miss Olive Parker played a duet, "German Dance" by Beethoven. Miss Jackson talked about old Andover and Madam Abbot, who founded the school.

On March 7, we had the pleasure of hearing the Mandolin Club, which played Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." A debate followed: "Resolved: that President Roosevelt is right in appointing negroes to federal offices." Miss Gilbert and Miss Mary Smith led the negative; Miss Abbott and Miss Schneider the affirmative. The negative won. After the debate the Mandolin Club played, "The Tale of the Shell."

On March 14, Professor Forbes of Phillips Academy gave a delightful talk on the Vergil of the Middle Ages. In those days people did not understand how the great buildings and highways and tunnels which were left from ancient times, and also the beautiful works of art, could have been made by men. Consequently they attributed whatever they did not understand to Vergil, whom they grew to consider a sort of mighty magician. Professor Forbes told many curious and amusing stories which originated in the Middle Ages about Vergil.

March 21, Rev. Mr. Slack gave a talk on hunting, which, he said, is the most ancient and universal of all human pastimes. He described very interestingly a hunting expedition in which he had taken part, in the mountains of Idaho and Wyoming.

March 28, Miss Means addressed the school.

April 18, Miss Patterson spoke on early Christian art. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views of pictures in the Catacombs and in ancient churches. Afterward some new slides of more modern pictures were shown.

April 25, Miss Jones, who is in charge of the library at Radcliffe, explained the system of cataloguing used in our library.

On May 2, Miss Clara Castle sang "The Little Red Fox" and Miss Annie D. Ingalls told about play-centres in New York and her laughable experiences with the boys and girls of the slums.

On May 9, Miss Beatrice Slack sang, "The Wind in the Chimney" and "The First Rose of Summer," and Mr. David of Andover read from Burns. The poems chosen were "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Green grow the Rushes, Oh," "The Mountain Daisy," "Song to a Mouse," "Epistle to the Guidwife of Wanchope House," and "The Ride of Tam O'Shanter." They were especially interesting because of Mr. David's rendering of the Scottish dialect.

May 16, Miss Cobb sang, "When the Birds go North Again," and selections were read from the work of the English classes. Miss Nason, representing English v, read an essay, "Mercutio's Character." From English ii, Miss Brooks read, "Poem to the Sea", and Miss Bessie Bampton "Ill-gotten Gains" and "The Flags." The English iii group followed; Miss Becker, "How the Anakapoo Indians Thresh Wheat", Miss Cornelia Williams, "Independence Hall", Miss Saunders, "Andover Town Meeting", Miss Stearns, "Sugaring Off." Miss Pringle of the College English i Class read "The Story of the Twin Cottages." Then came a large group from English iv: Miss Albee, "Criticisms on Gray's Elegy", Miss Perry, "Cowper's Poems", Miss Abbie Smith, "Blake's Poetry", Miss Bott, "On the Reading Road", Miss Morey, "Hawkiki", and Miss Marney, "A Telephone Conversation."

May 23, Miss Means gave the school directions for Field Day.

On June 13, members of the Fine Arts Class explained to the school the pictures in the hall. Miss Amy Slack spoke on the pictures of the Forum; Miss Olive Parker spoke of the Venus of Melos; Miss Edith Burnham of Michel Angelo's statue of Lorenzo, and Miss Harriet Harmon explained the pictures of Aurora at the back of the hall. Raphael's work, the Sistine Madonna, the cartoons and the Battle of Constantine, were described by Miss Elizabeth Gilbert, Miss Jean David and Miss Anne Mason.

Cectures.

On May 11, a lecture on Leonardo da Vinci was given by Mr. Griggs, in connection with the Senior work in the Fine Arts department. Leonardo was born near Florence in 1452 and lived during the

time that the Renaissance flowered most brilliantly. With Goethe he was, Mr. Griggs said, one of the most "myriad minded" men in history, for he was interested in every range of science and philosophy as well as art. Yet in spite of this he is represented very unsatisfactorily in the work he left behind him. During his youth he lived and studied in Florence. Even at this period his work showed that he was as deeply interested in the ugly as in the beautiful, for he took a scientific view of nature and sought always for truth. At the age of thirty he went to Milan. He was too much of a cosmopolite to care for the patriotism of Florence. What he wished was the brilliant life of the court and a great personal patron. For twenty years he remained in Milan. Here he produced his greatest masterpieces and at the same time invented musical instruments, engineered great undertakings, and acted as director of court ceremonies. The death of his patron sent him back to Florence; afterward he returned to Milan, then visited Rome, and finally went to Paris where he died in 1519.

After giving an outline of Leonardo's life, Mr. Griggs showed a number of slides of his pictures. Many of them were sketches, for Leonardo hated to finish work after realizing the conception. He had no desire for power and money which the completed picture would bring, and he cared nothing about teaching posterity. Once the conception was mastered and expressed, he left it. All his pictures show his scientific tendency. They are studies in proportion and anatomy, studies of drapery, of gesture, or sometimes of peculiar types. They have delicacy and charm and, above all, technical excellence, but they show no deep religious feeling and no trace of affection; indeed Leonardo seems to have never been awakened to personal love. The most famous of Leonardo da Vinci's paintings are the sadly mutilated "Last Supper," and the "Mona Lisa," on which he worked for four years, and which he at length left unfinished, with the mysterious, elusive smile about the eyes and lips.

Entertainments and Excursions.

After our return from the Christmas vacation, the first entertainment was the play, "The Cricket on the Hearth" on the 27th of January, given by a number of town people and three of our faculty. It was a great success, and Miss Bosher, Miss Tryon and Miss Knowles covered themselves with glory.

Just about this time basketball was the great amusement. On Wednesday, the 28th of January, Miss Slocum took a number of girls to see

the game between the Harvard Sophomore and Phillips Academy teams. Harvard won.

On Saturday, January 31, Miss Chickering and Miss Tryon chaperoned a large party of girls to see Richard Mansfield in "Julius Caesar."

Tuesday, February the 3rd, will long be remembered as a gala day. Some of the Phillips boys gave a dance at the November Club house and Mrs. Fuller chaperoned about ten of us girls.

At the first reception of the Abbot Club at the Vendome, "The Bird's Christmas Carol," was very successfully given by members of the senior middle class. The Mandolin Club played delightfully. Delicious refreshments were served. Afterwards some of the seniors and the Mandolin Club and "The Ruggles Family" got special permission to stay to dinner in town and went to the Touraine.

"Wanted a Wife," was the pantomine given very successfully under Miss Slocum's direction on Tuesday, February 10th. Those that took part were

Miss Hegeman, .				Bachelor
Miss George)			Aspirants
Miss Laura Eddy	-			to the
Miss Pauline Wilcox	ſ		•	position of
Miss Constance Albee	J			"wife"

The Mandolin Club played and were enthusiastically encored.

The next Tuesday night, the 17th of February, the "Sky Parlor," Miss Tryon's corridor, gave two scenes from "The Vicar of Wakefield." It was splendid and the audience was kept in a continual state of laughter at Moses, and his family. Miss Tryon was the vicar, Mary Smith his wife, Jessie Arguello and Winifred Cobb his daughters, and Minnie Good, his son Moses.

The second of Mr. Downs's concerts was a piano recital given by Madame Helen Hopekirk on the 19th of February at the November Club. Her program was a difficult one which her gave an excellent opportunity to show her great talent. Griegs's "Bridal March" was one of the most thoroughly appreciated of the pieces.

The last entertainment before the short vacation for Washington's Birthday was the reception at the Seminary on Friday, February 20th. The senior and senior middle girls were invited. Miss Bosher, Miss Knowles, Miss Tryon and Miss Slocum were with the girls.

The Tuesday after Washington's Birthday, March 3rd, Miss Durfee's corridor entertained the school at a "Baby Party." The plea

"Backward, turn backward, Oh Time in your flight, Make me a child again, just for tonight."

was answered, for there were none over seven at the party save the nurses. Miss Means was superintendent. Miss Durfee, Miss Knowles and the girls on their corridor took charge of the little ones. The evening was so delightfully spent that the children had to be actually driven home.

The second Abbot reception was given at the Vendome, in Boston, on March 4th. A musical program was given. Miss Slack, Miss Cooper, Miss Barta, Miss Albee, Miss Winsor and Miss Good sang. Miss Carmichael played.

On March 10, the Senior Mids gave a spread in the President's room. The decorations were beautiful jonquils, which were given to the girls as souvenirs.

Miss Slocum and Miss Bacon took a number of girls to see James K. Hackett in "The Crisis" on the 11th of March.

On Tuesday evening, March 17, an entertainment was given in Abbot Hall, which was of interest to both Phillips Academy and Abbot Academy, and went far to prove, as Mr. Newton said, 'the value of proximate education." The German department of the two schools combined to give us a glimpse of the German peasants' life and the songs they have loved and sung for many years. Mr. Newton read a very interesting paper, in which he traced the history of the folk songs, classifying them according to their subjects; love songs, patriotic songs, and Christmas songs. Examples of these songs were sung by some twenty of the boys and girls, who were quaintly and effectively dressed in German peasant costume. After the songs, every one joined in singing "Die Wacht Am Rhein." The audience praised the singers highly and expressed much gratitude to Miss Schiefferdecker and Mr. Newton for a very pleasant evening. When the concert was over, the singers adjourned to the dining room where ice cream and cake awaited them.

On Friday, March 20, a Phillips Academy concert was given at the Town Hall.

The Harvard-Yale debate in Cambridge was on March 23, and a few of the members of our Debating Club were chosen to go.

The whole school was invited to "A Tourist Party," given by Miss Slocum's corridor on the 24th of March. It was an affair of all nations, guides took you about to the different cities where you had delightful refreshments served by daintily gowned girls. The corridor was transformed into a pretty "cosy corner," with easy chairs, couches and piles of pillows.

The best concert of the year was the Glee Club concert given March 27, at the Town Hall by Phillips Academy.

School then adjourned till April 16.

The first amusement after our Easter vacation was the Senior Play, given in Abbot Hall on April 21st. The play was "The Wedding Trip" translated from the German by Miss Schiefferdecker. It was a thorough success; every impersonation was excellent. Miss Bosher kindly took the absent-minded Professor's part, as Miss Hegeman was unable to be there on account of illness.

The cast was:

Prof. Lambert, . . . Miss Hegeman (Bosher)

Pauline, (his wife) . Miss Mason
Edmund, (his secretary) . Miss Gilbert
Thomas, (his servant) . Miss David
Martha, (his chambermaid) Miss Burnham.

Before the play Miss Olive Parker played Heller's Etude in D flat.

A large party of girls went to the Dartmouth vs Andover baseball game. Dartmouth won.

Carl Baermann, the celebrated pianist, gave one of the most delightful recitals of the year at the November Club house, Tuesday, April 28. His program was only too short. Every number was enthusiastically received.

On April 28, a few girls went to hear the P. A. Philo-Forum debate at the Seminary Chapel.

May 1st was duly ushered in by the May Breakfast at the Town Hall. Nearly every girl in school went and enjoyed it to the utmost. It was delightful having a band playing at breakfast.

That night, May I, a play, "A Scrap of Paper," was given by some of the townspeople and members of the Abbot and Phillips Academy faculties for the benefit of our new building, the McKeen Memorial Hall. The Town Hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience.

It was a grand success and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Miss Bosher as the star was charming. The whole company seemed as at home on the stage as if they were professionals.

May 5, Miss Beatrice Herford gave us our next entertainment. Miss Durfee and Miss Bosher took a large party of girls. Her recitations were all the more interesting as they were her own. The Town Hall was filled full, even on this wet night.

Miss Slocum took about eight girls to see "The Chinese Honeymoon," on May the 6th.

The last of Mr. Downs's delightful concerts was given at the November Club on Thursday, May 7th. It was a vocal recital given by Mrs. Brackett, soprano, and Mrs. Hunt, contralto. They each sang two duets, and then groups of songs. Mrs. Hunt's "Romanza" from "La Giaconda," was glorious, and showed the beautiful quality of her voice.

On Friday, May 8, Phillips played against the Yale 'Varsity baseball team. Yale won with a score of 5 to 1.

On May 12, Miss Bosher chaperoned a large party on a ride.

One of the most pleasant expeditions offered us this spring was the trip to Concord and Lexington, and on the morning of May thirteenth ten enthusiastic girls started out to visit those historic towns, with Miss Mason and Miss Kelsey. After reaching Concord we drove about the town viewing all the places of interest, among them the houses of the Alcott family, Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau. We also went to the library, which was small but full of many interesting books, pictures and other relics of the Revolutionary days. Then we drove out to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and saw the resting places of many persons who have made Concord famous. At noon we ate our lunch on the banks of the Concord River near the scene of the first skirmish of the war. This spot where blood was first shed is commemorated by a beautiful bronze statue of the "Minute Man," executed by a Concord man. A short distance from this, one rough and uncut stone marks the grave of the British soldiers killed on that day. After lunch we drove over the road made famous by Paul Revere's ride, to Lexington, seeing many interesting places on the way and in that town. On Lexington Green is the statue of Colonel Parker, leader of the minute men the base of which is a beautiful drinking fountain of vine-covered stones with water trickling down the sides. Then we drove to Miss

Mason's house where we were delightfully entertained and refreshed before starting out on our two hours' trip on the electrics to Andover. This ride took us through Arlington, Winchester and Reading, a delightful portion of hilly country. When we returned to school we decided we could not have passed a more enjoyable holiday.

Wednesday, May twentieth, was the day chosen for the trip to Nahant. Every spring the geology class takes this trip but many of the other girls go, simply for pleasure. This year there were fifteen in the party. The day was warm and pleasant and we all started off in high spirits from Andover about eight o'clock. We went by train to Lynn, where two large, comfortable barges were waiting to take us to Nahant. In a short time we left the town and drove out to Lynn Beach. This beach is only a road about a mile long, which separates Lynn Harbor and Nahant Bay. The tide was out and the different markings of the waves and the animal trails could be plainly seen.

After leaving the beach we went through Little Nahant and came to Greater Nahant. This is really a rocky island joined to the mainland by a long, narrow, sand strip, of which Lynn Beach is a part. Greater Nahant was once two islands, which have now become joined together. On the eastern end of this island is Senator Lodge's estate and here we left the carriages and went out to the cliffs. The rocks of Nahant are perfectly beautiful and very interesting to the geologist. The island is composed of both sedementary and igneous rocks. In the latter there are a great many dykes and chasms. These rocks are centuries old and show marked signs of weathering. After we had explored the cliffs and watched the waves, everyone had a big appetite for lunch which we ate on the rocks. Then we drove to Marblehead Beach and on the way stopped at Clifton to see the Lincoln Dike. It is a black trap rock running through granite and showing faulting in many places. Beyond Clifton we came upon Marblehead Beach. This is a very pebbly beach marked by a sharp dividing line between pebbles and sand. On our way back to Lynn we drove through a brisk thunder storm, but the sun was shining when we reached the station and some of the girls took the trolley for Andover. We all enjoyed the trip very much and are eager to go again next year.

Wednesday, May 27, was our Field Day. Davis Green and Draper Hall were a mass of red and yellow, the colors of the Seniors and Senior Middlers. There was the most enthusiastic spirit for each class, the school being almost equally divided in its support of the two classes. The first event was the hoop race around the circle, then came the obstacle race and the jump rope. Then everyone went

around to Davis Green where the different track events took place; the 75 and 50 yard dashes, 100 yard hurdle, 50 yard fast walking. The funniest of all was the three-legged race. After the field events, the putting the shot, the broad and high jumps, were over, the best part of the day came, the hockey game. It was a splendid game, each side doing its captain great credit. May Eddy's side, for the Senior Middlers, won with the score of 6-5. Both classes sang with great spirit to cheer their sides on. In the afternoon Miss Means announced that the Senior Middlers had won the day by a score of 60-56. The first place counted 5 points, second 3, third 1.

On Friday afternoon the girls that had not gone away for the Decoration Day recess went up to the Phillips vs Yale Freshman baseball game. Andover won 9-1.

The Andover-Exeter Track Meet was Saturday, May 30th. Some of the girls that were here at school went, and enjoyed it hugely. Exeter was badly beaten with a score of 56-37. That night the boys had a great celebration, but did not come to Abbot as usual as the greater part of the girls were away for Decoration Day. Miss Means, however, allowed the girls that were here to go up on the campus to see the bonfire and hear the band.

On Monday afternoon, June 1st, on the Harvard Campus, "As You Like It" was given by the London company of players who have been acting this winter the Morality piay, "Everyman." A large party of girls went with Miss Chickering, Miss Tryon and Miss Slocum and enjoyed the unique performance of the the forest scenes in an out-of-door theatre.

Religious Notes.

On Sunday, January 25, Miss Packard with Miss Abbott and Miss Cooper gave a most interesting account of a meeting in behalf of the Girls' School in Spain, which they had attended January 18, at the South Church in Boston. They gave reports from the addresses of President Eliot, President Tucker, Dr. Hale, Dr. Lyman and Dr. Van Ness.

February 7, Vice Principal Stearns spoke to us of the Value of the Day of Prayer and what it means to us.

On the Day of Prayer, Sunday, the 8th of February, Rev. Frederic Palmer led the service, and gave a very simple explanation of the meaning of confirmation.

Saturday evening, February 14, Professor Platner of the Theological Seminary addressed the school, He read the account of the Passover from Exodus xii and spoke of the significance of the pagan names in our calendar.

On February 28, Rev. Clark Carter, Agent for the City Mission in Lawrence, spoke about the work of the "Association for revention of Cruelty to Children." He told us some of his own experiences in this work.

On March 7, the school had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Lyman Abbott of Brooklyn, New York. His text was from John x. He spoke of the great power of Christ to give light. Because of the life and resurrection of Christ it should be our pleasure to give freely to others.

March 14, Miss Crane, Students' Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. spoke to the school. Her text was from I Corinthians xiii, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

On March 21, Miss Means talked to the school on, "Growth of the Soul." It is the abnormal and evil condition that stifles and destroys the soul. In its natural and normal condition it is good.

Dr. Day of the Theological Seminary addressed the school March 29. His text was taken from Luke xviii, I, and he spoke of the use of our daily commonplace life.

On April 18, President Slocum of Colorado College spoke to the school. His text was from Matthew vii, 6, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." He said that God wants our best selves always and that if we wish to be with the noble it is first necessary to make ourselves noble.

April 25, Miss Margaret Cutter, Chairman of the Young Women's Conference at Northfield, gave us a very interesting history of the Northfield Conference.

A service preparatory to communion was held by Mr. Shipman on Saturday evening, May 2.

May 9, President Faunce of Brown University spoke on the subject of "Religion as a Personal Possession." He said that we can only gain a true knowledge of religion through experience; that it must enter into our personalities and become part of us. Christianity always gives a possession of God.

Mr. Page of Lawrence spoke about the "Knowledge of God," on May 16.

Saturday evening, May 23, the service was led by Miss Means. She read the description of Moses on Mount Sinai, and spoke particularly of the value of living always in dread of the Lord.

Saturday, evening, June 6, Miss Bridges of the Y. W. C. A., spoke to the girls.

The Y. W. C. A. has held its regular Sunday evening meetings.

February 15, Miss Jackson, General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Smith spoke to the girls. She told us of the help the Association gives to many girls.

March 15, Miss Crane spoke again to the girls.

April 26, Miss Cutter told us more about the Northfield conference. The officers of the ensuing year are:

President, . . . LAURA P. EDDY
Vice President, . . . MARION COOPER
Secretary, . . . EMILY W. STEARNS
Treasurer, . . . MABEL A. FORDHAM.

Delegates from the Association are to be sent to the Conference at Silver Bay this June.

The Sunday evening contributions for missionaries from January 11 to the present time have amounted to \$44.80.

Obituaries.

'36. "The death of Mrs. Sarah H. Sheldon, widow of Rev. L. H. Sheldon, occurred at the home of her son, Edward P. Sheldon, 86 Munroe Street, Brookline, on Feb. 5, 1903, at the age of 83 years.

Mrs. Sheldon was born in Andover, Nov. 7, 1819, and was a daughter of Mrs. Hannah Flagg, who lived to the advanced age of ninety-six years, and spent her entire married life in Andover. 'In the days when the brick building on the hill opposite Prof. Smyth's house was not only a book store and printing office, but a publishing house, her father, Mr. Flagg, was one of the partners and a prominent man in town.'

Sarah Hicks Flagg was one of the eighty-five pupils who were members of Abbot Academy during its first term. After her school days she was married to the Rev. Luther H. Sheldon, who took his bride to Townsend, where they lived for a number of years, removing to Westboro in 1856. In 1870 they went to Jamesburg, N. J., and afterwards returned to Westboro, where Rev. Mr. Sheldon was superintendent of the State Reform School for a number of years.

As Mrs. Flagg advanced in years, and became unable to look after household affairs, Mrs. Sheldon returned to her old home, faithfully looking after the needs of her mother, until her death. Since that time she has made her home with her children, by whom she was loved and respected for her many endearing qualities.

Mrs. Sheldon leaves two sons and two daughters to mourn her loss, Mrs. S. J. Bucklin, E. P. Sheldon, A. H. Sheldon, and Mrs. C. F. Curtis."

'52. In Groton, Mass., March 8, 1903, Mrs. Sarah Adelia Boutwell (Sarah A. Thayer).

Mrs. Boutwell was one of the earliest pupils of Abbot Academy. She was present at the semi-centennial celebration in 1879, when her husband made one of the addresses. Mr. Boutwell was not only governor of the state, but also Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, under Grant.

'60. In Worcester, Mass., Jan. 4, 1903, Miss Sarah Cummings.

For nearly a quarter of a century, Miss Cummings was a city missionary for the Central Church, Worcester, where she was much loved by the people. She was born in Albany, Me., Oct. 9, 1835, and attended Abbot Academy in 1859 and 60. Later she studied at Pinkerton Academy and afterwards taught. As a member of the Alumnae Association, she kept her interest in Abbot much in mind and attended its meetings whenever possible. In April, 1903, a memorial tablet to her was dedicated in the Central Church at Worcester.

Items of General Interest.

This year Mr. and Mrs. Draper celebrated their wedding anniversary in the most noble and unselfish way by giving to Abbot Academy a large framed photograph of Prof. Churchill. Certainly their generosity and love for the school is unlimited. Many of our alumnae will remember how great was Prof. Churchill's interest in Abbot when for many years during his long professorship at the Theological Seminary, he trained the girls for the Draper Reading.

The proceeds of the play, "A Scrap of Paper", which was given in the Town Hall for the benefit of the new building, amounted to \$180, which is as yet unappropriated. It will probably be devoted to some special need and not turned in to the general fund.

Dr. and Mrs. Merriman have given us five large Greek casts, which are to be used in our new McKeen Hall. These beautiful casts are bas-reliefs from the Parthenon, from the Temple of Dionysus and a Greek stele. They will be a constant source of inspiration to us all. In addition to these casts we have some fine photographs of Athens from the same generous givers.

A part of the auxiliary fund, given us each year by the alumnae, has been used this spring for a lecture on Leonardo da Vinci by Edward Howard Griggs. The rest of the fund will be reserved for the coming year. After much consideration it has been decided to make a change in the general practice of applying this money; that is to keep the money, which comes to us each winter, for use in the following school year. The fall and early winter seem the most suitable time for these lectures.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The ceremony attending the laying of the corner stone of the McKeen Hall will be a part of the anniversary exercises this year. For this reason they will extend from June 19 to June 21.

The anniversary exercises open with a musicale by Prof. Downs's pupils on Friday evening, June 19, at which the cantata, "King René's Daughter" will be given. On Saturday, June 20, anniversary day, the corner stone will be laid in the morning directly preceding the exercises in the South Church. The address to the Senior class will be made by Rev. Samuel E. Crothers of Cambridge. In the evening, June 20, the annual Draper Reading will be given. On Sunday, June 21, Rev. Allan E. Cross of Boston will preach the baccalaureate sermon.

Engagements.

Mabel G. Bacon, to Mr. Philip Ripley of Andover.

Elizabeth Paine '99, to Mr. Frederick Lewis Collins of Lawrence.

Anna Farrell † 'or to Mr. Roy Merrill of Minneapolis.

Cornelia Mott, '01, to Mr. Joseph Warren Greene, Jr., of Brooklyn.

Clare Dorothy March '98, to Mr. Dennison, Harvard '03.

Helen Brinsmade '99, to Mr. William Morgan of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Aida Dunn, † 94, to Mr. Sidney D. Furst of Loch Haven, Pa.

Marriages.

MARSHALL-GUILD.—April 2, 1903, Miss Mildred Alice Guild, '00, to Mr. John Herbert Marshall. At home Wednesdays, 14 Bancroft Avenue, Reading, Mass.

CANFIELD-CLARK.—In Middletown, N. Y., April 25, 1903, Miss Katherine Clark, †'01, to Mr. David Hastings Canfield.

GIBBY-Ross.—In West Pittson, Penn., May 26, 1903, Miss Jessie Ryerson Ross, † '96, to Mr. Walter Percival Gibby.

QUINBY-HINCKLEY.—In Portland, Maine, February 18, 1903, Miss Frances Hinckley, † 97, to Mr. Frank Lees Quinby.

Brainard-Manning.—In Andover, Mass, June 17, 1903, Miss Arline Manning '00, to Mr. James Jacob Brainard.

BROOKS-PEARSON.—In Lexington, Kentucky, June 4, 1903, Miss Belle Clark Pearson, '93, to Mr. John Pascal Brooks.

LOUGEE-SMITH.—In Laconia, New Hampshire, June 10, 1903, Miss Louise Corinne Smith, '94, to Mr. Oscar Alonzo Lougee. At home after December the first, 229 Pleasant street, Laconia.

Colgrove-Case.—In Andover, Connecticut, June 2, 1903, Miss Alice Case, †99, to Mr. Albert Newton Colgrove. At home after June 23, 151 Pleasant street, Willimantic, Conn.

FARMER-HOLT.—In Bloomfield, New Jersey, June 1, 1903, Miss Corinne Holt '99, to Mr. Edward Damai Farmer.

OAKLEY-NORRIS.—In Concord, New Hampshire, June 17, 1903, Mabelle Parker Norris, '98, to Mr. Harry Beecher Oakley. At home Tuesdays, after September 8, 52 Pleasant street, Concord.

Births.

†95. To Mr. and Mrs. George Sherman Talcott (May Churchill) of New Britain, Conn., a second daughter, Cynthia, born December 2, 1902.

'94. To Mrs. Frank Dearborn of Portland, Maine, (Annie Strout), a son, born May 16, 1903.

'93. To Mr. and Mrs. William Eaton, (Isabel Nicholson) of Pittsfield, Mass., a daughter, born May 27, 1903.

'94. To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meyer (Helen Wilbur), a daughter, Elizabeth, born February 26, 1903.

Deaths.

'88. In Meriden, Conn., January 26, 1903, Esther Johnson, wife of Dexter L. Bishop. Mrs. Bishop has left three young children.

Alumnae Motes.

Lillian Everett Mooers, '99, of Lawrence, Mass, received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Bryn Mawr on June 4, 1903. It will be remembered that Miss Mooers received, four years ago, the New England prize for the best entrance examinations, thus doing credit to Abbot, where her preparation for college was made.

In the list of seniors who graduate from Wellesley this year we see, with a great deal of pleasure, the following names: Udetta D. Brown, '99, Lucie M. Hegeman, '99, Marie Hershey, '99, and Mary Marland, '99.

Alice Page, '98, graduates from Smith College this June.

Mary G. Peabody, †89, has a fine position in the Horace Mann School, New York.

From Beth Richardson, †'99, comes the following word: "I am going abroad with my sister, her husband, and their two children. We go first to Antwerp, then to Paris for a few weeks, then back to Antwerp, which will be our headquarters for the summer."

Mabel Duren, † '95, is travelling abroad with her mother. At last accounts they were in Venice.

Joanna R. Endicott, '01, has been visiting her brother in Detroit, Michigan.

Beulah Field, 'oo, and Eleanor Thomson, '98, have been spending most of the winter in the South, we think in Ashville, Tenn.

Mary Smith, † '97, and Isabel Chapin, '96, have had a very interesting trip to Mexico this winter.

Esther Smith, '88, has spent the winter with friends in Florida, and tells many exciting stories of hunting both by day and by night. She was on the Atlantic coast part of the time and later on the Gulf coast.

The list of visitors during the second semester is: Evelyn Carter, †'o1, Zabelle Mangasarian, '97, Annie Ingalls, †'93, Bertha M. Terrill, Elizabeth Castle, '97, Edna Wright, '02, Adelaide Lane, '01, Julia Rockwell, '01, Lucie Hegeman, '99, Mildred Mooers, †'01, Katharine Scott, '02, Isabel Herrick, '01, Katharine Herrick, '02, Harriett L. Chase, †'02, Maria Pillsbury, '03, Marion Priest, '97, Belle Johnston, †'02, Beatrice Tisdale, '02, Ethel Brooks, '01, Kathleen Jones, †'89, Rose Churchill, '95, Mrs. Emma Meacham Davis, †75, Mrs. Frances Kimball Harlow, Edith Ingalls, †'82, Mary A. Thomson, †'93, Mrs. Gustin, †'98, Marion Roby, '03, Mrs. Kent, '84, Cornelia Mott, '01, Katherine Bruce, '01, Marion Manson, †01, Alice Wood, †'00, Georgia Whitney, †'99, Frances George, †'97, Margaret Reed, †'01.

Class Organizations.

'03.

"Resolve, strive, attain,"

. ELIZABETH WALKER GILBERT. President .

Vice-President . ANNE JUDKINS MASON. Secretary . . HELEN ESTELLE NASON.

. ALETTA HEGEMAN. Treasurer Carnation Red. Class Color

Flower . Red-carnation.

College Preparatory, '03.

President . . . ROSAMOND MEANS THOMSON.

'0**4**.

. Amy H. H. SLACK. President

Vice-President . HELEN EMERSON CHILDS.

Secretary . ELINOR BARTA. Treasurer . MAY F. EDDY.

Class Colors . Black and Gold.

Flower . Jonquil.

Officers of Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT:

MRS. EMMA M. DAVIS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Mrs. Laura W. Fowler.

MISS JULIA E. TWICHELL,
MRS. ESTHER S. BYERS,
MRS. H. H. TYER,

MRS. ELIZABETH G. HEALD.

MISS EVELYN CARTER. MISS EMILY KNEVALS.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION:

MISS EMILY A. MEANS, MRS. WARREN F. DRAPER, MISS AGNES PARK.

Abbot Academy Faculty.

EMILY A. MEANS, PRINCIPAL,
Psychology, Ethics, Theism, Christian Evidences.

MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL, French.

KATHERINE R. KELSEY, Mathematics.

NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER.
German.

NELLIE M. MASON, Science.

EVELYN FARNHAM DURFEE, Elocution and Gymnastics.

REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, A.B., Literature and History.

MABEL GINEVRA BACON, A.B., Latin.

ELLEN ISABEL TRYON, A.B. Greek and English.

MELITA KNOWLES, A.B. History and Rhetoric.

PROF. SAMUEL MORSE DOWNS,

Vocal Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony.

S. EDWIN CHASE,
Violin and Mandolin.

ANGELICA S. PATTERSON,
Drawing and Painting.

MABELLE ETHELYN BOSHER, Librarian and Registrar.

AGNES E. SLOCUM, A.B., Principal's Assistant.

LECTURER.

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS, Leonardo da Vinci.

MISS ANGELINA KIMBALL.
IN CHARGE OF DRAPER HALL,
MRS. WILLIAM G. ABBOT.

ABBOT ACADEMY

The school year (September 17, 1903 to June 21, 1904) is divided into semesters.

The present year closes Monday, June 22, 1903 School begins at 9.00 A. M. Thursday, Sept. 17, 1903 School closes at 2.15 P. M. Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1903

Vacation of three weeks.

School begins again at 9.00 A. M. Thursday, Jan. 7, 1904
First semester ends Feb. 6, 1904
Second semester begins Feb. 8, 1904
School closes at 2.15 p. m. Tuesday, Mar. 29, 1904

Vacation of two weeks.

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They were sitting in the hammock,
'Neath the oak tree's leafy shade,
He was talking of the future
And the plans which he had made.

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"Won't you let me ask your mother?"

He asked the blushing lass,
"Oh, no you can't ask mother,"

And she looked down in the grass.

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"Then let me ask your father,"
He said in tones quite shy,
"No, no indeed you cannot,"
And she looked into the sky.

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With looks disconsolate he rose And left her 'neath the tree; But she called after him and said, "Come back, dear, and ask me"!

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And from the teacher gain one crushing glance That pricks his heart as would a rusty lance.

So down he fell beneath those waters deep, Which ever more will hold him, fast asleep.

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Though the other flowers may bloom and fade,
Of prettier hue, of fragrance sweet,
Yet those in simple beauty made,
Art 'eer content and dost repeat

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If all the land were apple pie

And all the sea were ink,

And all the trees were bread and cheese,

What would we do for drink?



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Whack! Slap! Slap! Whack from left to right, And here began the mournful fight; Crazy, at length, I jumped out of bed, That awful mosquito still at my head.

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XVIII

My room-mate joined me, with faces dour We fought those imps for one solid hour. Weary and worn, each head in a veil, We crept into bed. Thus ends the tale!



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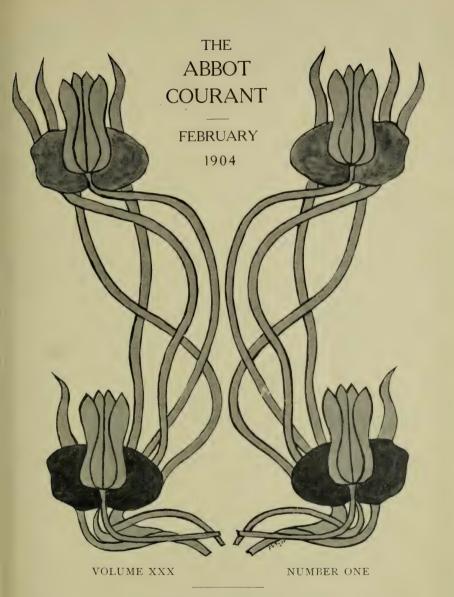
February, 1904

ANDOVER, MASS.

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1904





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CONTENTS

						1	PAGE
Abbot Female Seminary	•					•	5
La Chanson de Roland		•			•		7
Sonnet			•				10
The Language of "Romeo	and	Juliet	, ,,				11
The First Carnival .							12
All in the Woods .							14
A Christmas Fable .		• '					17
The Spirit in the Ink							18
Clearing Out the Attic							19
A Walk in the Storm							21
The Violet							22
The Kobold's Choice		4		•			23
The Coming of the Dream							26
The Fable of the Cat							28
Turning a New Leaf .				á			29
Captured							30
Editorials							31
School Journal						• 15	34
Alumnae Notes							48
Organizations .							62
Faculty .							63

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NO. I

Extract from Journal of Humanity, May 27th, 1829. First number of first paper published in Andover. Reprinted at the suggestion of Mr. Draper.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Abbot female Academy.

THIS institution was opened, in this place, on the 6th inst. with very flattering prospects.

The design of its founders and friends, is, to provide the best advantages, which our country affords, for female education. And in carrying this design into effect, they have been prospered, hitherto, far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

By the liberality of the Lady, whose name it bears, and the citizens of Andover, a beautiful and commodious brick edifice, 70 feet front, by forty deep, of two high stories, has been erected for the purpose of instruction, on a pleasant and healthful spot, containing spacious and convenient rooms for study, recitation, and lectures.

The Principal, Mr. Charles Goddard, is a gentleman eminently qualified for the charge committed to him. From his experience in the business of instruction, and his acquaintance with the systems pursued in female seminaries of the first reputation, it is confidently believed, that the young ladies under his instruction, will receive the most thorough intellectual discipline, and that the strictest attention will be paid to all those particulars, which go to make up an intelligent and accomplished character.

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Instruction is given in all the branches of an English education—in the Latin and Greek languages—in Music, Drawing, and Painting.

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This Academy has been opened only two weeks. The present number of young ladies, is seventy, and the number is constantly increasing.

The patronage which this institution has received, at its commencement, speaks an encouraging language to the friends of female education generally, and particularly, to those who have so generously interested themselves in establishing a Female Seminary of the first order in this place. We congratulate them, in the prospect, that their highest wishes will be more than realized; and on their being permitted to see, at this early period of their efforts, so interesting and so numerous a circle of young ladies, enjoying the best advantages for cultivating the mind, forming the manners, and improving the heart.



THE most noticeable characteristic of the "Chanson de Roland," and one which well expresses the spirit of its time, is its entire simplicity. Think for a moment of the plot. Charlemagne has, in seven years, conquered all Spain—

"All but Saragossa, which is upon a mountain.

Marsile holds it, he, who loves not God,"

Ganelon, the god-father of Roland, who is Charles's nephew, is appointed, at Roland's suggestion, to make terms with Marsile. Not attempting to conceal his anger against Roland for being sent on so dangerous a mission, Ganelon plans to avenge himself upon his god-son, by betraying the French army to Marsile. Marsile and Ganelon, reasoning that Charles's power rested entirely in the prowess of the Count Roland, conspire to have him placed in the rear-guard. When Ganelon returns from Saragossa, he tells the king that Marsile will become the Christian vassal of Charles. The vast army of Emperor Charlemagne then prepares to return victorious to "sweet France."

"Yet, in vain has Charles acted. They will deceive him."

Ganelon has Roland placed in the rear-guard with eleven chosen peers of France. When the main army of Charles is well under way, the whole Saracen band attacks the rear-guard in the valley of Roncevaux. After a fierce struggle, in which the twelve heroes kill half of Marsile's army, they themselves perish. Roland is the last to die.

> "And immediately the angels of God Descend from on high and receive him up."

Charles, returning when he hears Roland's trumpet, too late arrives upon the scene of battle. He avenges Roland's death by killing Marsile and scattering his army. Ganelon, the traitor, he condemns to a horrid death.

Throughout the story, the incidents are told in a naïve, straightforward fashion. There is little that appeals to the mind: a great deal that appeals to the imagination. The vividness of the battlescenes is due to the direct way in which they are expressed. For instance, the line:

"The heathen falls to the earth at a blow. Satan carries away his soul."

There is, too, no concealment of emotion among these strong men. The Chanson says that when Charles's army returns to the battle-ground at Roncevaux

> "A hundred thousand Frenchmen have such grief That there is not one who does not weep hot tears."

But in this long and detailed narrative — little planned and little finished — we are not held by the character drawing, for that is covered by such slight remarks as:

"Roland est preux: mais Olivier est sage." Or

"Charles le bon." And

"Ganelon le félon."

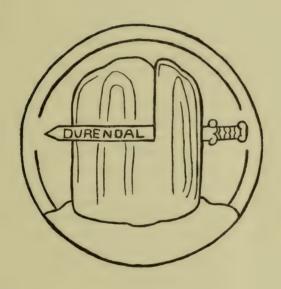
The interest does not for us lie in the story. For the outcome is apparent from the beginning and the incidents are sometimes ridiculous. The fascination is the atmosphere of old-time simplicity. And we close the book with pictures of battle moving

quickly before us, we hear the ring of steel and the proud warcries:

"'Précieuse!' crient les païens.

'Monjoie!' répliquent les Français."

Mary Byers Smith, '04.



The Canguage of "Romeo and Juliet."

THE story of Romeo and Juliet is of great interest and very dramatic. It carries the reader on breathlessly, through Verona streets where the young men jest and fight, into bright halls, into moon-lit gardens, into the friar's cell, and finally into the sepulchre. The characters are all so quick and eager that they give us no time for thought. There are no pauses, nor delays, nor long soliloquies, where the action trembles in the balance for pages. The whole play is throbbing with life. It is no wonder that, in the rush, we lose sight of the actual words of the characters. What they do and feel seems more important than what they say. At the end we probably have a faint recollection of the lovers' musical speeches, and nothing more.

It is hard to retrace our steps and consider the language of the play, yet the language is in its way as important in portraying the characters as are the emotions and actions of these characters. Benvolio's speeches, for instance, are affected and extravagant, but with a certain sedateness which is quite in keeping with his demure conduct. Mercutio, we know, is light headed, quick tempered, and very sensible too; his jests are not at all forced and he is continually laughing and mocking and talking a mixture of sense and nonsense. Romeo is, perhaps, with the exception of Benvolio, the most tiresome talker in the play. In the first few scenes he is too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of his unrequited love to do anything but groan and discourse in metaphors on his lady's charms. Later he joins in Mercutio's jests with most disastrous results. Mercutio makes a pun and is ready to let it drop there and make another, but Romeo picks it up and turns it and twists it and sticks to it persistently, until he has led us into a perfect maze, and in despair we give up all attempts to follow him. To judge from his conversation alone he seems to be a rather commonplace person without much originality, in fact, something of a bore.

In the love scenes, however, Romeo shows to better advantage. Here his speech is dignified and graceful. He piles simile on simile, metaphor on metaphor, but though there are

often forced touches, we feel that he is on the whole as sincere as it is in his nature to be. On the other hand we never have a doubt of Juliet's sincerity. Her expressions are sometimes fanciful, but we feel that she is struggling to put her passion into words, not considering what phrases would be most odd or beautiful. Besides, in her conversations with Romeo she usually speaks in a very simple and direct fashion, and her slightest word is full of music.

There are so many lyrical passages in the play that it seems more like a poem or an opera than a simple drama. These passages compensate for others not so enjoyable. We forgive the young men of Verona their puns and quibbles and remember only the voices of the lovers,

"Silver sweet, Like softest music to attending ears."

Elizabeth Schneider, '04.

Sonnet.

Once, in the morning's dewy stillness, where I chanced to roam in woodlands, 'mid trees old, A rose I spied, in splendor blooming fair, Alone, of tender pink, with heart of gold. But later, after sun and wind and blast Had, all, against the rose tree played their part, I saw the flower, its glorious beauty past, Its fairness lost, yet not its golden heart. Thou, love, art now endowed with youth's fair beauty, Thy cheeks are fair like petals of that rose: Yet better is thy knowledge of thy duty, To aid and comfort creatures in their woes. For this, then, know I, when life's storms and pain Have ta'en thy charms, will a gold heart remain.

Clara E. Searle, '05.

The first Carnival.

I CAN remember well the night of my first carnival on the river, the very first carnival I had ever been in. Some illumination nights I had watched from the window after I was in bed, and once I had even been down on the boat-house piazza, with grandmother, long after the stars were out; but now mother and I were going with Uncle Ted, in his canoe. How I did love Uncle Ted! I remember how slow the day seemed in coming, and how very early I had to go to bed the night before—almost right after supper.

The night had come at last. I had put on my thickest dress, and helped at dusk to light the Japanese lanterns around the boat-house and on the sail-boat, moored close by. They had put me away down in the bow of the canoe, and had wrapped me in shawls and capes and rugs, and I snuggled down among the cushions as the night wind blew across my excited face. How queer and pleasant things were at night! The ribs of the new coal-barge suddenly loomed up black and high, almost frightening me with their strangeness; the trees rustled and courtesied and whispered and tossed as they never did in the daytime, and there were strange, fiery snakes in the water where the paddle moved. I almost wished we weren't going to the carnival, it was so nice and funny on the way.

But now I heard a band in the distance, I could see lights high in the air, and other lights moving quickly on the water. Then we were in the middle of the light and music. All sorts of boats and millions of canoes—at least there were almost millions—were all decorated with flowers and bunting and sparkling tin spangles, with the prettiest lanterns you ever saw, hung in every conceivable place, lanterns red, and yellow, and blue, lanterns with birds and strange Japanese figures, lanterns round, lanterns three-cornered and lanterns square. For every lantern in a canoe there was another in the water, for the tide was high and the wind was gentle, only swaying the lights slightly, and making flickers in the water. The canoe went up and back and across,

and people laughed and talked and sang; sometimes they spoke to me in the bow, but I hardly noticed them, I was so intense and intent in my happiness.

All at once everybody stopped talking, and the canoes rested silently. The band was playing softly, when on the other bank of the river, a fiery rocket whizzed high into the sky, then another and another, and the Roman candles chased each other higher and higher, showering golden and red and greenish stars as they flew. I had never seen such fire-works as these; I looked and looked until I had to shut my eyes to see anything. It was then that I noticed the sound of the sea, pounding and throbbing on the beach on the other side of the pier, and wondered if it sounded like that all night.

Just then the lantern in the bow went out suddenly, the fire-works were over and the people were paddling away. We were moving away, too, and somehow I felt a little tired and a bit stiff. The canoe slipped up the silent river to the dark boathouse, and in a little while I was fast asleep, dreaming about heaven, or fairy land, I didn't quite know which.

Sarah Hincks, '05.

" QUIET, little Lady."

The nag who was pawing, jumping and pulling at the bit, pricked up her ears and looked expectingly towards the house. A rough-haired collie, who had been keeping his eyes anxiously fixed on the prancing horse and one ear pointed straight towards the house, now gave a little yelp of joy and sprang to meet the slender, dark-haired girl coming down the path.

"Just a bit frisky this morning, Miss; you'll be careful?"

"As if there were any need, Jim; why, my little Lady wouldn't harm a hair of my head; would you, Lady Gay?" she said, as she jumped into the saddle and gathered up her reins. The horse gently felt the bit to see if they were off, and off they were for a glorious afternoon in the woods.

Jim turned slowly towards the stable. "Wish she'd let me go 'long," he muttered, "'taint no use, that little mare will sure be the end of Miss Bird some day." He turned to take a last look at the three together, the girl sitting straight and firm on the swiftly moving horse, and the tan and white collie with wildly flapping ears.

The afternoon was warm and still and the collie soon settled down at the horse's heels, moving steadily to keep up with the long swift strides of the horse. Bird leaned over and gave the horse a soft little pat.

"Good little Lady," she said, "one more gallop and we'll be in the woods, then you and Lad shall rest and have a drink in the brook."

The great trees threw their long, cool shadows across the road. The woods were silent and still, except for the ripple of the tiny stream. The trees had even taken the precaution to cover the road with pine needles, year after year, so that nothing might disturb the silence and quiet. Bird loved this cool, dreamy place and often spent her summer afternoons here, with Lad curled up by her side and Lady Gay quietly cropping the grass, and never wandering very far away. There was never

anything to disturb the peace; few, if any, teams ever passed that way, and there was nothing but the birds and squirrels in all the woods.

Today Bird had a book in her saddle pocket, and after watching the horse and dog dabbling in the water, she sat down under an old pine tree to read. Lad curled up at her feet, his big brown eyes blinking in a very sleepy manner.

The story was an interesting one, and Bird read on and on, until Lady Gay inquisitively stuck her nose into the book; then Bird looked up with a start to see that it was late in the afternoon, and the sun was sinking, a great red ball, through the trees. She sprang hastily up knowing it to be five miles home and that the people would worry long before she could get there.

Just then Lad growled under his breath, and every hair on his back stood up stiff and straight as a twig snapped in a near thicket. Bird caught at the Lady's rein, but not quickly enough, for the horse gave a nervous little jump and trotted off a few steps as if afraid to stay. Bird spoke cheerfully, "Come Lady," but as Lad broke into a furious bark, the girl turned and saw standing not far from her, a pale-faced, gloomy-looking man; his hair was shaved close to his head, and as Bird first looked at him she thought he was some queer sort of animal, for his clothes were all of orange and black stripes.

"Don't you be frightened, little girl," he said, "just get that horse for me, mighty quick; I've got to get away from this part of the country."

He took a step nearer, but reckoned without Lad. With a snarl of rage the dog sprang at the man and grabbed him by the arm. Bird looked wildly around; it was getting dark, and the Lady had started at a frightened gallop towards home. The man was yelling and pounding at the dog.

"Call him off," he screamed, "or I'll break every bone in his body."

Bird called for help although she knew it was useless; but the Lady heard her and stopped short, turned, and came back; slowly at first, but soon she trotted right up to her mistress. Bird climbed into the saddle and the horse broke

into a furious gallop. Lad let go of the man and turned to follow, but his front leg hung limp, and he sank down on the ground moaning. Bird looked back, just in time to see the man with a great club lifted over the poor dog, and pulling the horse around she shouted, "Don't touch that dog!"

The man turned from the dog and came running down the road toward the horse, but a change had come over the Lady; she was no longer frightened, but with a loud snort made for the man, turned and kicked furiously at him twice, almost knocking him over; the man quickly jumped to one side and disappeared in the bushes. Lad crept up and looked pitifully into the girl's face; he made no sound, although his leg was broken in two places.

It was almost dark, and the wind was moaning through the trees. The Lady was anxious to be off, and the poor dog still shivered on the ground.

"Come, Lad, old fellow."

Bird knew that the only thing she could do would be to take the dog in her lap, although he was large and heavy; so she dismounted, picked the dog up in her arms, and put him on a fallen log, telling him to be still. Then she mounted again, wheeled the Lady around by the log, and hauled Lad up in her lap. Lady Gay stood still, knowing well that something had happened. When Bird picked up her reins, Lad put his head on her shoulder. Lady Gay started off carefully, and in a short time they were out of the woods.

The moon came up slowly, making everything look ghostly and strange. Bird's arm ached from holding the horse to a walk, and the dog on her lap was suffering.

Off in the distance, what was the noise scarcely heard yet, and why did Lad throw up his head and give a mournful howl? Lady Gay pricked up her ears for a minute aad then gave a whinny, and soon even Bird heard the hurried beats of horses' hoofs, and shortly her own Jim came around a turn in the road.

Sarah Joy Leadbetter '06.

a Christmas fable.

THIS is an old and oft-told tale of Santa Claus of the North Pole who visits the good little boys and girls every year on Christmas eve, bringing loads of presents of all descriptions. Of course it is impossible to be really good throughout the whole year, but after December first great care must be taken not to annoy the mothers and fathers and other members of the household. Then the little folks must have implicit faith in this jolly old soul if they wish to have their names enrolled in Santa's directory of good boys and girls. We all know the story of the bad little boy who paid no heed to his parents' warnings after December first and persistently disobeyed them and teased the baby. He said that Santa would not dare to come to his house and not fill his stocking, so he went on being a naughty boy. A few days before Christmas he wrote a long letter to Santa telling him all the things he wanted, and sent the letter up the chimney for the winds to carry to the North Pole; but the flames devoured the naughty boy's letter and Santa knew why he had not heard from that child. On Christmas eve up went his stocking on the mantlepiece with all confidence that it would be overflowing in the morning. But the naughty boy did not have the happy dreams all good children have on Christmas eve, of jingling bells on the house-top and of old Santa and his packs scraping down the chimney. So with the first rays of dawn he crept fearfully down the front staircase with his brothers and sisters into the sitting-room, past the Christmas tree full of gifts, to the fire-place. But oh! what a horrible shudder went through this little boy as he saw his stocking empty and limp by the side of the full and plump ones of the other children. How sick was that little fellow all day and how earnestly did he make a resolution that evening, to his mother, to be so good after December first next year that Santa would not pass him by. So let this be a warning to all children this year who have not been good so far that they may quickly mend their ways. Laura P. Eddy, '04.

The Spirit in the Ink.

An ink-well filled with ordinary ink -Just plain black writing fluid, as I think Through six days of the seven in the week: Six days the ink, well trained, obedient, meek And humble, as is fitting, does my will: It does my lessons, writes my letters, till I think that better ink I could not have -It is a most efficient, worthy slave. On Thursday, Wednesday, Tuesday, and on Monday, On Saturday, and then again on Sunday, I may write what I wish, and all is well; But soon as Friday comes — I can not tell You all the story, but this much I think I can — there is a demon in my ink! That ink, that hitherto my least request, As it were law, obeyed, is now possessed -Is haunted by a most uncanny spirit. And soon as I, my pen in hand, go near it, And try to write my theme for English Four, That ink will not obey me any more! It writes — O yes, it writes, and writes, and writes — All sorts of silly things that ink indites; Ideas by hundreds flash across my mind; The right one I can never, never find. Enough this surely is by way of proem: The point is that I cannot write a poem -That spirit will not let me write a verse — If I keep on, 'twill go from bad to worse. I pray you, gentle reader, do not think 'Tis my fault: 'tis the demon in the ink. Mary Katherine Woods, '05.

Clearing out the Attic.

"WELL, this is a splendid day to clear out the attic!" said Miss Martha to herself as she went up the narrow, dark stairs. "I don't believe I've heard it rain so hard since that night little Silas died twenty—no, that must be nearly thirty years ago. Surely nobody will come to day; though it's a funny thing, folks always do turn up when you don't want 'um."

Just then she reached the attic and looked round. "Such a clutter! Did I ever see the like? I'd have had it cleared up long ago if it hadn't been for Arabella, but she does hate to have me 'fuss' as she calls it." Just light enough came through the little, round, dusty window to show Miss Martha's straight, angular figure covered in a brown check apron ready for work.

"My, I've got a good day's work in front of me—I'll begin right off by clearing out those trunks over there." And she was soon on her knees before a large trunk folding and arranging its contents. "Why people keep such an amount of truck up attic is more than I can see! Now just look at these old curtains, who'd ever want such duds, I'd like to know? I'll take 'um down to Mrs. Perkins's this very day. She'll make something of 'um."

Miss Martha tucked the curtains under her arm and got up, banging her head against a beam as she did so. "There now," she exclaimed, "if I havn't gone and given myself a pretty bump. It'll be a nice size and the color of Picalilli by tomorrow when I go to the church supper! I'll have to wear my bonnet all the evening—thank goodness it's a new one!"

"Martha—Martha Baxter! Here's Mrs. Brewster wants to see you," Arabella called up the attic stairs. "What on earth do you suppose she wants on a day like this? Probably come to borrow something!" She hurried down stairs and did not return for more than half an hour. "Now, I'll begin again," she said as she tied on her apron. "Poor Mrs. Brewster was in a fix about those cakes; it was queer that the very batch made for the church supper should turn out bad. I only hope Arabella's 'll be all right!"

After an hour's work the trunks were all cleared out and Miss Martha began to feel she was getting on, when suddenly she stopped—

"I do believe I smell something burning! No, it can't be—but it is, I declare it is. There never was anybody as careless as Arabella Baxter, never."

When she reached the kitchen she found Miss Arabella trying to scrape out burned sponge-cake from a pan. For a minute poor Miss Martha was too indignant to speak, then she burst out—

"There's no use asking how it happened, Arabella Baxter! You put them in the oven and then forgot they were there of course! That's always the way with you, you can't remember anything from one minute to the next. I might just as well go up attic again, I suppose—"

Just then there was a knock at the door and little Johnny Perkins came snuffing into the smoky kitchen.

"Mamma wants to know if one of the Miss Baxters'll come over and help her with that sewing of Mrs. Sargent's. She don't think she can get it done in time." Johnny had delivered his message and seemed to think he ought to be going, but he lingered; the smell of cake, even if it is burned, is good if you happen to be a hungry, little boy.

"I suppose I'd better go, Arabella, as you've got to make some more cake," said Miss Martha. "Run home, Johnny, and tell your mother I'll be over in a minute."

It was late in the afternoon when Miss Martha got home and she sank into an arm chair tired and cross. "When do you suppose I shall get that attic cleared up, Arabella Baxter?"

Ruth H. Pringle, '05.

a Walk in the Storm.

THE morning dawned fresh and lovely over the still blue of Lake Michigan. The flats, as they are called, stretch for five miles along the shore, and about two miles back from it to where the tall bluffs rise abruptly. A still river winds in and out, glistening between the tall marsh grass which covers the treacherous quicksands and wet bogs so successfully. The white beach stretches away like a silver thread until it becomes nothing.

Joan Sexton stood on the bluff, watching the soft haze rise from the marshes and the white wings of the sea gulls gleam in the sunlight. At noon, after going to the village, she planned to take a walk.

But by twelve o'clock the lovely morning had turned into a grey and threatening day. The wind was high and sounded like the first real note of winter. Joan, with the restless spirit of one who has been much alone, got ready for the stormy walk with eagerness. She ran down the bluff and followed the path which led straight across the flats to the Lake. It was splendid to feel the cold, damp wind on her cheeks and measure her strength against it, as it swept with a low moan across the flats.

She soon reached the beach. The spray from the waves blew in her face and deepened the color in it. Her eyes darkened with the vigor and pleasure of the exercise and with the feeling of friendliness and companionship she had for all these things:—the sound of the waves, the wind, the chasing grey clouds, and the line of bluffs across the stretch of marshes. There was a rain storm coming across the Lake. She might be able to get shelter in the fisherman's old shack a short way up the beach. The rain came in long slanting lines and beat down heavily upon her before she reached the hut.

Looking through the window she saw an old fisherman, sitting comfortably by a drift-wood fire, a little dog snoozing at his feet. Joan knocked, not fearing to ask the old man for shelter. He opened the door and asked her in, giving her his wooden arm chair, and bringing up a camp stool for himself. They talked on many subjects, the old fisherman knowing interesting things that Joan had never heard of. She liked this simple and rugged old man, even though he was only a fisherman living in a tumble down shack on the beach. He was different from the men in the village, and had seen the world. Joan felt a new and strange feeling of dislike at the convention and gossip of the village people. He told her story after story, and she would break in with a question or a laugh over some odd incident.

The rain was only a heavy shower and soon slackened, although it was more than a hour before it stopped entirely. Then Joan, fearing to have the darkness overtake her, jumped up, bade the fisherman a merry good-night, and started back up the beach for home.

Any T. Blodgett, '05.

The Diolet.

A modest violet, swaying to and fro,
Thought nothing of the world's dull care and woe.
And soon a small child saw the violet there,
And plucked it with a bunch of flowers, to bear
It to a poor, sick child across the way
Who was made happier by it all that day.
At morning when the child awoke from sleep,
She at the fragrant violet took a peep.
Although she gazed with sleepy eyes, 'tis true
She found the little violet sleeping too.

Winifred Peirson, '06.

The Kobold's Choice.

THE kobold lay on the wide ledge inside the furnace door, watching the fire with half-closed eyes and crooning a queer little song which his ancestors had sung years before, out in the great green forest. He knew that it was spring-time, for the coal was low in the bin and the fire was dying. And so, though springtime meant nothing to him, he sang of woods and crags and mountain caves, as his ancestors had done.

In the midst of his song he heard a faint cry, and starting up, saw to his astonishment a tiny maiden standing upon a cinder and looking about her with frightened eyes. She was very dainty and lovely to see, but was evidently not a fairy for she had no wings. She sprang from cinder to cinder across the glowing pools of fire and clambered up on the ledge by his side.

"Please move a little," she said. "You ought to be nice for I've come so far to help you — and I was so frightened."

"What's your name?" asked the kobold, moving reluctantly.

"They call me Fay."

" And where do you live?"

"'Way, 'way up on the roof. I don't know how I got there, and I don't know what I am. If only I had wings I would be a fairy and could fly away to the forest, — oh, if only I had wings! But still I'm happy. And today, you see, I was sitting on the edge of the chimney and I heard you singing far below in the blackness and so I climbed down to tell you all about the sky and the sunlight, and help you up to the roof."

"Whew!" said the kobold. He clasped his withered brown hands about his grimy, little knees and grinned at her, "Suppose I don't want to go?"

"But of course you will when you hear about it."

"What's it like?"

"Well, I live in a sparrow's nest up in the cornice, and as far as you can see on every side there are roofs and chimneys, and sometimes green tree-tops coming up between. In the morning when the sun rises all the roofs glisten with dew, and at sunset the chimneys in the west are violet against the sky and the smoke drifts slowly from them in purple clouds."

"Humph!" grunted the kobold.

"You can see so much sky!" cried Fay. "Sometimes it's a most wonderful blue and sometimes it is soft gray, and there are terrible storms and beautiful clouds and rainbows. Surely you'll come?"

"I'm very comfortable where I am," said the kobold.

"But it is so dark and dirty —" here Fay poked her head out of the furnace door and looked about the cellar, "Why, you can't see a bit of sky."

"What do I want with sky as long as I'm comfortable?" demanded the kobold.

"You don't understand," replied Fay; "but never mind, I will stay here and tell you more Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful, to live this way, all in darkness. Poor kobold!"

And the kobold, hugging his knees tighter, rocked to and fro with laughter.

All the long bright summer Fay lived in the cellar, persisting in her attempt to teach the kobold. She told him of the delicate green of the tree-tops in early spring, of the silver hoarfrost on the roofs in autumn mornings, of the pure air and sunlight and sky. The kobold even grew to like her after his fashion, but still when she talked of the sky he yawned or laughed or grunted "Humph!" Fay was sometimes so discouraged that she almost wept, and then the kobold would try to cheer her by turning somersaults or balancing himself on his nose, (which was astonishingly long), or by making the most hideous grimaces. But summer passed and then autumn. Fay grew sad and thoughtful. After all, dreadful as it seemed to leave the kobold down in the gloomy cellar, was it not just as dreadful to live there herself? Had she not as much right to the sunshine as he had?

One winter evening as they sat together on the ledge over the fire, she asked him again why he would not go up to the roof. "Too much trouble," he said. "Too long a climb. Besides, I'm comfortable here."

"Then good-by. I am going," said Fay.

"You'd better not," he warned her; "it will be bitter cold up there, and you're not a fairy, you know. You may freeze."

"Ah, if you knew how wonderful the stars are on winter nights! I think I shouldn't mind dying if I could be out beneath them. Good-by."

She left him, and the kobold sighed and wiped his eyes on his sleeve. Even a kobold may have a heart, you know. But as he looked about he grew more cheerful.

"After all, she never really belonged here," he remarked. "The place looks natural again. Besides, I can have the whole ledge to myself now," and he stretched luxuriously.

From far up the chimney came a cry:

"Why, I have wings — I have wings! Isn't it funny that they grew just now? I am a fairy at last. O Kobold! Come up here and perhaps you will get wings too!"

But the kobold was already fast asleep.

Elizabeth Schneider, '04.

The Coming of the Dream.

IT is just a little village hidden away among the mountains, and no one lives there except the sons and daughters of German settlers who left the fatherland many years ago. It is miles away from the railroad and the telegraph, and the people live on the farms that have been handed down from father to son for generations. It is a quiet, sleepy little place, where nothing ever seems to change, and life moves on in the same narrow even track always. Just a quaint little German-American hamlet, buried in the mountains, and far from civilization as we know it; but at one end of the wide shady village street, there stands a big ungraceful church, and in this old church there is a great, magnificent pipe organ. And when strangers come to the village they always go to the church to see the organ, and the old sexton tells them the history of it, as he has told it many times before. And this is the story:—

There was just one passion in David Fischer's life, and that was music. When he was a boy he had gone with his father to the city that lay beyond the mountains, and he had heard the music in one of the churches there. His vague hopes and ambitions took definite form then, and his dreams all began to be of one thing — an organ, a real pipe organ, in the big brick church in the valley in the mountains.

And so he devoted his life to that one object, and he planned by day and dreamed by night, and thought of nothing else. And, because he was a very poor man, he began to ask his neighbors to help him, and to plead with them for the thing that had come to be his heart's desire, until every one in the village knew of David's dreams, and wondered at them. Every year he went about among the people and begged for money for the wonderful organ; and sometimes they would give him what he asked, and, after he was gone, would touch their foreheads significantly, and murmur words of pity; but often he was turned away empty handed.

And so the years went by, and he grew to be an old man.

And one day, when he counted his money over, he found that there was enough. Then all the happiness that had been denied him in his long starved life came upon him, and the prayer of his heart was answered.

When the day came that the organ was to be dedicated, the old brick church was crowded. Old David sat beside his treasure in the gallery in the back of the church; he was trembling with excitement and joy and wonder: had the dream of his life been fulfilled at last? The time came for the innovation; he struck the first notes — and then the music stopped.

For several moments the people sat quiet; then a few men ran up to the organ loft. There before his loved instrument sat the organist, his arms leaning heavily upon the keys, his head bent forward, and on his face a smile of joy—joy too great for mortal heart to bear. At first they thought that he had fainted, but when they drew nearer they saw they had been mistaken. Old David was dead.

David Fischer's son plays the organ in the old church now, and plays it well. And the people say that in the summer evenings, when the sunset light shines through the western windows, and the air is filled with the music of the even song, old David comes back to listen for a while, and goes away content.

Mary Katherine Woods, '05.

The fable of a Cat.

THERE was once upon a time, oh, a very long while ago, in Boston town, a little cat. Not the kind of a little cat that wears goggles and reads Ibsen on his way to catch mice to take home to little Browning cat and Longfellow cat in a Boston bag. Oh, no, not that kind of a thin little cat at all, but a frolicking, foolish, funny little cat who laughed behind her whiskers at the old maid cats rushing to the symphony and the Boston Cat library to pass Catiline judgment on the pictures of Sir Thomas Feline.

This little cat, my dears, actually said she hated the symphony and liked the cat concerts on the back fence much better. Yes, she really did, though how she could be guilty of such heresy the enlightened hub could not comprehend. And she thought it much nicer to be serenaded by Mr. Tommy, the young mouser next door, than to hear Cattie sing on her last visit to the states, because all the tones in Mr. Tommy's voice were deep and good, and only the middle tones of Cattie's voice were left, and she didn't care a kitten for those.

Well, I must hurry on to the fate of Miss Katherine Cat, which is the name of this frivolous pussy with regular New York. tastes. All the Salvation Army cats, and the cats whose catcestors had come over in the Mayflower and lived on Beacat Street, decided that she must be catcommunicated and that eight of her lives must be drowned, leaving the ninth to repent. When Miss Katherine Cat heard of her catcommunication you could not imagine to what depths she crawled. It is painful to have to relate to you these things, my dear children, but from a stern sense of duty, I must.

In the dead of night when the whole air was filled with Hosannas from the cat concerts, and shoes were sailing from the windows of the Touraine as a token of the appreciation of its inmates, Miss Katherine and Mr. Tommy, the young soloist and mouser, eloped and travelled from Enlightened Boston to Darkened New York, never to see the light of Beacat Street

again. However, that this cat-tale may not leave too deep a gloom on your young hearts, I will add that Mr. and Mrs. Tommy are living happily, with Mr. Tommy catching mice for two, and Mrs. Tommy, that frollicing, foolish, funny, fat, little cat, arduously following the latest fashions in tails, furs, ears and claws.

My moral is that if you would remain enlightened and unhappy, go in for symphonies and Browning clubs, but if you will go on the downward path to New York, be assured that you will have a fine young time.

Mabel O. Fordham, '04.

Turning a New Leaf.

To turn a new leaf again it is time, When we must stop all of our feasting and rhyme, To hear our old conscience remind us anew Of the things that we ought and we ought not to do.

Many small wrongs which will turn grey our hair Must now all be banished into the thin air; And the great ones, they too, if there happens to be Any left in the make-up of you or of me.

Yet, when I look carefully over the list Of the earthly temptations which I must resist, In candor, I'm bound to confess, it appears Like the very same leaf I've been turning for years.

Clara N. Deppen, '05.

Captured.

A cheery little Junior lass came to my room one day, When within the room was gloomy and without the skies were grey. She seemed a bit of sunshine to the shadows cast around, And so I thought the day more bright and studies more profound. I trembled lest she'd been observed by a teacher who went past, But no one seemed to venture in and we thought her safe, at last. The study hour had just begun - for that we didn't care, -And so we made some hot, hot soup and, likewise, a rarebit rare. My little friend was so content, so cheerful and good and bright, She chased the shades of gloom away and all the room was light. I caught her gay and joyful mood, and we were in for fun. When, suddenly upon us, there, a horrid teacher sprung. She pounced upon my little guest and gave her such a look. It seemed to penetrate her soul and read it like a book. I plead for Helen, all in vain, her heart was hard as stone. She sent the lassie far away and left me, all alone. The clouds and gloom have all come back, the sunshine has departed.

No light is left to study by, and I am broken-hearted.

Julia H. Warren, '05.

Editorials.

As may be seen in the illustration, the McKeen Memorial Building is now standing with walls and roof completed, except for some of the carving on the stone-work. During the summer the trustees reconsidered the plan for heating the several buildings, and with great pleasure they found that we could combine our needs with those of Phillips Academy, and use their new plant for both schools, so sparing us an unsightly chimney, and economizing force. The new system has been thoroughly tested in the severe weather which we have had, and works to our great satisfaction. Besides heating Draper Hall, the new building is made comfortable for the workmen, and the walls are being well dried, even with the temporary windows.

The large stone window frame on the right is the place where the stained-glass, memorial to Professor Churchill, is to be set. It is in the end of the hall and gymnasium opposite to the stage. On the left of the entrance are the new and large recitation rooms, as explained in our last number. Although the workmen have been somewhat delayed by various circumstances, we are planning to dedicate the hall on the twenty-first of June, when we hope all the alumnae and friends who possibly can arrange for it will be present. The celebration is not yet clear enough to be announced in detail. But our rejoicing is great that we see at last, in tangible shape, the dream of Miss McKeen's heart—a new building in which the school may develop its best life.

For two years past our dear old friend, Miss Angelina Kimball, has been relieved of the care which she had so long and devotedly given to the household life of the school. During that time she lived quietly with us, diffusing with her gentle spirit an atmosphere of genial kindliness. At the beginning of this year she went to be with her long-time friend, Mrs. Richards (Anna H. Swift, † '63), whose husband, the late Dr. James F. Richards, had been her valued and beloved physician.

It would not be possible to tell in words the untiring, self-sacrificing love which she has shown to Abbot Academy. Forty-seven years of such labour cannot be praised in a few sentences. We can only say that we miss the big, warm heart which has always held a welcome for scholars, old and new, and for all others in any way connected with this place, so dear to her; and that we long to return the welcome to her dear face whenever she can visit us. Bodily strength gives way, but the power of love never changes. We rejoice that she still keeps a fair degree of health. May it long be hers!

During this term two interesting pictures have been given to the school, one by Miss Edith E. Ingalls, a graduate of 1882 who afterwards returned to Abbot as teacher of English Literature, and one by Mrs. Olive Twichell Crawford, also a graduate of Abbot Academy and now a missionary in Turkey. Mrs. Crawford will be remembered through an interesting account she gave the school of her missionary work, shortly before she sailed for Turkey. The picture given by Miss Ingalls is a grave stele of the Mourning Athena, the original of which is now in the museum at Athens. The other is a photograph of a Grecian statue and a small one of the head of the same statue. It is cast in bronze and represents a powerful youth, not unlike the Hermes of Praxiteles. Little is really known about the statue, except that it was found in the Adriatic just off the island of Anti Cythera and was brought up by sponge-divers.

Through the kindness of Mr. Alden, well known to the girls through his talks on chemicals and manufactured products, the school has been able to see the recently discovered mineral, radium. Though the amount lent by Mr. Alden was only one-twentieth of a milligram, its radiance and influence were clearly seen through a powerful magnifying glass.

When the school opened this fall the absence of Miss Bacon and Miss Tryon was keenly felt by all those who had been here before. Miss Bacon had prepared us for her departure last spring by the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Philip F. Ripley of Andover, but Miss Tryon's departure was

more unexpected. She now lives at her home in Cambridge and teaches in the Girls' English High School, in Boston.

Their places have been most delightfully filled by Miss Converse and Miss Lawrence, who come from Radcliffe College. Miss Converse teaches English and Greek; Miss Lawrence, Latin.

It was with great sadness that we came back from our Christmas vacation to find that Mrs. Abbot was going to leave us in a few days. She has been in the school for two years and we have all grown to depend upon her very much, particularly in time of trouble; either for a word of advice or for her own kindly care. We shall all miss her. She intends to spend the rest of the winter in New London.

Mrs. Abbot's household cares have been divided between Miss Bosher and Miss Helen Burr. We welcome Miss Burr most heartily into our midst.

The Editors of the Courant are most grateful to all the old scholars who have responded to their appeal for alumnae notes. We hope that every year this part of the Courant will receive the details that ought to come to it, for not every year can a special appeal be made.

School Journal.

Sommencement Exercises.

The Commencement Exercises of the seventy-fourth Anniversary of Abbot Academy began Friday evening, June 19th, 1903, with the musicale given by the pupils of Mr. Downs, assisted by the Fidelio Society.

PROGRAMME - PART FIRST.

PART SONG — "Hail, Smiling Morn"	. Handel
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY.	
PIANO — Spring Serenade	P. Lacombe
MISSES PARKER AND V. SMITH.	
$PIANO \begin{cases} a. & Polish Dance \\ b. & Arlequin \end{cases}$	Scharwenka
(b. Arlequin	Chaminade
MISS CARMICHAEL.	
Vocal — Cavatina — The Merry Skylark	. Hatton
MRS. KENEFICK.	
PIANO — Selections from Peer Gynt	. Grieg
MISS BACON.	
PIANO — Octette	. Schubert

PROGRAMME - PART SECOND.

MISS CARMICHAEL AND MR. DOWNS.

KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER.

Henry Smart.

THE FIDELIO SOCIETY.

SOLOS.

Mrs. Kenefick Miss Corbin
Miss Albee Miss Cobb
Miss Barta Miss Good

Miss B. Slack

The Tree Exercises were held Saturday, June 20, at 10 A. M.
Transfer of the Spade
TREE SONG
At 10.15, the Laying of the Corner Stone of the McKeen Memorial Hall.
PROGRAMME,
CHORALE — "Let All Men Praise the Lord" . Mendelssohn
INVOCATION AND LORD'S PRAYER
Address
READING OF LIST OF ARTICLES PLACED IN BOX OF THE CORNER STONE
LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE
THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS,
THE PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION,
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MCKEEN MEMORIAL COMMITTEE,
THE PRINCIPAL OF THE ACADEMY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.
PRAYER
HYMN — "How Firm a Foundation."
Benediction
ALFRED E. STEARNS, M. A., Principal of Phillips Academy.
At 11 A. M., Exercises at the South Church.
PROGRAMME.
VOLUNTARY AND MARCH
VENITE
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY,

Invocation		
Solo AND CHORUS — "Praise Thou the Lord"		
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY — SOLO, MRS. KENEFICK.		
Address		
REV. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.		
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS		
REV. DANIEL MERRIMAN, D. D.		
PARTING HYMN		
Prayer and Benediction		
Mr. George Ferguson Smith, Marshal.		
SENIOR CLASS, 1902-1903.		
Edith Duncan Burnham		
Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, the annual Draper Reading was		
given.		
PROGRAMME.		
Solo — Dinna Ask Me Whelpley		
CLARA EDNA CASTLE.		
I. ONE OF BOB'S TRAMPS F. Hopkinson Smith		
SALLIE M. FIELD, North Andover.		
2. THE KEEPER OE THE LIGHT Henry Van Dyke		
FANNY ELIZABETH PERRY, Shelton, Conn.		

- 3. The Lie Annie Hamilton Donnell CLARA EVELYN SEARLE, Lawrence.
- 4. GUENN Blanche Willis Howard MARION LOUISE AUDETTE, Jamestown, N. J.

- 8. Mrs. Wiggs's Philosophy. . . . Alice Caldwell Hegan Marguerite adams marney, St. Joseph, Mo.
- 10. THE HUNDRED AND ONETH . Annie Hamilton Donnell MARY BYERS SMITH, Andover.

hall Exercises.

September 19, the schedule for the semester was read and Miss Means gave the school instructions as to conduct.

September 26, Miss Field, Miss Searle, Miss Schneider, and Miss Mary Smith recited the pieces that they gave at the Draper Reading last June.

October 3, Professor Moorehead of the Archaeological Department in Phillips Academy gave an illustrated lecture on the cliff dwellers and the mound builders. The cliff dwellers built their houses of stone plastered with mud and placed them in almost inaccessible caverns in the bluffs. The ruins of their towers can still be seen and traces of the ditches that they made for irrigation. Their work in pottery is distinctly American and not inferior to Etruscan or early Roman art. The mound builders do not rank as high in civilization as the cliff dwellers. The highest culture of the American Indians is found in Central America. Here are the buried cities of Yucatan, built long before the Spanish Conquest and containing great temples to the sun,

and also the largest pyramid in the world, similar in construction and quite as wonderful in its way as the pyramids of Egypt. At the end of his lecture, Professor Moorehead told us some of the points by which it can be determined how far a people or race has advanced in civilization.

October 17, Miss Means gave the school a helpful talk on Ethics.

November 7, Reverend Mr. Wolcott, of Lawrence, entertained and instructed us with a lecture on the art of conversation. He spoke of the great value of conversation and said that there should be regular classes and text-books for the purpose of studying it. He then suggested the outline of such a text-book. First, the outward conditions of a conversation must be considered. Next, the attitude of mind is very important. One should be mentally alert and unselfish, studying the other person, feeling one's way with cautious questions, and ready to follow up the slightest clue as to the other person's interests. The conversation then proceeds from what the people have in common to what is individual, from fact to opinion. As to ending a conversation, Mr. Wolcott advised stopping short as soon as one had made a good impression. The rest of the talk was taken up with special problems.

December 12, Mr. Palmer, superintendent of schools in Andover, told of his experiences while camping in Yellowstone Park, in a place where the lowest valleys are higher than the summit of Mt. Washington. He described the mammoth hot springs and geysers, the beautiful terraces and basins, and Lake Yellowstone, which is the largest lake at that height in the world.

January 16, Dr. Roger Merriman, who has been a student at both Harvard and Oxford, gave an interesting description of the latter university. He told of the legendary founding of the city of Oxford and the early history of the university, which received its first definite organization in the time of Henry II. Traditions are most religiously preserved at Oxford. Gowns, the relics of ancient monastic days, are worn by the students, and old Latin rules are still kept on the statute books, rules which seem to us very ridiculous, and are practically quite useless, but worth a great deal sentimentally. A curious example of the mediaeval feeling is the Place of Sanctuary on the steps of Queen's College, where even in these days a student pursued by a proctor may take refuge. Dr. Merriman's talk was illustrated by many beautiful pictures of the university.

Cectures.

December 5, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson delighted us with his reminiscences of famous people he had known. He told of his boyhood in Cambridge when he went to school with "Jimmy" Lowell and "Bill" Storey, of his college days when Professor Longfellow by his gentleness and courtesy quelled the Class rebellion, of his friendship with Holmes and Whittier, and his never-to-be-forgotten meeting with Daniel Webster. Colonel Higginson's anecdotes of these great men seemed to bring them nearer to us than ever before. Colonel Higginson also described his meeting with Browning at the Literary Club in London, and his visit to Tennyson's beautiful home.

Entertainments and Amusements.

The second Tuesday evening of the school year, September 22, the Y. W. C. A. invited the school to a "shirtwaist dance" in the gymnasium. Miss Laura Eddy, the Association President, and Miss Cooper, the Vice-President, received; and nearly every girl who could play took her turn at the gymnasium piano. Everyone had a delightful time, and when, at half after nine, they went back to their rooms, the new girls felt much less "new" and much more at home than they had felt before the dance.

September 30, the French Department, under the chaperonage of Miss Merrill and Miss Kelsey, spent a delightful afternoon with Mrs. Goldsmith at her home, Alder-Brook Farm. The supper on the piazza at sunset, the corn-roast, and the drive home by moonlight will long be a happy memory to the girls who took part in this picnic.

September 30, Miss Schiefferdecker chaperoned a party of three girls on a trip to Whittier's home, just outside of Haverhill. They went through the "Old Whittier House," and learned a great many interesting things; for Mr. Ordway, the president of the board of trustees of the Whittier property, who acted as guide, was full of stories about Whittier, and perfectly willing to tell them. Not the least pleasant incident of the trip was the making tea, with the wife of one of the trustees, in the big old-fashioned kitchen of the Whittier house.

Tuesday night, October 6, the girls rumbled away in a hayrack, singing as they went. Miss Chickering, Miss Bosher, Miss Converse and Miss Lawrence helped to make it one of the pleasantest of the fall excursions. About twenty girls went with Miss Slocum to the Tufts-Andover game, October 14. The game was an interesting one, as both sides scored, and the victory was not certain until time was called. Andover won, however, with a score of 14-5.

October 16, the girls watched an exciting meet on the Phillips track. Miss Bosher, Miss Slocum and Miss Converse were the chaperons.

At eight in the evening of October 13, a most literary company assembled in the gymnasium for a book party. Each girl came dressed to represent a book, and there was great fun guessing the names of the books. The prize was given to Hazel Leslie and Beth Cole, who appeared in travelling costumes as "The Newcomes." There was also a prize for the best drawing to illustrate a popular song, and the palm was awarded to Ruth Lane's "Under the Bamboo Tree."

The girls of the third floor invited the school to a novel sort of "party" Tuesday evening, October 20. It had been requested that everyone appear dressed as she expected to look twenty years hence; and angels and devils, school-marms and ballet-dancers, widows, spinsters and ghosts were among the guests. The third corridor front was screened off and made very attractive with rugs, couches, pillows and Morris chairs. Miss Means, Miss Kelsey and Miss Slocum received at the head of the front stairs, and refreshments were served at the entrance to the music rooms. At half after eight the company formed for a grand march and went back and forth through the corridor until the judges, Miss Means, Miss Slocum, Miss Kelsey, Miss May Eddy and Miss Amy Blodgett, had made their decision as to the best costume. It took some time for them to choose, but at last they decided that the two devils, Miss Amy Slack and Miss Laura Eddy, were most worthy of the prize, which was a large cake, and which Beelzebub and Mephistopheles carried away on their pitchforks in great glee.

Miss Durfee chaperoned a party of five to a pantomine, "Hiawatha," in the town hall, Friday evening, October 23. We had a special interest in the entertainment, as Miss Bosher was one of the performers.

Miss Slocum and Miss Bosher chaperoned a large party to the Harvard Fresh vs. Andover game, Saturday, October 24. The game was scarcely exciting, as Andover made one touchdown after another, and Harvard did little but fumble. The score was 51 - 0 in Andover's favor.

Tuesday evening, October 27, the day scholars gave a picnic — a real, old-fashioned Sunday School picnic — in the gymnasium. The room was quite woodsy in appearance, with tall pine trees lining the walls, and with a big swing in one corner, and a hammock in another. Everyone was dressed either as a child or a teacher, and certainly they played their parts beautifully. It was glorious fun, and the day scholars are to be congratulated on giving just the nicest sort of "party" imaginable.

The dining-room was turned into a land of spirits Hallowe'en, and at eight o'clock, strange weild figures in white began to stalk silently down the stairs. Each of the ghosts carried a candle, and with these as their only light, they marched three times about the room. Then the candles were put out, the lights were turned on, and there was all sorts of Hallowe'en fun for the rest of the evening.

October 31, Miss Durfee, Miss Converse and Miss Lawrence chaperoned us to the Yale Freshman game. The match was an exciting one and the score was 23-0 in favor of Andover.

In one of the vacant rooms on the third floor, the Senior Middlers had their much-talked-of and long-looked-forward-to spread, November 3. The decoration committee had worked hard, and the room looked very pretty and cosy indeed. There were all sorts of good things to eat, from creamed chicken to Hinton's ice-cream, and everyone had a jolly good time.

November 3, a drayfull of girls drove to Bald-Pate where they had dinner and returned by moonlight. Anyone who knows Bald-Pate can picture the beauty and the fun of this drive.

November 4, the last year Draper readers gave their selections before the Abbot Club in the Vendome Parlors. The readers were Sarah Field, Clara Searle, Elizabeth Schneider, Helen Childs and Mary Smith. Miss Means and Miss Durfee were present.

November 10, the faculty gave a reception to the school and to the faculties of the other schools in town. Miss Means and Miss Merrill received. And all the down stairs rooms were lighted and arranged attractively. We are certainly indebted to our faculty for one of the most delightful evenings of the year.

On November 14, Miss Slocum and Miss Bosher chaperoned a large party of girls to the Lawrenceville football game. The score was 23-0, in favor of Andover. November 20, Mrs. McCurdy gave a reception to which several of the teachers and a number of the girls were invited. We were especially interested in the amusing farce called, "The Mistake of the Obsolete Past Participle" because Miss Bosher was leading lady in it: and the evening passed all too quickly for us.

The first of Mr. Downs' yearly concerts was on Thursday afternoon, December 3. We are all very grateful to Mr. Downs for securing for us such a treat as a concert by the famous Kneisel Quartette. The selections were from von Dittersdorf, Bach, Beethoven, Shumann and Caesar Franck. Perhaps what the audience enjoyed most was the selection from Caesar Franck of which we had heard so much. It was a great deal of trouble and expense for Mr. Downs, to secure the Kneisel Quartette for us, but we certainly appreciated it.

December 12, a party of about a dozen girls with Miss Converse as chaperon had the rare opportunity of seeing Irving in "The Merchant of Venice."

The Friday after vacation, January 8, the Harvard musical clubs gave a concert in the Town Hall for the benefit of the students in Commons at Phillips. Miss Schiefferdecker chaperoned a large party from Abbot, and the general testimony is that it was "splendid."

There were rival attractions the first Tuesday of the winter term. The first of the Punchard Alumni Lecture Course was held in the Town Hall, and there was a sleighing party. About fifteen girls went with Miss Durfee to the Punchard entertainment, which was a concert by the Cecilia String Quartet, assisted by a reader; while Miss Slocum chaperoned a party of eleven in a big sled, through Lawrence, out on the North Andover road and back to school. Both parties enjoyed the evening immensely.

On the fifteenth of January, Miss Slocum chaperoned a large party to the basket-ball game between Phillips and the University of Vermont. Andover won with a score of 22-17.

The Seniors gave their reception to the school, January 19. This differed from all the former senior receptions, as there were outsiders invited, and the Senior Middlers did not give a play. Miss Means received from eight until nine, assisted by Amy Slack, '04, and Helen Abbott, C. P. '04. The ushers were Clara Castle, Amy Blodgett and Cornelia Sattler. The reception room, Miss Means's parlor, the Senior parlor, the library, and the Jackson room

were thrown open, and refreshments were served in the Jackson room from half after eight. There were a great many strangers and friends from the town present, and when the party broke up at ten, all agreed that the evening spent as guests of the Seniors had been most delightful.

Religious Notes.

Saturday evening, Oct. 3, Mr. Shipman spoke to us. He spoke especially to those who had just been confirmed, and to all of us on the beautiful life of Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, who had just died in Madrid.

October 10, the school assembled in Miss Means's room for prayer-meeting, because of the hard storm outside. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford told us about their life in Turkey. They have been in this country for six years, and were expecting to sail once more for Turkey on the coming Thursday.

October 17, Mr. Ryder talked on the unity of the Old and New Testaments, in giving the feeling that God is not a person living in a far distant land, but an ever present helper.

Mr. Lansing gave us an interesting talk of his travels on October 24. He spoke principally of a picture he had seen in the Town Hall at Prague, of John Huss, and the influence the life of this man has still on the Bohemian people, although he was a Protestant and they are Catholics.

November 1, Miss Merrill told us all about the trip of the Y. W. C. A. delegates to Silver Bay.

November 8 was the beginning of the week of prayer. Mr. Gutterson spoke to us on the necessity of making decisions for ourselves.

November 15, Mr. Palmer spoke to us on the literary value of the Second Isaiah.

November 22, Mr. Stearns talked on the brotherhood which we have with one another and the responsibility it brings.

Mr. Carter of Lawrence talked to us on Sunday evening, November 29.

December 5, Prof. Platner spoke on the "Moulding of Character."

Doctor Codman of Brooklyn, was entertained here over Saturday and Sunday, December 12 and 13. On Saturday evening he spoke to us on "Love."

On January 9 and 10, Miss De Busk was entertained by the Y. W. C. A. On Saturday evening and in our Y. W. C. A. meeting on Sunday evening she told us of her experiences and her work in New Mexico.

Miss Means talked to us, January 15, on the careful guidance of our lives and compared them to ships at sea.

January 23, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall talked to us on the transition of our lives from childhood to womanhood, and the natural communion with God.

Miss Laura Eddy, President of the Y. W. C. A., resigned on her return to school this fall. Miss Abbie Allen Smith was chosen in her place.

The Y. W. C. A. have held their regular Sunday evening meetings.

Miss Merrill, Miss Wallace and Miss Carmichael, delegates to the Silver Bay Convention, gave us their reports in one of our Sunday evening meetings.

Items of General Interest.

It is pleasant to record that Miss Patterson is to be with us through this term. She inhabits the little room by the studios, and is now at work on studies of angels. This is a subject which has especially interested her for some years past, and to which she has mainly devoted herself. The work is primarily for church decoration, and it breathes a solemnity which comes from her own spirit. When the larger angels have been shown in Boston they have attracted most favourable comment from the best judges in the city. The new conception of such representation has aroused discussion there; and we wish Miss Patterson all success in this expression of her earnest spiritual and artistic convictions.

The school has received a gift of \$150.00 from Mr. Mortimer B. Mason. Mr. Mason's generosity has made possible the purchase of a typewriter which already seems quite indispensable. The rest of the money is to be used for covering the furniture in the Mason drawing-room.

In response to the COURANT circular letter, \$25.00 has been received for furnishings for the McKeen Memorial Hall: Mrs. Mary R. Hillard, \$15.00; Miss Alice L. Cilley, \$5.00; Mrs. A. B. Weaver, \$5.00.

During the Christmas vacation, the sum of \$7500 was made over to the Trustees, a gift from the Billings estate, to be known as The

Frieda Gerlach Billings Endowment, the income from which is to be used for scholarships.

Rev. George Mooar, a former pastor of the South Church and a good friend of Abbot Academy, died January 18, 1904, in Oakland, California. It was during his pastorate that the present South Church was built and the members of the Academy received seats in the galleries, instead of being seated wherever places could be obtained. He gave a volume of his published sermons to the Jackson Memorial Library.

The death, in September, 1903, of Mrs. Eunice Cowles at the advanced age of ninety-one, removed, perhaps, the last of the great teachers in the early days of the higher education of women. Her work at the head of the Ipswich Seminary is widely known. No words of ours can add to her praise.

This year, Miss Means bought two season tickets for the Boston Symphony Rehearsals, and every week, so far, the tickets have been engaged by girls who are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity to hear good music.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs, one of our old girls, has given to the school library a photograph of herself.

Obituaries.

Friends of the old families of Capt. Stephen Abbott and Samuel Valpey may recall Elizabeth Valpey, sister of Samuel, who married Nathaniel Millett of Ipswich, of a line of Gloucester, allied to the Andover Milletts. The only daughter, in a family of sons, Mary Elizabeth Millett, was born in Ipswich in 1840, and, in childhood, was lent to a childless aunt, Mary Valpey, wife of John Anthony Kimball of Charlestown. For long years the young girl was a faithful daughter in both homes. Although educated mainly in Charlestown, she attended Abbot Academy in Andover, graduating in '58, and, early joining St. John's church in Charlestown, developed a love of church service, especially of the Sunday-school. At the death of her Aunt Mary, she became heir to the Kimball estate, and returning to Ipswich built an ideal dwelling-place in a charming situation, commanding an extensive view of the harbor. Here, for ten years, she made a home for an invalid brother, and kept open house for Andover relatives. With her strong convictions, superior judgment and cheerful outlook, she was the valued relative who was called upon in all emergencies.

Just a short week ago, Miss Millett was with the Andover friends who gathered for a last service at the Eames homestead, and many pleasant visits were planned for the coming summer. For long years she had been warned by her physician to avoid excessive demands upon her energies, on account of a weakness of the heart's work, but this did not prevent her complete fulfilment of all home, church, and society claims. While returning, Monday afternoon, from the Shakespeare class in Ipswich, in her usual health, with a life-long friend, she suddenly called "Wait a minute," and dropped upon the sidewalk, and passed immediately to the activities of a nobler life beyond. The sympathy of the community in Ipswich, and the large circle here who loved her, are with the younger brother, so suddenly deprived of his best friend, and with the elder cousin here bereaved, who feels keenly this new weight added to her heavy burden of grief. The Andover friends attended the burial service in Ipswich, Thursday afternoon, at the home she made beautiful with rare fittings and true hospitality. More than the passing of the bright spirit is the loss of this lovely home life to Ipswich and Andover. C. H. A.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cummings Drinkwater.

Mrs. Drinkwater will be remembered by the older members of Abbot Academy, she being a pupil there in 1842 and in later years a teacher of music. Mrs. Drinkwater was born in Andover, Mass., in

1826. In 1848 she was married to Dr. Sydney Drinkwater in the South Church, Andover. After her husband's death, about seven years ago, she returned to Andover, making her home with her old friend and schoolmate, Miss Charlotte S. Abbott on Punchard avenue. Her sudden death was a great shock to her many friends, as only an hour before she was with friends and seemed in the best of health. Mrs. Drinkwater was a lady of the greatest amiability and charm, a brilliant musician, and she will be remembered as a good neighbor and friend. She was a member of the North church of Haverhill, Massachusetts, that being her home for many years after her marriage.

Miss Rebecca Emerson Hasseltine, who died suddenly May 10, 1903, at St. Augustine, Florida, her home of late years, was aunt of Miss Abigail Hasseltine of Bradford, where she was both pupil and teacher.

After leaving Bradford she taught at Abbot, 1854-1858. She possessed a lovely Christian character and her life was a long and useful one.

Miss. Ella F. Wiggins died three years ago at Ashland, Mass. She was modest and unassuming, yet always ready to act in any good cause. She left Abbot Academy in 1866 and then attended the Allen English and Classical School, West Newton. After leaving that school, she became her father's housekeeper, until his death, two years before her own. During that time, she was one of the teachers (by letter) in the "Home Study". The last ten years of her life, she was librarian of the Ashland Public Library, her thorough knowledge of literature making her particularly well fitted for the position, as did her love for the work and for the children. She was also for many years one of the trustees of the library. She was a devoted daughter, a strong true friend, and a noble woman.

Alumnae Motes.

The address of Dr. Sarah A. Jenness, is 6 Garrison Street, Boston.

Mrs. Philip F. Ripley (Mabel G. Bacon) writes that they are soon to move to Providence, R. I.

List of officers of the Abbot Academy Club in New York:—President, Mrs. Charles E. Quimby; 1st Vice-President, Miss Knevals; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Forest Dryden; Secretary, Miss Mabel Wooster; Treasurer, Mrs. Lena H. Townsend. Mrs. Frances Hinkley Quinby has been obliged to resign her office as president of the club.

Martha J. Upton, †'54, married Rev. Samuel F. French; she died May 24, 1902, in Londonderry, N. H.

Emma Newman, †'56, has been a Home Missionary preacher on the frontier. She was married in 1901 to Reverend Mr. Nicholas Emmerson and lives in Sierre Madre, California.

Mary Hazen Finn, †'56, resides in Sedgewick, Kansas. Her children are growing up and scattering.

Elizabeth Emerson, † 56, who lives at Clifton Springs, New York, was married in 1865 to the Reverend Mr. S. J. Humphrey, D. D. Mr. Humphrey's first wife was Mrs. Susan E. Hutchinson, a former teacher and a temporary Principal of Abbot Academy.

Mrs. Charles H. Sawyer, Susan Ellen Cowan, †'58, died April 20, 1899.

Emma L. Pillsbury, '58, married Rev. Jas. P. Lane; her address is 54 V Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Mary E. Craig French, †'59, is living in Auburn, Mass.

Jane Sargent, † '60, died some years ago.

Mrs. William Marland's, †'62, address is Griffin, Georgia. The same hospitality is in her new home as was in her Andover home. She has been cordially welcomed into the club of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is quite active in the church, being chairman of the Hospitality Committee. Miss Mary King Marland, C. P. '99, and Miss Helen Marland, †'96, are both teaching in a private school in Griffin, Georgia. It is a very interesting school of forty scholars, and they are both doing good work and winning the love and respect of their scholars. Miss Ellen J. Abbott, '62, has been visiting her two

sisters, Mrs. Albert G. Martin (Sarah A. Abbott, '59), and Mrs. William Marland, and feels very grateful that the three sisters could be together for a little while as in the good old days.

Lucretia O. Foster, '64, died in Ashburnham, Jan. 12, 1891.

Mary L. Wakefield, †'65, who taught in Ohio, was married to S. O. Loughredge. She died in Peoria, Illinois, about 1874, leaving one daughter.

Martha D. Chapman, †'65, teaches in Boston. Her present address is 50 Elmore Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Martha E. Pillsbury, † '67, married J. H. Rollins and lives at 11 Oread Place, Worcester, Mass.

The old girls, who were in school during the sixties, will remember the warm friendship that existed between Hattie Edgell, '66, and Mary Jackson, †'67. And now, what many old friends speak of as a "real romance, which must be a great pleasure to the two mothers," was consummated September 23, 1902, when Mary Jackson Warren's son, married Hattie Edgell Chamberlin's daughter. The marriage ceremony was performed by the father of the groom, who married the father and mother of the bride thirty-three years before. Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Warren are living in Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America.

Miss Elizabeth C. Sewall, † '68, of Detroit, Mich., has just returned from a three months' trip through France and Italy.

Harriet E. Abbott, †'68, is the wife of Dr. Francis E. Clark, President of the National and International Christian Endeavor Society.

Mrs. Clark has lately made a tour of the world with her husband.

Mary A. Spalding's, †'68, address, is 37 Bay State Road, Boston.

Abby T. Stearns, †'68, (Mrs. Dr. Spaulding), The Sanatarium, Clifton Springs, N. Y. Dr. Spaulding is a resident physician.

M. Alice Wilcox, †'68, (Mrs. H. M. Smith), of Springfield, Massachusetts, died February 8, 1882.

Miranda B. Merwin's, † '68, address is 79 Trumbull Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

Clara G. Lee, † '68, (Mrs. Frederic K. Smythe), Napier, California. Mr. Smythe was for some time a professor at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but on account of ill health removed to California, where he has a fruit farm.

Octavia McK. Putnam, † '68, Mrs. (General) Charles Thompson, is living in Quincy, Massachusetts.

Mary A. Fielding, † '68, (Mrs. George M. Fiske) of Lowell, Massachusetts, died April 19, 1876.

Clara E. Fisher, †'68, (Mrs. Judson Baldwin), Georgia Street, Boston Highlands, Massachusetts.

Alice French, † '68, Davenport, Iowa. Known to the public as Octave Thanet. Present address is 74 Sparks Street, Cambridge.

Henrietta Learoyd, † '68, (Mrs. Dr. Willard G. Sperry), Olivet, Michigan.

Catherine E. Chapin, † '68, (Mrs. Milton P. Higgins), Worcester, Massachusetts.

Rebecca A. Davis, †'68, (Mrs. Dr. George A. Spalding), 248 Lenox Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Anna F. Dwight, † '68, (Mrs. Rev. Theodore Leggitt), West Brighton, Staten Island.

Henrietta M. Eaton, †'68, (Mrs. Rev. John J. Blair). Mr. Blair was for some years pastor of the South Church, Andover.

Anna W. Ladd, †'70, of New Bedford, married in 1876 R. R. Drummond, of Bath, Maine, had three children, and now lives in Seattle, Washington.

Farida Drummond, '70, is Mrs. Morris Temple, Riverside, Illinois.

Helen M. Rockwood, '70, married in 1873 Charles A. Fitz, who died in 1882. In 1901 she married George C. Buell who died in 1902, and her present residence is 39 Newtonville Avenue, Newton, Massachusetts.

The friends of Caroline A. F. Holmes, † '71, will be sorry to hear of the death of her mother which occurred during the Christmas vacation.

The address of Anna Fuller, †'72, is 857 Beacon Street, Boston.

The present address of Miss Anna W. Bumstead, '76, is 70 Mora Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Vienna Stone, '76, is now Mrs. Hanson, has three daughters and one son and lives in Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Jane H. Pearson, † '76, (Mrs. Arthur Stanford), and her husband, have returned to this country after years of hard work in Japan, for a much needed rest. Mrs. Stanford spent a Sunday in December in Andover with friends in town and in school.

Mrs. William R. Richards (Charlotte Blodgett, †'78), has changed her address from 152 East Front Street, Plainfield, New Jersey, to 14 East 37th Street, New York City. Mrs. Richards' son, Mr. George Richards, is teaching in Phillips Academy.

The address of Mrs. William H. Stimson, (Nellie Conant, †'78), is now Goffstown, N. H.

Mary B. Noyes, '79, and L. Jennie Smith, '79, are spending the winter in Andover.

Minnie Hubbard McLearen, '79, has for the past fifteen years made her home at Alhambra, California.

Mary Louise Geer, '80, has been teaching music. Her address is 124 Chapin street, Cadillac, Mich.

Kate Johnson Wheelock, '80, lives at Riverside, California.

Mrs. Francis W. Morandi, (Louise Endicott Osborne) '80, died eight years ago. She had no children.

Emma Lyon Rice, †81, has moved to Hotchkiss, Colorado.

Sarah Puffer Douglass, †81, has charge of a Home for Little Children in Geneva, Switzerland, Casa Bamba, Route de Meyrin.

Mary G. Whitcomb, †81, will be pleased to show her friends the treasures of the Antiquarian Library in Worcester, where she has been for ten years.

M. Frances Walker, '81, after teaching for a number of years in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Ogden, Utah, is now teaching in Talladega, Alabama.

Jessie Walker Keeline, '81, is now living in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The class of '81 is just starting on its rounds the twenty-third budget of class letters to an unbroken circle, tho' the letters have to travel across seas and continents to reach those who once were all gathered in old No. 1 under the inspiration of Miss McKeen.

Hattie Gibson, †'81, (Mrs. J. S. Gale) is in Lausanne, Switzerland, Valentin 22, educating her two daughters, Annie, the older one, being the class baby. Mr. Gale remains in Korea.

Sarah Ford's †81, address is 1326 West Adams street, Chicago, Ill. A letter from Beirut, Syria, tells us that her mother died December 27, 1902.

Anna Hunter, †'81, (Mrs. John Bracewell) returned in October from a ten months' sojourn in Europe. She is spending the winter in the south. Her permanent address is North Adams, Mass.

Frances Ames, †'81, (Mrs. E. H. Loyhed), with her four girls and boys lives in Faribault, Minn.

Carrie Ladd, '81, (Mrs. F. B. Pratt) has two girls and a boy. She lives at 229 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Rose Perkins, †'81, (Mrs. L. M. Mason) 561 Pleasant Street, Worcester, Mass., takes care of her nieces and nephews, whose father and mother are missionaries in China.

Frances Griggs, †'81, became Mrs. Henry C. Warren, January 28, 1903. Her home is still in Grafton, Mass.

Margaret Fowle Sears, † '81, lives in Arlington, Mass. She has two sons aged 15 and 10.

Josephine Wilcox, †'81, lives in Medford, Mass.

Florence Swift, †'81, brings the circle back to Andover where she and her sister keep the old home.

Louise Johnson Selfridge, †'81, became Mrs. Frank Gray, January 19, 1903. Her address is 323 Cedar avenue, Long Beach, California.

Clara Decker French, '82, has a son in Phillips Academy.

Edith E. Ingalls, †'82, is traveling abroad this winter and her stay in Athens was most enjoyable.

Miss Annie Torrey, †83, of Bath, spent last summer in France, studying the language.

Mrs. John H. Quackenbush, (Nellie Mary Newland), '83, is living at Schaghticoke, N. Y. She has a little daughter.

Nellie I. Nason, '83, married in 1886 Charles Burditt Collins of Marlboro, N. H., and has two sons.

Mary Isabel Proctor, '83, was married September 4, 1895, to Mr. Charles Dillingham, Ogdensburg, New York. She had two children, a girl, born August 15, 1896, and a boy, born February 11, 1901. She died February 11, 1901.

Frederica Wolfjen, '85, was married in 1899 to Dr. John Lebing, and lives in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. She has three little girls.

Mrs. William M. Neal, Helena, Arkansas, formerly Margaret R. Redford, pupil at Abbot '85-'86, is now President of the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs.

Lura Wight Nelson, '86, married 1888 Dr. E. F. Gage, of Winthrop, Mass., died 1897.

Anna Frances Berry, '86, of Andover, was married December 26, 1900, to Dr. Arthur Whitmore Smith, who is on the Faculty of the University of Michigan. Residence, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Ella Williams Bray, '86, is teaching in Miss Kimball's school, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Nine members of the class of '87 have married and there are eighteen children. We hear of Alice Hamlin Hinman, †'87, who lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, making public addresses.

Catherine Crocker, †'87, is teaching modern languages in Alfred University, spending her summer vacations abroad with her mother and sister.

Jean Jillson, †'87, is in Smyrna, Turkey, with her married sister, and writes delightful descriptions of the country and the customs of the people.

Angie Pearson, †'87, was abroad last year fitting herself more perfectly for a teacher of Art.

Grace Smith, †'87, writes of a delightful trip to California last year.

Caroline Robinson, †'87, lives in Brunswick, Maine, where she helps the wheels of Bowdoin College to run smoothly.

Harriet Thwing, †'87, vibrates between her brother's home in the middle West and her own in Farmington, Maine.

Within the last year Eliza Atwell, †'87, has suffered from an attack of nervous prostration, but writes that she is much better now.

In her home in New Brunswick, Lutie Rokes, †'87, looks after the comfort of her father,

Mary Bill Bright, †'87, the secretary of the class, writes that the class hopes to have a reunion in Andover in June.

Anna Bronson Root, †'87, has three children and is living in Chicago, 353 Hermitage Avenue.

Ethel Nelson Shumway's ('87,) address is now 81 Welles Avenue, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Ellen O. Walkley, †'88, the class president, has been for six years in charge of the East Boston Branch of the Boston Public Library.

Emily Smith, †88, of Plantsville, Ct., is staying for the present with Annie Davenport Merriam, '87, in her home in South Framingham.

May Stow Roberts, †'88, lives in Oak Lane, Philadelphia, and is the mother of two dear little daughters, Dorothy and Barbara.

Frances Decker, †'88, and her sister Anna, '93, will spend most of the winter at their home in Davenport, Iowa.

Maria Gardner, †88, has been teaching in Haverhill for a number of years.

Adeline Puffer Kerr, †'88, wife of William B. Kerr, lives at Shadelawn, Stamford, with her two children, Derry and Anita. Derry Kerr has the distinction of being the sole class boy.

Beth Stratton, †'88, is living at her home in Melrose.

Olivia P. Johnston, '88, is spending the winter in St. Augustine, Florida, which has seemed to be a good meeting place for several Abbot girls.

Elizabeth Rockwell Russell, †'88, lives in her old home in New Britain, Conn., surrounded by a circle of little daughters.

The class is making an especial effort toward a class reunion in June, '04.

Sophia Wells Williams, '88. is living with her brother, the Rev. W. F. Williams, at Westerly, Rhode Island.

Mary G. Peabody, †'89, is teaching in the Horace Mann School, New York.

Edith Jackson Lewis, †'89, writes of her voyage to the Philippines and her new home in Camp Jossman, Guimara Island.

Lizzie Ryder Stiles, †89, is living in North Haven, Conn., and finds domestic duties filling her time.

Lillian Ellis Emerson, †'89, whose home is in Titusville, Pa., writes with maternal pride of her boys. She is hoping to spend the winter with family friends in New Orleans.

Kathleen Jones, †'89, spent the summer abroad, and has just begun her duties as librarian in the McLean Hospital in Waverley.

Annis Spencer Gilbert's, †89, letter tells of a pleasant summer journey in Canada. She is already stirring her class up to plan for a reunion in Andover next June.

Mary B. Hutchings, †89, is teaching in Bangor where she has been so successful in English literature.

Mattie Hart Moore, †89, writes of home and her four children.

Grace Wanning Day, †89, finds home duties and joys filling all her time.

Alice Joy Arms, †'89, writes from Chicago, her home, with undiminished interest in school and school friends.

Frances Bancroft Long, †89, is still living in Stamford, Conn., and she reports that her little daughter Lois is growing apace.

We regret that we have not word from the other members of '89, but the packet of class letters from which we were allowed to glean was not complete.

Mrs. Wm. Douglas (Mary Huntington) '89, Palacios 62, Puerto de Santa Maria, Spain. Mrs. Douglas has three beautiful children, whom she brings home to Norwich, Conn., each alternate summer. Mr. Douglas is engaged in missionary work.

Mrs. Frances R. Haley (Elizabeth Wilcox) '89, has her home in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, Mr. Haley being a Professor in Acadia College.

Jessica Cole Prindle, '89, married in December 1893, Samuel Humes, Williams '91, and has been living since in Jersey Shore, Penn., a quaint little town on the west branch of the Susquehanna River. She has had three children, one of whom is dead.

Mrs. Carl Copping Plehn (Elizabeth Brainerd) †'90, is in Berkeley, California, Prof. Plehn being on the faculty of the University of California. Address, 2308 Waring street.

Mrs. David Harold Walker, (Adeline Perry) †90, is at 14 Monmouth Court, Brookline. Besides little Hester, born in England four years ago, Dr. and Mrs. Walker are the happy possessors of twin girls, Eleanor and Doris, now fifteen months old. Dr. Walker is an ear specialist, and teaches in the Harvard Medical School.

Alice Irene Barrett, †'90, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is specializing in Botany and giving private lessons in that subject.

Cora Ernestine McDuffee-Bard, †'90, died Feb. 16, 1899.

Olive H. Wheaton, †90, is still in San Francisco, Cal. She has had many varied experiences teaching Spanish and English. Address, 1617 Sacramento street.

Jessie E. Guernsey, †'90, is still in New Britain, Conn., teaching history and literature in the State Normal-Training school. Address, 112 Lake street.

Anna S. Johnston, †'90, is teaching English in the High School at Mount Vernon, N. Y. Address, 122 S. 10th Ave.

Mrs. Henry V. Jones (Edie Dewey) †'90, lives in Newtonville, Mass., with Catharine, the class baby, aged 7, and five year old Hilda. The summer home is in Duxbury, Mass. Address, Dexter Road, Newtonville.

Esther A. Kuhnen, †'90, is still at Overlook, Davenport, Iowa, busy with home and social duties.

Jennie C. Yale, '90, was married nearly three years ago to Mr. Frank W. Robinson. Her present address is 304 Van Buren Street, Belvidere, Boone County, Illinois.

Mrs. Arthur S. Walker, (Edythe Goodrich '90), has a charming home in New Britain, Connecticut, with two children, Dorothy and William.

Martha Hitchcock, †91, was a teacher last year in San Juan, Porto Rico.

Edith Kendig Croll, '92, was married in 1896 to Frank Brown. She has one son, W. H. Brown. Her present address is 6387 Drexel Road, Overbrook, Pa.

Alleine Hitchcock, † '93, has graduated from a two years' course in Normal Kindergarten Training in Pratt Institute, and is teaching in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Edwin Cotton, (Elsie Francis † '93), has had the honor of having a paper prepared by her and read before the Home Department of the Woman's League of Battle Creek, Mich., where she is now living, sent to the Reciprocity Bureau of the State Federation to be loaned to other clubs. Her subject was, "A Plea for Greater Simplicity in the Home Life".

The address of Mrs. Conrad H. Young, (Abigail Rockwell '93), is 6203 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. Allen E. Cross, (Ethelyn L. Marshall †'94), is now living at 38 Stedman Street, Brookline.

Bessie Baldwin Hopkins, '95, has a son, Edward Hopkins, born Feb. 27, 1902.

Helen Marland's, †'96, address is Griffin, Georgia, where she is teaching in a private school.

The address of Atala Lee Anthony, '96, is 12 Carter Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

The address of Mabel E. Doub, '96, is St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco.

Mabel S. Start, '96, is in Bakersfield, Vermont.

Alice Page, '96, is in Paris this winter with her mother. She is studying French and vocal music.

We learn that Sophia Rogers, '97, now Mrs. Wolfe, still comes to Yarmouthport, Massachusetts, for the summer, and that she has a little daughter, who, we hope, will some day come to Abbot Academy.

Anna Monroe Gilchrist, †'98, returned after Christmas to New York, to take up her studies at the Teachers' College, Columbia University. She will go back to Knoxville, Tenn., in the spring and have charge of the Domestic Science Department during the Summer School of the South. She will teach in the University of Tennessee all next year.

Catherine Sandford, †'99, is to be at the Westminster Hotel, in Boston, this winter, studying kindergarten music-building with Mrs. Darlington.

Mary King Marland's, C. P. '99, address is Griffin, Georgia, where she is teaching in a private school.

The present address of Lydia Otis Pattee, 1900, is 871 Plymouth Avenue, Fall River, Mass.

Winona Algie, † 1900, is teaching in a Quaker school in White Plains, New York.

The address of Eleanor Duncan, '02, is Fordham Heights, New York City, New York.

Jean David, †'03, is teaching in Milford, New Hampshire.

Helen Nason, †'03, writes from Moline, Illinois: "I am more than busy this winter, and am very, very happy. Sometimes I miss school awfully, but am too much taken up with kindergarten and Baby to allow much time for thinking about school."

A still more recent letter states that Helen Nason has given up kindergarten work for the rest of the winter, and that next winter she is coming to Boston to take up the work again.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert gave a reception and dance for Elizabeth Gilbert, † '03, January 6, 1904.

We hear that Anne Mason is having a very gay and pleasant winter with her sister, Mrs. James B. Kemper (Mercer Mason †'02) at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Mrs. Emily A. Searle is now living in Honesdale, Wayne County, Pennsylvania.

The visitors for the first semester are: Aletta Hegeman, †'03, Joanna Endicott, '01, Edith Burnham, †'03, Bessie Bampton, '03, Maria Pillsbury, '03, Lela Elliott, †'02, Elizabeth Gilbert, †'03, Mrs. E. M. Davis, †'75, Mrs. M. R. Emerson, †'64, Katharine Scott, '02, Mildred Mooers, †'01, Harriett Chase, †'02, Marion Morse, '97, Bertha Brown, '03, Edith Moses, '03, Grace Hind, '03, Belle Johnston, †'02, Katherine Herrick, '02, Leslie Crawford, C. P. '00, Mabel Tubman, '00, Elinor Barta, '03, Lucie Hegeman, C. P. '99, Frieda Billings, '01, Helen Bott, '03, Sadie Mills, '03, Marie Draper, '02, Lillian Mooers, C. P. '99, Isabel Herrick, C. P. '01, Mrs. W. R. Page, '76, Mary Carleton, †'00, Ella Robinson, †'94, Evelyn Carter, †'01, Susan B. Chase, †'93, Honora Spalding, †'02, Miss Isabel Tryon, Mrs. Philip F. Ripley, Helen Packard, †'03, Mrs. Mary L. Douglas McFarland, †'77, Gertrude Holt Gustin, †'98, Mrs Harry Hyde Cabot, '76, Augusta Billings Painter, †'76, Hattie Chapelle, †'76.

Engagements.

Abbe Adelaide Lane, '01, of Lowell, Mass., to Mr. Charles Lothrop Smith of Hyannis, Mass.

Emma Bixby, †'00, of Francestown, New Hampshire, to Mr. Edwin Place, a Senior at Harvard Medical School.

Edith Bryant Johnston, † '00, of Manchester, New Hampshire, to Mr. Winthrop Root Bliss of New York, now in business in Springfield.

Marriages.

RIPLEY-BACON.—In Peace Dale, Rhode Island, October 28, 1903, Miss Mabel Ginevra Bacon to Mr. Philip Franklin Ripley.

WARREN-GRIGGS.—In Danielson, Connecticut, January 28, 1902, Miss Frances W. Griggs, † '81, to Mr. Henry C. Warren. Present address is Grafton, Mass.

GRAY-JOHNSON-SELFRIDGE.—In Long Branch, California, January 1902, Miss Louise Johnson-Selfridge, †'80, to Mr. Frank Gray. Present address is 323 Cedar Avenue, Long Branch, California.

HUCKINS-ORRAL.—On December 10, 1902, Miss Blanche Orral, '97, to Dr. Theron H. Huckins. Present address, Tilton, N. H.

FURST-DUNN.—In Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, August 12, 1903, Miss Aida Dunn, † '94, to Mr. Sidney Dale Furst.

MOCK-CLARK.—In Derby, Connecticut, September 1, 1903, Miss Emma Adelaide Clark, '99, to Mr. Philipp Edmund Mock. Present address, 270 Elizabeth Street, Derby, Conn.

CHURCHILL-SMITH.—In Andover, October 7, 1903, Miss Mary Smith, †'97, to Lieutenant Marlborough Churchill.

ESTABROOK-NOONE.—In Dorchester, October 14, 1903, Miss Florence Elizabeth Noone, '01, to Mr. Charles Mason Estabrook.

WOOD-WILBAR.—In Taunton, Massachusetts, October 21, 1903, Miss Louise Rose Wilbar, '97, to Mr. Rufus Dean Wood. At home, 4728 Wallingford Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

DENISON-MARCH.—In Newport, Vermont, July 8, 1903, Miss Clare Dorothy March, '98, to Mr. Arthur Wirt Denison. At home, 226 Park street, Newton, Massachusetts.

Merrill-Farrell.—In Fort Dodge, Iowa, June 24, 1903, Miss Anna Lucile Farrell, † '01, to Mr. Roy Willard Merrill.

CROWELL-HALL.—In South Dennis, Massachusetts, November 25, 1903, Miss Minnie Ione Hall, '03, to Mr. Charles Alton Crowell.

OAKLEY-NORRIS.—In Concord, New Hampshire, June 17, 1903, Miss Mabelle Parker Norris, '98, to Mr. Harry Beecher Oakley. At home, 52 Pleasant Street, Concord, N. H.

SHAW-EDDY.—In Bay City, Michigan, September 10, 1903, Miss Kirty Eddy, † '95, to Mr. Howard L. Shaw.

Births.

- †'86. To Mr. and Mrs. George Morley (Ruth T. Shiverick) a son, George Monroe, born May 5, 1903.
- †'89. To Mr. and Mrs. Ethelbert Moore (Mattie Hart) 2 son, Roswell, born Nov. 12, 1903.
- †'91. To Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bailey Hardenburgh (Anna Bull) a daughter.
- '93. To Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Nicholls (Charlotte Conant) a daughter.
- †'96. To Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Peyton (Daisy Phillips) of Duluth, Minn., a son.
- †'97. To Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Quinby (Frances Hinckley) of New York, a son.
- †'oo. To Mr. and Mrs. John McCombs Ross (Gertrude Lawrence) a daughter, Dorothy Lawrence, born Aug. 21, 1903.
- '01. To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gordon Brewster (Bernice Marvelle) a daughter, Elizabeth Barber, born November 20, 1903.
- †'02. At Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Lieutenant and Mrs. James B. Kemper (Mercer Mason) a daughter, Lucy Ord, born January 8, 1904.
- †'97. In December, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Twichell (Bessie Stow).

Deaths.

- '57. Mrs. Oliver L. Briggs (Mary Sabine Stone), February 3, 1903.
- †63. In Detroit, Michigan, on November 3, 1903, Mary E. Towle, wife of Mr. N. S. Wright, daughter of the late J. Towle of Andover.
- †'63. In Plainfield, New Jersey, December 26th, 1903, Mr. Henry Dwight Janes. Mr. Janes was the husband of Ada S. Spaulding, A. A. '63.
- †'81. In Hotchkiss, Colorado, June 8, 1903, Charles E. Rice. Mr. Rice was the husband of Emma Lyon.
 - '87. Norma Allen was killed in a railroad accident early in 1903.

'50. In December, 1903, at Montclair, N. J., Mrs. G. H. Mills (Mary B. Smith).

At St. Augustine, Florida, May 10, 1903, Miss Rebecca Emerson Hasseltine.

At Cleveland, Ohio, January 18, 1904, Mrs. Abigail Olney. Mrs. Olney furnished the Lilian Holbrook Memorial Rooms at Draper Hall in memory of her adopted niece.

'58. In September, 1903, at Newton, Mass., Mrs. Levi B. Gay (Jennette Kenney).

Class Organizations.

204.

"Character and not regulation,"

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Flower . .

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205.

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The school year (September 17, 1903 to June 21, 1904) is divided into semesters.

The present year closes	Monday,	June	22, 1903
School begins at 9.00 A. M.	Thursday,	Sept.	17, 1903
School closes at 2.15 P. M.	Tuesday,	Dec.	15, 1903
Vacation of three weeks.			
School begins again at 9.00 A. M.	Thursday,	Jan.	7, 1904
First semester ends		Feb.	6. 1004

Vacation of two weeks.

Feb. 8, 1904

Tuesday, Mar. 29, 1904

Second semester begins

School closes at 2.15 p. m.

School begins again at 9.00 A. M. Thursday, Apr. 14, 1904 School closes at 12 M. Tuesday, June 21, 1904

For information and admission apply to the Principal, Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

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IN ZOOLOGY CLASS

TEACHER — "What are the functions of animal life?"

Pupil — "Indigestion and inspiration."



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HISTORY I

TEACHER - "Give the names of the four generals who divided Alexander's empire among themselves."

Pupil - "One begins with P."

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A sleigh-party went to Baldpate,
But got lost on their way and were late,
They all were so ravenous
That their looks were cadaverous
And each ate enough, sure, for eight.

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TRANSLATION—" Singing he was or flirting all the day."

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XIV

CHAUCER—"He was was not pale as a for-pyned goost." TRANSLATION — "He was not pale as a plucked goose."

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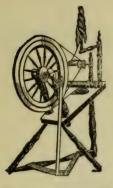
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There was silence on the corridor, But in the room that's 83, Lo! a soft voice sweetly murmurs "Who has been so good to me?"



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Where belles and beaux, with measured step,
Pass to and fro in the minuet.
A hundred candles throw their light,
On laughing eyes and jewels bright,
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The music plays so low and quaintly, And flowers nod and perfume faintly. Their swords the gallants gaily cross, My lady trips under, her curls a-toss; Then to her partner bowing low, She courtesies gracefully and slow, Long, long ago.

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The guests depart so blithe and gay,
As the red in the east proclaims the day.
The last candle sputters and the hall is bare
And cold and gray, with here and there
A little flower with petals faded,
So lightly kissing the dark oak floor,
Long, long ago.— A. B.

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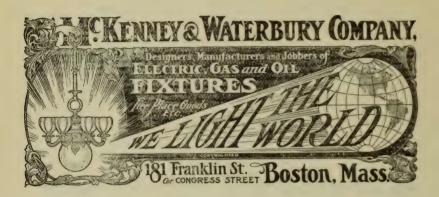
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At midnight there once was a party,
Where certain queer girls ate so hearty,
That one thoughtless maid
A frightful noise made
And then what became of the party?

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"Hecate was the cup-bearer of the Gods."





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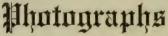
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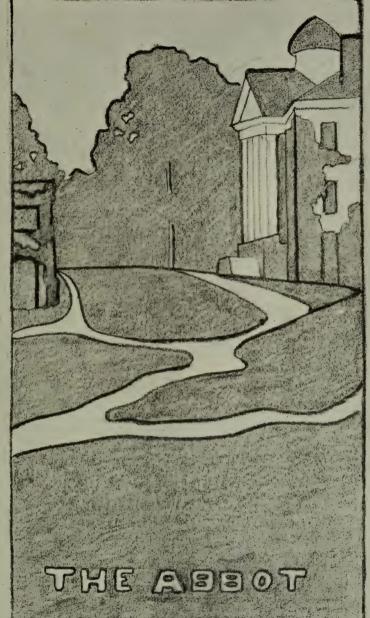
June, 1904

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1904





COVBANT



CONTENTS

The Elements of Design M. B. Smith	in M	Ioderr	ı Illu	istrat	ion		•	5
On the River, or "The I	Ingle	side"	•		•	•	•	8
The Style of Holmes E. Schneider	•	•	•	٠	•	•	•	9
Houstonia E. Schneider	٠	•	•	•	•	•	•	10
The Lockkeeper's Daug R. H. Pringle	hter	•	•	•	•		٠	11
Betty's Eyes		•	٠		•			12
Keeraimalai		•	•		٠	٠	•	13
The Fool in King Lear M. W. Cooper	•	٠		•	•			15
To "Tod und Verklärun H. Carmichael	ng"	•	٠	٠				16
Persuasion	•		•.	•		٠		17
The Cyclamen of Moun E. E. Ingalls	t Par	nassus	5	•			•	18
The Circus	۰		٠				•	19
My Empty Pocket Book M. K. Woods		•	٠	٠	•			20
Dorothea	•			•		٠		21
The Breton Fisherman G. Greening	•		•				•	22
The La Chine Rapids E. Schneider	•	•	•	٠			٠	24
A Nightmare	•	•	•		•		•	26
Editorials				۰				27
School Journal .								31
Alumnae Notes .			•			•		50

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MISS PHOEBÉ F. McKEEN



MISS PHILENA MCKEEN



HON. GEORGE L. DAVIS

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VOL. XXX

JUNE, 1904

NO. 2

The Element of Design in Modern Illustration.

THE Spectator's point of view is that of the interested onlooker. He writes of whatever comes his way and he interprets it as it appears to him. In taking this point of view he is freed from the responsibility of the ordinary critic, for he is giving speculation and personal ideas instead of facts and impartial judgments. You may agree with him or not as you fancy. Anyone fond of analyzing and interested in design can find field for this sort of investigation in the modern magazines, and in some children's books-perhaps best for this special study are the illustrated "Wonder-clock," "Golden Age," "Jeanne D'Arc," and "La Civilité." Some people are averse to design on the ground that it is artificial. Yet the most beautiful designs are in the forms of nature; as, for instance, the alternate rhythm of leaves on a branch, stars in snow-flakes, and water-circles. Harmony of line and the agreeable arrangement of space and color come from observing the laws of design. And in these books the Spectator wishes to point out this

element, which appeals to his own aesthetic sense and imagination.

First, look at the work of Boutet de Monvel; for in his pictures, the principles of design are most apparent. The color is one of the most striking features of the "Jeanne d'Arc." And the color scheme is entirely decorative. Think for example of the scene where Jeanne is arraigned before the Bishops of the Church—the dull brown equally distributed upon their monotonous, chunky, figures, and their yawning, vapid, faces; and in their midst — Jeanne, her purity, her zeal and her triumph over suffering symbolized in the radiance of her garments. You realize that the entire atmosphere and passion of this picture is expressed by the quality of its color. While passing over the battle scenes of this same book, the Spectator is interested in noticing the patterns made by repeating some form, such as men's or horses' legs, swords, or lances. But some of the pictures in the "Jeanne d'Arc" and almost all those in "La Civilité" tend towards caricature. This is a very annoying result of excess of design, where faces have ceased to be faces and are become decorative spots. Although this cannot be overlooked. Boutet de Monvel's best work is too valuable to be harmed by this slight fault.

The landscape painter, Maxfield Parrish, has illustrated the "Golden Age," one of the most charming books of imagination ever written for children. These illustrations are not colored. But by a careful arrangement and variation from white to black, they give a curious effect of brilliant sun-light. The picture for "The Holiday" is for this reason very effective. The round, dark trees with which Maxfield Parrish often fills in his landscapes, and his quaint, stiff gardens are decorative rather than realistic and show design in his composition.

The "Wonder-clock" introduces a different principle of design—the harmonious arrangement of line. Without wash or color, Howard Pyle has made spirited drawings to accompany his own fairy-tales. These illustrations are outlined, not sketched. Every bend or twist, every broadening or narrowing of the line is studied so as to express as truly as possible the

spirit of the whole. There is nothing careless or accidental. In his magazine work, Mr. Pyle has used decorative color along with variation of line, making his work different from that of Boutet de Monvel or Maxfield Parrish. Howard Pyle has two followers in his theory—Jessie Wilcox Smith and Elizabeth Shippen Green. These two names have appeared often in the magazines of the last two years in connection with charming child-pictures. If the series of pictures called "Mother's Days" by Miss Smith is not primarily design, it is greatly enhanced by the simple treatment and the nicety of detail which are results of a study of ornament.

In describing the work of these five illustrators, the Spectator has tried to show in each an element of decoration and design which seems to him essential, and which helps him to appreciate, not only the workmanship but the artist's interpretation of his subject. He is interested in this new movement towards the simplicity of other days, and he feels sure that in America it will crowd out what is careless and unworthy and will become the basis of future illustration.

Mary Byers Smith '04.

On the River; or, "The Ingleside".

Upon a cool and springlike day I hasten with my friend away. And seek the river for a ride In our new boat "The Ingleside". Into the stream the light boat swings, Down drop her oars like eagle's wings, And more than lifeless steel and bark She glides into the water dark. Her strength is ours, our will is hers, One life within us thrills and stirs. What joy with even sweep and sway To sail along the watery way, To feel each tense-drawn muscle strain. And hear the dripping blade's refrain! Or, resting on the lifted oar, To drift beside the dusky shore, Through green pads, swaving as we pass, And floating beds of pickerel grass, And watch with eager wondering eye The woodlands towering to the sky. The gnarled oaks spreading broad and low, The elms that tall and stately grow. We catch the smell of hemlock, pines, Of marsh-pinks and of wild-grape vines. And now in sunlight back again We round the headland's narrow plain. Three strokes — and on the shining sand We bring our little boat to land.

Julia H. Warren '05.

The Style of Holmes.

W E are apt to think of Holmes as a poet rather than an essayist,—strangely enough, for his best work was done in prose. Though he wrote a number of lovely songs, a good many of his verses were composed for special occasions and have lost something of their sparkle with the years, while others are merely humorous jingles. But in prose he is at his best and always delightful.

Holmes writes a great deal as we imagine he would talk, in an easy rambling style with many jokes and puns and witty sayings. Sometimes he discusses very serious problems and is wise and dignified in speech, then comes a burst of fun, and he is laughing again like a boy at his own gravity, and this will probably be followed by some tender, touching passage, exceedingly beautiful. This mingling of wit and pathos creates a certain kind of humor that is charming.

Holmes writes not only easily, like a cultured man and a scholar, but almost carelessly, as if he had given no particular thought to the construction of his work. Apparently he delights in simply writing. He wanders on and on, from one point to another, and often becomes involved in such tremendously long sentences that he is obliged to insert in parenthesis: "Stop and breathe here a moment, for the sentence is not done yet, and we have another long journey before us." He has a great love of detail which is especially evident in "My Hunt for the Captain." In this sketch we have every experience and change of scene minutely described, and it leaves us with a vivid impression of the long, hard search, and with a series of very clear pictures of the country in war-time.

Holmes has put his own personality into his work and it is an attractive personality, boyish and fresh and cheery. He is constantly making confidences and revelations concerning himself and seems to establish a friendly and intimate relation between himself and his reader. He is not a great thinker, but when he has no new thought of his own he polishes up an old thought and makes it so brilliant that it can hardly be recognized. In short, Holmes depends in his writing almost wholly upon the grace and charm of his style, and his style more than anything else has given him his place in American literature.

Elizabeth Schneider '04.

Houstonia.

Ι.

Is it a veil of melting snow? A soft, thin veil, that lingers still Upon the shoulder of the hill, With brown grass seen below?

II.

But ah, draw near! It is a throng Of wee flowers, delicate and white, Making the barren hillside bright Where winter ruled so long.

III.

The harsh spring wind sweeps rudely by. They sway on slender stems,—so fair, So brave and lovely, crowding there, All smiling toward the sky.

E. S., '04.

The Cock-Keeper's Daughter.

Along way down the side of the canal, along the well-worn tow-path, then down a little foot-path, and there in a hollow among the white hawthorne and tangled wild roses you will see what was once the home of little Primrose, the lock The cottage was small and grav with keeper's daughter. thatched roof, and if the door happened to be open, and I remember it often was in the afternoon and during the twilight hours, you could see the white wooden floor and you might see little Primrose running out to see a coming barge go through the locks. Though she had lived there all her life, Primrose always ran up the narrow path when she heard the tread of horses. But she liked best to listen for them in the evening when everything was still except for the twittered good-nights of the dickiebirds in the hawthorne; then she could hear the distant thud of the hoofs along the tow-path, sometimes there was a sharper sound which she knew was the clanging of the chains in the bow. Slowly the unseen barge would come on and soon Primrose knew the horses would turn the bend and after them would come the big black barge with the two red lights in the bow. Outlined against the evening sky, the barge seemed to little Primrose like a great dark monster glaring at her with piercing red eyes, and gliding slowly towards her without sound but for the occasional ripple of the water and the steady tread of the horses like the frightened beating of her heart. Nearer and nearer it came till those glowing eyes seemed almost upon her. Then suddenly the barge would stop, and the stillness and terror were broken by the bargeman's call "Lock ahoy! Lock ahov!" There was a groan of stretching wood and rusty hinges as the first lock slowly opened, then a rush of water and creaking of strained ropes and another cry, this time "Let 'er go! Let 'er go!" and the barge was through the first lock. In this way the great monster passed through the other locks while the tuneful calls of the bargemen grew fainter in the cool evening air and sleepy little Primrose wondered where all the barges went.

"When I'm big I'll go down the locks in a barge, down to the end of the canal to the big, big city; and there I'll live and be a great lady." This was Primrose's thought as the barge disappeared. When she was big she did go down to the great city, far away from the little gray cottage among the hawthorne bushes, and now, if you'll believe me, she wishes she were a little girl again, the lock-keeper's daughter waiting in the twilight to see the barges pass.

Ruth H. Pringle, '05.

Betty's Eyes.

Her eyes are like the violets in the spring,
That touch the meadows with their soft, deep hue,
For soft and deep the wondrous purple blue
Of Betty's eyes, and to us all they bring
The violet's message, brightening everything,
And scattering happiness the whole day through.
Those laughing violet eyes, so clear and true
And beautiful, what thankfulness they bring!
For Betty, who is only six, has learned
The joy of giving joy to those she loves.
And, more than all the beauty that we prize,
We love that greater gift, that has discerned
The loveliness that through all Nature moves,—
The sweet, bright soul that looks from Betty's eyes.

Mary Katherine Woods, '05.

Keeraimalai.

IES, I was considered the most beautiful woman of Southern India, until I ridiculed my sisters' lack of beauty. Then the gods were angered and they changed my face to the face of a mongoose.

Oh! I can neither tell you nor can you conceive of my anguish when I was turned out of my father's house the day of my betrothal!

For months I lived in a hut in the outskirts of the town; offering prayers, doing penance and burning incense to the God of beauty, but it was of no avail.

By chance one day I passed by a low-caste woman who was wailing for her son. He was dying of fever, yet the woman had not the money with which to buy incense to offer to the gods. I laid my pot of incense on the ground and said: "Woman do not come near me lest you pollute me, but when I am gone come and take this incense."

The woman looked at me and said "Alas daughter! if thou hadst not been afraid of being polluted and had'st given the incense in my hand, I could have told thee where thou couldst have gone to have thy natural face given back to thee; but now, for thy kindness, I can but tell thee, that when thou bathest thyself in the waters of the Ganga, thy beauty will return."

I wept to think that again my pride had brought me such misfortune, but I rejoiced that as soon as I found the Ganga, my beauty would return.

But when should I find the Ganga? That indeed was a great question. I resolved to visit all the temples and rivers in India, and surely I should find the right place in a few months. Such was my vanity!

Will you believe that I spent four years and seven months in India going from river to river, and temple to temple on foot, begging alms all the way, and still I did not find the blessed waters?

At last in despair I went to Ceylon and visited all the temples and rivers of our brothers' and sisters' land. Yea, I washed myself in every running stream, yet my face was still as that of a mongoose.

At last, weary, foot-sore, and heartbroken, I resolved to go back to my own country, there to spend the rest of my life in almsgiving and prayer that no one else should lose their beauty through conceit.

As I walked along the shore towards one of the ports of Jaffna Ceylon, I came to a pool whose ever-bubbling stream ran into the sea. In truth, it was so near the sea that I noticed that it must be covered at high tide.

As I stood wondering that such a little spring should hold its own against so large a sea, I noticed that a birdling which had come to drink had wet its wings, and was trying in vain to get away. In compassion I knelt down and took it out; forgetting in my interest that I was polluting myself by touching an unclean bird. While I was thus kneeling, the sand underneath me gave way and I myself fell into the pool. I got up, and as I stepped out I put my hand up to wipe my face and, lo, it was natural again.

In wonder I looked towards the shore to see if anyone was watching. No one was to be seen, but while I was still looking, the ground before me rose slowly, taking the shape of a mongoose's head.

Now I am a mother blessed with four sons. Ah, pray do not say they are good looking, for that will bring the evil eye upon them. But know you, they say that in Ceylon thousands of people go every year and bathe in that pool to be cleansed of their sins

The place is called Keeraimalai, the mongoose hill. Oh, say not that the gods are not gracious to those who are humble!

Abbie Allen Smith, '04.

The fool in "King Lear."

W E should hardly think a fool a fit friend for a king, yet the fool in "King Lear" proved himself to be one of the King's closest and best friends through all his trouble.

After Lear divided the kingdom between his two unworthy daughters, Regan and Goneril, the Fool seemed to lose all patience with him, for his sympathy was with Cordelia, the King's youngest daughter, whom he had disinherited.

He takes the liberty of telling Lear in the most open and not the most pleasing manner, his opinion of what he had done. He says:

"I had rather be any kind of a thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle!"

He tells Goneril in metaphor too clear to be misunderstood what he thinks of the way she is ruling her old father. "May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?" says he.

When Lear decides to go to his daughter Regan, thinking to receive kinder treatment, the Fool warns him that "she will taste as like Goneril as a crab does to a crab."

We do not hear from him again until Kent is in the stocks at Gloucester Castle. The Fool is talking with him, scoring him because he asked why King Lear came with so small a train. He says that that question in itself would be sufficient cause for putting him into the stocks. From this time on his impatience with Lear seems to change into pity.

When Lear leaves Regan, the Fool goes with him in the storm out across the heath. He takes him first to the hovel and tries to make him comfortable for the night. Then when Gloucester comes and finds them and takes them to the farmhouse and Lear's mind is wandering, the Fool humors him and helps him carry on the mock trial of Goneril and Regan. Gloucester leaves them here, and when he returns to tell them of the plot to kill Lear, they all leave for Dover except Edgar and Gloucester.

We hear nothing more of the Fool until the very end when Lear is mourning the death of Cordelia, and he says "And my poor Fool is hanged. Thoul't come no more!" Next to the death of Cordelia we are sure that Lear mourns the loss of his faithful Fool.

Marion W. Cooper, '04.

To "Tod und Derklärung."

[R. STRAUSS.]

The strains of music sad and sweet breathe low,
From strings that throb and quiver as in pain,
And ling'ring ever on that same sad strain,
They drop at last to silence soft and slow.
Unheeded now the moments come and go,
For sadness follows in the music's train,
And sad foreboding seizes me again.
It seems as if the world were full of woe.
But lo! there comes a sudden strain of joy,
Like light that gleams from out the darkened sky,
And brings great gladness back into my soul,
That must all taste of bitterness destroy;
And cherished hopes and dear, once more soar high,
And joy, and peace, and wonder, o'er me roll.

Helen S. Carmichael, '06.

"DERSUASION" is one of Jane Austen's most charming and interesting books. It is so simple and direct in its style and the story follows along so smoothly that there seems to be no place to put it down, without regret at having to leave it, and when it is finished one wishes that it might have been a little longer. The characters are as true to life as in all of Jane Austen's novels. We see the ridiculous and the sincere so delightfully mixed in together that it would be hard not to appreciate the humour and pathos of the situations. There is Lady Russell: her trustworthiness is felt at once, even though she has not the penetration to know when good manners are merely manners, and have no sincerity behind them. However, Lady Russell is a person to be respected, and one can't help feeling that although her advice had brought about much unhappiness in breaking up the engagement between Anne and Captain Wentworth, it was given in the spirit of a true friend, and that Anne had been right in allowing herself to be over-persuaded by her. Sir Walter Elliot and the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, are the most disagreeable characters in the book. They are full of vanity and are only good-humored when they are being flattered. The other daughter, Mary, is more likeable because one feels her harmlessness and good feeling even under her petulance and imaginary illnesses. Admiral and Mrs. Croft add a great deal to the book; they are so genial and hearty and devoted to one another.

Certainly no more charming heroine could be pictured than Anne Elliot. She is so modest, simple, and perfectly unconscious of all her lovely charms. She perhaps has not the high spirits or vivacity that Elizabeth Bennett has in "Pride and Prejudice," yet her friendliness and natural grace make her as lovable. There could be no fitter person for her to be in love with than Captain Wentworth. Their loyalty to each other during the eight years of their separation proved them to be more worthy of each other and capable of perfect understanding in the end.

There seems to be no definite impression left when one has finished the book, except the feeling of having been among very pleasant people and having really enjoyed the simple, friendly life at Uppercross Cottage and the gayer life at Bath.

A. T. B., '05.

The Cyclamen of Mount Parnassus.

Sweet winged beauty of the mountain air
So lightly poised against the craggy side
Of hoar Parnassus, what nymph or Dryad dyed
Thy roseate cheek with blushing kiss as fair
As ever morning cloud by Phoebus' pair!
Thy lovely colors variously pied
With rainbow hues seem an Aurora tide
Of joy to vanquish night and death and care.
Parnassus! here hath many a bard divine
Tuned his melodious lyre; the Muses nine
Here danced to pipe and song. Fled are they all—
The very loveliness of Earth their pall.
But still, sweet flower, upon thy dainty wings
We rise through nature to celestial things.

Edith E. Ingalls.

ATHENS, 1903.

The Circus.

A warm, pleasant evening, early in June, Delia sat on the side piazza, softly rocking. As the light wind bore the fragrance of the white lilacs to her, ruffling her hair, she smoothed the folds of her new print gown happily for she heard a step she knew.

"Why, Tom, me boy, is it yourself that's here? I niver dhramt that ye'd be round this avenin'. Wait till I fetch ye a rockin' chair."

"Dalia, me gurl, jist rin an' stick that pink flower-garden of yourn on top of yer pretty little head, an' we'll be off on the nixt car. The circus is in the city the night, and we'll be there in no toime."

But Delia could be quick enough when the occasion demanded, so that the next car carried two beaming people on the front seat.

"Oh, Tom, its foine and swell ye're lookin' with yer new straw hat and the shiny shoes. I'll be shure thim dimond studs cost ye miny a cint."

"Dalia, me vision of loveliness, we'll be havin' the toime of our lives, an' no mistake."

The time of their lives they certainly had. They saw the side shows thoroughly, pressing forward at last into the main tent.

"Ye'll no be lettin' the wild bastes hurt me, Tom?" Delia whispered anxiously in his ear.

"Niver fear, little gurl, Oi'll protect ye."

There never had been such a performance before. The lights had never been so brilliant, the music so gay, and the riding so wonderful. Delia gasped at the trapeze work and quite lost her breath in excitement over the tight-rope walking.

"Tom, promise me right here ye'll niver be one of thim men with the black tights and the spangles. It's beautiful to watch, but if a friend of mine was up there—It 'ud kill me intirely."

"Wud it now, Dalia?" and blushing Tom sighed happily. His chance came later in the deserted open car.

"Wud ye really be anxious if Oi was a tight rope man, Dalia? Wud ye be sorry if Oi was kilt? Oh, Dalia, light of me eyes, me star, me blossom, me jool, won't ye love me a wee bit? The likes of you ain't for me, Oi know, but Oi love ye, me darlint. Say ye will now, sweetheart."

The car began to climb a long, steep hill just then, and the lights grew dim. When they came bright again Tom was as pink as Delia, as he said joyfully—

"It's a proud boy ye're makin' me the night, Dalia, me

Sarah Hincks.

My Empty Pocket-Book.

My pocket-book to see is passing fair;
Why is it that with tears I lay it by,
When I have gazed on the sad majesty,
The empty glory, its compartments wear?
What signs of former opulence they bear!
What remnants of a former pride there lie
Within that purse! But now, beneath the sky,
So poor as I none breathe the fresh spring air.
And now upon me come the bills, so steep
That I have come to Difficulty's Hill,
And cannot pay them. Would that in the deep
Blue sea I them might bury! But my will
Must yield, and with my fallen pride asleep,
I must write home, my creditors to still.

Mary Katherine Woods, '05.

See Wordsworth's Sonnet on Westminster Bridge.

Dorothea.

WE feel in George Eliot's writings the author's deep interest in the characters she has set forth, and I think it is greatly this personal interest of hers which makes her people so charming to the reader. George Eliot not only masters this element of interest, but seems to take great care in giving her characters satisfactory homes. By this I mean the city or village in which they live is the most fitting place and seems to be the necessary environment on which to build their lives. Again, she lets her characters live in the time best suited to their temperaments and ambitions, as she depends a great deal upon circumstances as a partial former of lives. She also sets forth marked contrasts which enable the reader to realize the peculiarities of the different characters.

The spiritual, mental, and physical sides are often in harmony with one another. If George Eliot gives us a "noble" character she is sure to give us a noble figure; one with delicate lines and hands of great beauty. For example, in the "high-minded, noble Dorothea" we have a figure in which the lines and hands are the very semblance of dignity and nobility. At the same time, her simplicity of dress lends much charm.

George Eliot shows to us the eager striving of Dorothea for admittance into the inner life of her husband, while on the other hand she shows this husband to possess no real or true inner life. Moreover, Dorothea is a strong contrast to Rosamond, and we can know and understand the two different types of soul and beauty. Although some feel that Dorothea never accomplishes all that her ambition would enable her to, still we are left with the impression of the simplicity and nobleness of her character.

Che Breton fisherman.

THERE was a hurrying sound as of many mice scurrying over the floor, then all was quiet and the quaint Dutch clock on the mantel finished striking twelve. From force of habit the old fisherman rose from his chair before the fireplace, lighted his candle, and went to sleep for the few short hours that were left to him. For in the morning he must be up and away on his small fishing skiff, whose poor, little, tired sails flapped all day in the driving wind that blew off Reikiavik.

How many nights this same thing had happehed! Even the clock was accustomed to it; for the clock and the andirons knew, because they had come with the fisherman in the same small skiff from Brittany, and, too, they knew why he had come. But why did he come blustering into the little hut each evening singing "Jean François de Nantes", only to let the tune die on his lips at the threshold? And after the scanty meal why did he draw up the old chair before the fire and dream — dream till the clock struck twelve, while the wild wind lashed against the Iceland home, if it could be called home, with almost merciless blows?

What did the fisherman dream? That was the question that these many nights had puzzled the heads of the fisherman's belongings. When one knew that the sailor was sound asleep and the fisherman's glasses could always tell this, as they were pushed up into his grey hair - the glasses would give the signal. Then the old shells and the compass, the pen and the watch, the strange little Druid gods on the mantel, the poker and coal-skuttle would assemble on the hearth and wonder and ponder why the fisherman was sad, why he lived alone, and why he dreamed - and seemed to love to dream. They didn't know that in Brittany was his mind and his heart too; that there was once a little Breton girl there whom he loved and who was there no longer. And when she had left, he had come away too, to this land of the midnight sun - to forget her. But each evening she came back to him in his dream and made him happy.

That was what puzzled these many belongings. Scold and argue as they would, they could reach no conclusion. And so they had assembled for many nights on the hearth and had never reached an explanation of the fisherman's sadness for they were always interrupted by his awakening, when the old Dutch clock on the mantel struck twelve. Then they would have to scurry away, while the sailor lighted his candle, and the old clock ticked on and the andirons glowed,— for the clock and the andirons knew.

Gertrude Greening '04.

The La Chine Rapids.

AST summer, near the end of our trip in the Canadian forests, we struck the Ottawa River and followed it down to the St. Lawrence. This left us a few miles above La Chine. Most of the party went on to Montreal by way of the La Chine Canal, but four of us decided to shoot the rapids with Jules Painchaud, who is one of the best pilots on the river, and one of the very few who can take a boat through the La Chine rapids. I had some difficulty in getting permission to go. The chief objection seemed to be that I was a girl, but this was overcome by dint of much coaxing and argument, and at last we set out down the St. Lawrence.

Our boat was something like the whaling boats one sees in pictures, long and narrow and pointed at both ends. There was just room for two people to sit side by side. The four boatmen were in the forward part, each pulling a great oar, and we four sat facing them, while Jules Painchaud stood behind us, steering the whole craft. He was a grim, silent man, with Indian blood in his veins, and he did not speak a word during all the journey.

The river grew much narrower and swifter when it approached La Chine and soon we could see the islands ahead and the great stream churned its foam between them. We sped on and on. Suddenly the water became a live thing and the boat leaped and writhed in its clutch. The spray almost blinded us for a moment. Then, as we saw Jules Painchaud standing there behind us, with set face, every muscle tense, fighting the current, we realized for the first time what a foolish, reckless adventure we had undertaken. Were we going to get through alive? Everything depended on Jules, for the rowers could do little now but try to steady the boat with their oars, or occasionally take a strong, deft stroke in the midst of the torrent.

The rapids were at their very worst that day, for it was late in August and the water was low; besides, there was a strong wind blowing and our boat was heavily loaded. I do not pretend to much courage, and I will confess that I, for one, was

paralyzed with fear. I sat with my lap full of water, gripping the edge of the boat hard and not daring to move or speak or even breathe. I felt sure that if I turned my eyes for an instant from the raging, writhing water before us we should lose the channel and plunge headlong upon the hidden rocks.

For more than a mile we raced on in this fashion. times the water rose in great whitecapped waves, like breakers on the sea-shore; sometimes it slanted smoothly, but looked even more ominous as it heaved and fell with a slight motion, its surface crimped delicately by interlacing eddies. And the boat swayed and staggered and bounded along, crashing through huge billows so that we were drenched with spray, or gliding ever so swiftly and quietly as it was sucked in among the whirlpools. Through it all Jules guided us, with wonderful strength and courage. He had to see, or rather, feel exactly what to do, and do it like a flash. He had to know the channel and had to allow for any changes in it caused by the wind and tide; above all, he had to make the boat obey him absolutely. Down we went, through the last rapids which were most terrible of all, and with a sudden, glorious, breathless plunge we shot into quiet water again and were safe.

Below the rapids the river was wide and tranquil. On one shore we could see a little village, huddled about its tin roofed church, and straight ahead down stream was the long iron bridge crossing the river, and beyond it the towers and chimneys of Montreal, dark against the sunset. Jules laid his paddle across his knees and mopped his forehead silently. The boatmen bent to their oars, and soon we were gliding into the placid harbor of Montreal.

Elizabeth Schneider, '04.

a Nightmare.

DRIP, drip, drip. There, that is the last drip! That must be the last, it never can keep on! Oh dear! There it is again, drip, drip, drip! Why, I shall go frantic, why can't it be any other place but the end of my nose? I know the skin is wearing away; if my hands were only free! Where are they anyway? There it is again, drip, one, two, three, four; I shall scream, but I can't make a sound and my mouth will not close. I wonder how many windows there are in all the houses in Andover. Where shall I begin? Abbot Hall, no, I will begin at the top of the hill, the Seminary is good, or the Inn, or the Commons, or - Oh! I thought I was falling; I am, down, down, down; is there nothing to save me? Oh horrors! a rusty nail, but that will not even hold me. Drip, drip, drip; I can see it coming, my nose is bleeding, I feel it running down my neck, it tickles horribly. Will nobody save me? I am drowning; I cannot keep up; if I could only swim; the water must be rising, I could touch the bottom, but now - One, two, three, four, five; there, I missed a brick and must go back to the beginning; one, two, three, four, five, six — no, one, two — drip, drip, drip why, here my hands are, and here is a -. But where am I? How hot I am! I must have been dreaming. Why its morning, yes it surely is, for the bell is ringing and breakfast is ready. I am released from a horrible nightmare, but, alas! not from a demerit.

Cornelia Williams, '06.

Editorials.

We are sure that our readers will be cheered by the sight of the faces which greet them on the opening of this number of the COURANT. To the memory of these three friends and helpers of the school we raise this year a noble building and hall, the history and description of which will be elsewhere told. The name of McKeen is commemorated by the whole building, and that of Davis by the beautiful hall and gymnasium within. We need not recall the years of service of the two sisters, coming here from Oxford, Ohio, in 1859; Miss Phebe ceasing to serve in this life in 1880; and Miss McKeen continuing in charge of the school up to 1892, then retiring to the peace of "Sunset Lodge" on the school grounds, and there passing away from us in 1898. Of their work the large material growth of the school and the characters of hundreds of strong women will testify: and truly we do not feel an exaggeration in applying to them the verse, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

Mr. George L. Davis became a trustee of the school in the same year, 1859, and remained in that office until his death in 1891. Miss McKeen writes of him, "His great, sympathetic heart, the buoyancy of his hopefulness, and his readiness to help, made him a strong tower to which we could run in any emergency." His modesty concealed his generous giving as much as possible. He made his house most hospitable to all the girls of the school, and especially to those left here at vacation or who happened to be delicate in health. Many a woman remembers with warm gratitude the open-hearted kindness and sociability with which she was welcomed in the North Andover home. These strong, kindly, beneficent faces carry with them the benediction upon the school and its work which we rejoice to read in the memorial to them and upon which we pray a blessing.

The memory of those who have shown love and confidence in Abbot Academy is always held dear however unpretentious and humble it be; but sometimes we are ourselves humbled by the testimony of large gifts. It was such a feeling which arose when we were told of the bequest of Mrs. Esther H. Smith Byers. By the terms of her will, her paintings, bronzes, pieces of statuary, and other works of art, are given to the trustees of the Academy, together with \$40,000 to erect a fireproof building suitable to hold and exhibit them. The will also directs that the building shall be erected within two years of the notification by Mrs. Byers' trustees that the money is available, unless they consider another year necessary: that it be put upon the grounds of the school, and that it be called the "Johnesther Gallery," uniting the Christian names of Mr. and Mrs. Byers. The Academy is made a custodian of these things for the town and for all scholars and students: a trust in which she feels much honour.

The whole matter is still in an informal condition so that this must be taken simply as an appreciation of the great generosity of Mrs. Byers in wishing to entrust to us, for the benefit of the town as well as of the school, what she evidently hoped would become a nucleus of a collection which should stimulate and educate the sense of beauty among us.

Mrs. Byers also added \$1,000 to the scholarship founded in memory of Miss Nancy J. Hasseltine, whose pupil she was when Miss Hasseltine was principal here.

The school is interested just now in the appearance and finishing of the new McKeen building. During the winter while it was being built we speculated and wondered as to its looks and capacities, and now we can appreciate and see them. The building is of brick the colour of Abbot Hall, and in architecture combines the style of Draper Hall with that of Abbot. The central door leads into a well-lighted hall, and on the right is the large assembly-hall and gymnasium given by Mr. Geo. G. Davis of North Andover in memory of his father, Hon. Geo. L. Davis. This is the whole width of the building and is large and light

with a stage to the left of the entrance; opposite the stage and facing Abbot Hall is the Churchill memorial window, and above the entrance is the organ loft. The ceiling is arched and panelled and adds much to the beauty and loftiness of the hall. To the left of the main entrance are the class rooms. These are large and in every case very light, having several windows in each. On the next floor are still more class rooms, and in addition a long lecture room to be used for the alumnae banquet this year, and which, if necessary, may be divided into two smaller rooms. Above this floor is the attic which might easily be made into finished rooms. But the basement is one of the most interesting parts of the building. In it is a large dressing-room with several shower-baths in the centre. Just off this room is an unfinished part of the cellar which could be used for a swimming-tank and near this is space for a bowling-alley. At the other end of the basement is the day scholars' room, large and bright, with an adjoining toilet room. Near this room at the end of the hall which runs lengthwise through the basement is a door leading out on the grounds. One of the main features of the building is an enormous electric fan which circulates the air through it. The heating is in connection with that of the buildings of Phillips Academy, and electricity is the only light to be used. The building is well protected from fire on account of its numerous and well placed exits and from the fact that the staircases are of iron. All the floors will be of hard wood and the rest of the wood-work is of pine and will be painted white. The whole building is light and full of air and is attractive from every point of view.

The sentiment of family tradition is strong in all of us. We know that it is the horde of family tradition behind it that makes the observance of Thanksgiving and New Year's so precious to us. We are not, however, so sensible to school and class tradition. Dr. Roger Merriman, last winter, showed us how strong a hold the traditions of Oxford had upon the students. Our school traditions, few and more recent though they are, should affect us no less strongly. The older anniversaries and school exercises have their well known and well-

observed customs, which have been handed down from class to class. But the newer traditions, as those of Field Day, are forgotten from year to year, resulting in misunderstanding and ill feeling. On occasions like Field Day where class distinction is so nice, every means should be taken to avoid disagreement. And as we know that misunderstandings have been caused by ignorance of class customs, we must as our duty make sure that the younger class thoroughly knows and agrees to the Field Day tradition. Bitter class rivalry will then become an even race. When each class knows that the decoration begins on the Tuesday before Field Day at 3.30; that a tag of class color claims a tree or object for decoration; that a tree or anything else tagged by one class cannot be claimed by the other—when these traditions are passed with the many others that we know and honor, early morning disputes will be unnecessary and will cease to be. It is as much the duty of the coming class to find out and know for itself these traditions, as for the present class to preserve and hand them down. Each must come half way. And by keeping these traditions, classes will be united more closely, and the observance of Field Day will be of greater significance.

The production of a Shakespeare play this year, instead of the usual sort of modern comedy chosen for Senior dramatics, caused a great deal of comment, and, before the play, conjecture as to "how it was going to turn out." The great success of "Much Ado About Nothing" showed that this unusual step had been taken in the right direction. The very fact that they were trying Shakespeare gave each girl a stronger incentive to do her very best; and there was not a Senior but felt that the hard work she had put into the play was well worth while. 1904 has established, in the choice of her Senior play, a precedent worth following—that of being satisfied only with the best.

School Journal

Hall Exercises.

January 30, Miss Bissel spoke to the school about anti-suffrage, and said that in places where women's suffrage is most thought about and talked about it is most actively rejected. She said that only a small proportion of women are well educated, and if the ballot were granted them it would simply increase the number of ignorant voters, while the vote of the colored women in the South would double the troubles of the government. Miss Bissel thinks that women can become centres of influence in the homes and schools and that they can sometimes accomplish more than men, because they are free from politics and from any suspicion of interested motives.

February 13, Mr. Anderson told us about the Floating Hospital, where over eight thousand babies are cared for in the course of the summer. Sick children who have not contagious diseases, and crippled children also, are received on board, and there is even a kindergarten on the boat for well children. Mr. Anderson described the difficulty of turning away anxious parents because of the lack of room, and the heart-rending scenes that are often seen on the boat.

February 27, Miss Deppen sang; "Hearts and Flowers", Miss Howells played, and Miss Means talked to the school about conduct.

March 6, Mr. Crosby of the Lowell Textile School talked on methods of manufacture and the development of sciences and inventions, especially the development of the kinds of machinery used in spinning and weaving. He emphasized the fact that science is simply the study and application of the laws of nature.

April 23, Mrs. Joseph Cook gave a talk on Eastern women. She told us about Japanese women in their own country and about some Japanese girls who were educated in America. The Japanese government is doing much for the education of girls, but the Chinese government does little, leaving most of the work to private enterprise. Mrs. Cook says that the Hindu women are a great power in their own land, and when educated have done very wonderful work.

Hall Exercises on May 21 were both useful and entertaining. Miss Harvey told us how to treat simple injuries and gave object lessons in bandaging.

Lectures

March 12, we had the great pleasure of listening to a lecture by Professor Sarah Whiting, of Wellesley, on Radio Activity. She spoke of the great changes that have come about in the scientific world during the past few years, and the necessity of stretching one's imagination and one's mind, in order to take a bird's-eve view of the "new physics"; and then she told us, illustrating by means of an outline she had put upon the blackboard, something of the history of the great discoveries in the realm of physics, from the Newtonian theory of the visible spectrum, in 1675, through the works of Langley, Rowland, Hertz, and Roentgen, to the latest and most wonderful discovery of all - that of radium and radio-activity by Monsieur and Madame Curie, in 1903. She illustrated, by striking metal rods, the waves of sound, and the differences between the various sorts of sound waves, and she also illustrated, with a magnet, the lines of force that exist, between the two poles of the magnet, and the wonderful electro-magnetism of the ether. Then she spoke of light waves, and of the transmission of these waves of light in the ether as the foundation of the Marconi system. She showed us the sort of tube in which it was first possible to concentrate the magnetism of the ether in the production of X-rays. The last part of the lecture was illustrated by stereopticon pictures of various substances, and by photographs of men who have brought about some of the great changes in the world of physical science. After the lecture Professor Whiting showed us some radium and uranium, and some of her apparatus for "making electricity". We not only learned a great deal from this lecture: we enjoyed it thoroughly, and came away with our eyes more fully opened to the real "fairy-land of science."

May 14, Colonel Higginson gave us another entertaining talk. His subject was the anti-slavery movement as he remembered it. He described very vividly the great anti-slavery meetings in Boston, when he heard Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Frederick Douglass, and other famous men. Colonel Higginson very soon took an active part in the movement. He made a brave attempt to rescue Anthony Burns, was connected with the Underground Railway, organized parties of Maine woodsmen for Kansas, and even went out to Kansas himself for a short time. All these experiences he described in a charming, half-humorous way.

At the time of the war Colonel Higginson raised two companies in the North, then went down to South Carolina to enlist the negroes. He was much interested in the wonderful camp life and found his soldiers brave and affectionate. One of their curious customs was "rising a song" about the camp fire in the evening. Colonel Higginson gave us specimens of these songs and told many stories of the heroism of the negroes and their desperate attempts to reach freedom.

June 4, the last lecture of the alumnae course was given by Mr. Richard E. Burton, on the novel. He said that the novel now occupies the central position in literature, that the epic, the drama, and the essay once did. It originated with Richardson and Fielding just before the middle of the eighteenth century, at a time when an increased sense of social relation was beginning to be felt. This feeling was shown in the popularity of the theater, the Coffee-house, and the newspaper, but especially in the novel, which is the most free expression for personality of them all. As its name implies, it meant something new; it succeeded the romance, of which "Robinson Crusoe" is a good example. The romance was a loose conglomeration of mystery, horror, love, (of an inferior sort), and war. Increased interest in personality brought the novel, and the names of these early novels: "Pamela", "Clarissa Harlowe", "Tom Jones", etc., show that each was the study of a human being.

This interest in personality is the first of the underlying principles of the novel. The second principle is the tendency towards democracy, for to the novelist everything human is interesting as such. The third great principle of the novel is truth, truth of speech, action, dress, scenery, and above all, of character. The novel should be true to life because literature is simply life, expressed in terms of power and beauty, and it often gives an explanation which life itself hardly gives us.

Mr. Burton mentioned two abuses of the main principles. The first is the metaphysical novel in which the psychology is overdone and there is no plot and no objective interest, no external action to justify the author in dwelling on motive. The second abuse is that seen in a certain class of realistic novels. The romance of today, as represented by Stevenson, Mr. Burton called the highest type of fiction. It is built on romance and realism, and it is not false truth but beautiful truth; it enlarges and uplifts mankind and sets singing "the time-devouring nightingale".

Entertainments and Excursions.

On the evening of January 25, Miss Chickering chaperoned the Seniors and College Seniors to a reception at the November Club House. The program was delightful, containing songs and readings and a monologue, which was most amusing. The evening ended with an informal dance which the girls were loath to leave.

It will be long before the sleigh ride to Bald Pate on January 26 is forgotten. The snow was falling slightly when twenty girls, with Miss Slocum as chaperon, started. After losing the way several times in the blinding snow, which had fallen faster and faster until there was a perfect blizzard, the party encountered the Bald Pate inhabitants on their way to a theatre party in Georgetown, and persuaded them to go back and get some supper for the belated and half-famished travellers. For an hour the girls danced about the great open fire. Then supper was served, a meal which was promptly pronounced by each the best she had ever eaten. The snow had kept on falling, and by this time had made return in the darkness impossible. Resigned to camping over night, every one had the best fun possible, and in spite of some discomforts, the Bald Pate trip was the most exciting and pleasant one this year.

January 26, though a stormy night, was crowded with "events". Six of those who did not go to Bald Pate went with Miss Durfee to the second lecture of the Punchard course, which was an illustrated address by Mr. Howard Dubois, on the Canadian Rockies. The others had a jolly pop-corn party in Miss Means's room, where there were stories and games and all sorts of fun.

Miss Converse chaperoned a party to "The Star of Bethlehem" January 27. This was one of the Ben Greet Company's old miracle plays, with the Elizabethan setting and costumes, and was especially interesting as an example of the English stage before and during Shakespeare's time.

Through February the Faculty gave a series of afternoon teas. The first of these was February 2, and the others followed on February 9, 16, and 23. The girls ushered, and served refreshments for the guests in the Senior parlor.

Tuesday evening, February 2, the Y. W. C. A. gave an entertainment consisting of two short farces, both very funny and both very well played. Pop-corn was sold between the acts. The "dramatis personae" were as follows:—

EBONY FLATS AND BLACK SHARPS.

AUNT JUDY SHARP			Abbie Smith
SAL SHARP .			Muriel Closson
MRS. PASSUMLY			Nancy Gilcrest
Mrs. Shadow .			Mabel Fordham
Mrs. Darke .			Clara Castle
GHOST			Ruth Roberts

A PAIR OF LUNATICS.

Mr. George Fielding		Gertrude Greening
MISS CLARA MANNERS		Ruth Lane

Miss Converse chaperoned a party from the English classes to the Ben Greet Company's presentation of "Merchant of Venice", February 3. This was another of the Elizabethan plays, and no attempt was made at Venetian costumes or scenery.

February 3, Miss Slocum and seven girls went to the basketball game between Andover and the South Boston High School. Andover won, with a score of 55-o.

The Seniors and a chorus of twelve from the Fidelio went in to Boston, February 6, to the meeting of the Abbot Club in the Vendome parlors. The girls from the Fidelio sang, and after that Miss Alice French — Octave Thanet — spoke about Abbot, past and present, and the spirit and influence of the school.

February 8, Miss Durfee, Miss Chickering, and Miss Slocum chaperoned a large party to a lecture — the third and last of the Punchard course — by Jacob Riis, on "The Battle with the Slums". Mr. Riis spoke of his own experience and that of others in fighting the slums in New York, and told of the great improvements of the past few years in New York's "east side".

Miss Durfee entertained her corridor at a fudge party, February 9; the girls played games and told stories and did stunts of all sorts—besides making and eating the fudge,—and they had a fine time.

Several girls, with Miss Slocum as chaperon, went to the basketball game between Andover and Boston University, February 10. Andover won, with a score 32-2.

For the first time the Junior class of Phillips gave a "promenade" this year, to which the Senior and Senior Middle classes of Abbot were invited. In the afternoon of the day of the "prom.", February 12, Mr. and Mrs. Stearns gave a reception for all those who were

invited to the dance. Miss Chickering, Miss Lawrence, and Miss Converse chaperoned a large party to this reception, while Miss Slocum and five of the girls went to the K. O. A. tea at Mrs. Reed's. At eight in the evening the carriages began to come for the "prom." The gymnasium was decorated with flags, and the settees along the wall were made comfortable by many pillows. The music was fine, and the floor perfect. Refreshments were served at eleven. And at half-past twelve, when with their chaperons, the guests from Abbot drove home, all agreed in pronouncing the Junior Prom. a most decided success.

Monday afternoon, February 15, the members of the November Club played "Ye Interlude of Ye Disobediente Chylde". The story was of an Elizabethan "prodigal son" who refused to go to school and insisted upon leaving home and marrying a wife who proved anything but a blessing. The play was exceptionally funny, besides pointing an excellent moral.

February 16, Mrs. Burt invited about twenty-five girls to a German in the November Club House. An orchestra from Lawrence furnished the music, and there were five figures. One of the prettiest favors was a ribbon on which the Phillips and Abbot seals were painted in gold. Miss Slocum, Miss Knowles, Miss Lawrence, and Miss Converse chaperoned the girls. Mrs. Burt, Miss Means, and Mrs. Stearns received; and those who went to this dance will remember it as one of the pleasantest events of the term.

February 17, Miss Slocum chaperoned a small party to a basketball game between Andover and Lowell Textile School. The score was 35-4 in favor of Andover.

Thursday, February 18, was the day of Mr. Downs's second concert. Mrs. Brackett, soprano, and Mrs. Hunt, alto, sang. The program included among others, selections from Chaminade, Strauss, Debussy, Verdi, and Godard. Mr. Downs's last concert was on the twelfth of May, and was a piano recital by Madame Helen Hopekirk. Perhaps the most beautiful numbers of her program were Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song" and the three selections from Chopin. It was with a great deal of trouble and expense that Mr. Downs secured these three recitals for us, and we are very grateful to him for the pleasure we received from them.

Two girls went to Boston, February 20, to the Wagner concert given by Walter Damrosch's orchestra and the New York Symphony,

assisted by Madame Nordica. Especially interesting were the selections from Parsifal, the Prelude, the Processional of the Knights of the Grail, Amforta's Lament, sung by Mr. Archambault, Kundry's Song, by Madame Nordica, and the Good Friday Spell, a violin solo by Mr. David Mannes.

A few of the girls who staid at school during the Washington's Birthday vacation went to the Dartmouth-Andover basketball game, February 22. Dartmouth won, with a score of 22-15.

March 7, several girls went to the lecture in the November Club House, by Mrs. Kelley, on Child Labor. Mrs. Kelley spoke of the labor conditions in some of our great cities, and urged the need of enforcing the law against child labor.

On the 8th of March, Miss Kelsey chaperoned a party of seven girls to one of Richard Strauss's two Boston concerts. Mr. Strauss had his own orchestra, and was assisted by the Philadelphia Symphony, while Madame Strauss sang. Certainly, those who went to this concert will always be glad of the opportunity to have heard this much discussed composer and his orchestra, and certainly none of the music heard that day, especially the wonderful "Tod und Verklärung" will ever be forgotten.

The evening of March 8, the school had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hamilton Mabie at a reception given by Miss Means. A great many friends from town were present, and this was one of the pleasantest receptions of the year.

Miss Slocum chaperoned a large party to the Indoor Meet at Phillips, March 9. The chief event of the Meet was the breaking of the shot-put record, by Bullock.

March 9, Miss Chickering, Miss Patterson, and Miss Converse chaperoned several of the girls to Mr. Hamilton Mabie's lecture in Lawrence on "Great Men and Great Books". Mr. Mabie spoke of the relation between what men are and what they write, and the way in which they influence their readers.

Miss Slocum took a good many girls to the basketball game between Phillips and Boston Tech., March 12. The score was 14–6 in Andover's favor.

March 12, Miss Mason gave a tea for Miss Sarah Whiting, of Wellesley, to which all the Science Department were invited. It was a great pleasure to meet Miss Whiting, to whose lecture on Radio-Activity we had just listened with interest.

Many of the girls were invited to a tea in the November Club House, March 14. This was one of the many "functions" that helped to make the winter term such a pleasant one.

Miss Schiefferdecker entertained the Andover Girls' Guild, March 15, with stories of Egypt and the Pyramids. Most of the girls had never heard of Egypt, and they listened with great wonder and interest to what seemed like astonishing fairy tales. So entranced were they that they begged Miss Schiefferdecker to come again, and bring some one who could play for them to dance. So, on the second Tuesday evening after the holidays, April 26, she took some of the girls to the Guild meeting, where they played, sang, recited, and danced, and enjoyed the evening immensely. The little girls were delighted, and begged them all to come again soon.

March 16, a large party, with Miss Bosher as chaperon, went to a basketball game, where Andover beat Brown and Nichols with a score of 32-11.

March 17, Miss Merrill chaperoned the College Seniors to see Nance O'Neil as "Meg Merrilies" in "Guy Mannering". It was a rare opportunity for them to see so remarkable an actress.

The Andover Musical Clubs gave their annual concert in the Town Hall, March 18. As is usual on such occasions, a large number of girls went, and, also as usual, they enjoyed the concert from beginning to end.

March 22, Miss Bosher took several girls to a small dance given in the November Club House under the patronage of Mrs. Stearns and Mrs. Baldwin. Every one had a delightful time.

Miss Lawrence chaperoned a large party, Friday evening, April 14, to the Harvard Dramatic Club's production of Ben Jonson's "Alchemist". The play was remarkably well staged and well acted, and the audience was both interested and amused by the "doings" of Subtle and Face and their dupes.

April 14, some of the Seniors, with Miss Durfee, Miss Slocum and Miss Converse went to the presentation of "Much Ado About Nothing" at Radcliffe College. This was the play that our class of 1904 had chosen as their Senior Dramatics, a fact which made the Radcliffe performance especially interesting and very helpful.

April 15, the Art class, with Miss Patterson, and the History of Art class, with Miss Knowles, had the rare opportunity of visiting Mrs.

Gardner's famous "Italian Palace." Here wonderful collections with their harmonious settings make a sight that beggars description.

Ten girls, with Miss Bosher as chaperone went to see Hermann Friday evening, April 22. There were the customary wonders and the performance was much enjoyed, as entertainments of that sort always are.

Dartmouth played Andover April 18, and Miss Slocum chaperoned a party from Abbot. The score was 7-1 in favor of Dartmouth.

The annual May Breakfast in the Town Hall was held on Saturday, April 30, and was attended by about forty girls and several of the teachers. The breakfast consisted of fruit, rolls, doughnuts and all sorts of pie and cake—the Abbot party had a large table just in front of the stage, where a very good orchestra "discoursed sweet music" while breakfast was served. During the morning, Miss Harvey had a great many callers, all requesting "soda mints, please," but the fun and enjoyment of the May breakfast quite over-balanced the discomfort.

The afternoon of April 30, Miss Converse chaperoned rather a large party to see Nance O'Neil in "Macbeth." It is at least safe to say that the girls who saw Miss O'Neil's "Lady Macbeth" will remember it always.

Instead of the usual farce or modern comedy, the Senior class gave one of Shakespeare's plays this year. It was harder work of course, than Senior Dramatics had ever been, and seemed a difficult and rather a hazardous undertaking. But on the third of May the success of "Much Ado About Nothing" was so great as to be surprising. Each girl had put her very best work into her part, and the result was a play remarkably well staged and well produced. We must offer to the Seniors our heartiest congratulations for their very great success. The cast was as follows:

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon .	Miss Laura Eddy
Don John, his brother	Miss May Eddy
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence .	Miss Helen Abbott
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua .	Miss Mabel Fordham
LEONATO, governor of Messina	Miss Mildred Gunter
BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro	Miss Amy Slack
CONRADE BORACHIO followers of Don John	Miss Julia Wallace
Borachio S Tollowers of Doll John	Miss Helen Childs
Friar Francis	Miss Verta Smith
Dogberry, a constable	Miss Abbie Smith

VERGES, a headborough Miss Mary Davis OATCAKE) Miss Helen Phillips two watchmen SEACOLE (Miss Mary Shute A SEXTON . Miss Amy Slack HERO, daughter to Leonato Miss Marion Cooper BEATRICE, niece to Leonato Miss Mary Smith MARGARET | gentlewomen attending Miss Bessie Winsor on Hero Miss Elizabeth Case

May 6, Miss Converse and Miss Lawrence chaperoned some of the girls to the baseball game between Andover and Yale. Andover won 5-3.

Miss Bosher chaperoned a party to the annual Philo-Forum debate in the Phillips chapel, May 10. The question was whether or not trusts should be abolished by law, and the decision of the judges was in favor of Philo.

Several girls went with Miss Slocum, May 11, to see Andover defeat the Harvard Freshmen in baseball, with a score of 14-3.

Wednesday, May 18, having been decided upon for Field Day, it. as usual, rained. On account of this the order of events was changed and the basketball game was played early in the morning, immediately after the track events. 1905 won the game, score 6-2; both sides sang lustily all through the game, and the Senior Middlers surprised their rivals and all the spectators by appearing with huge yellow farmer's hats, profusely decorated in green and white. Both mascots were greeted with a great deal of applause, the Seniors' being a very tame Angora goat, wearing a yellow blanket on which were the class numerals in black, and the Senior Middlers a small boy dressed as a miniature Robin-Hood, all in "Lincoln green." In spite of the rain, everything went off very well. When the points were counted, it was found that '04 had fifty-seven, and '05 twenty-nine, so the honors of the day went to the Seniors, who in the evening had a grand celebration in the shape of a luncheon at nine and a candle parade "after lights," to both of which the Senior Middlers were invited. Two precedents were established on Field Day this year; one the giving of a cup to the winner of the most points, and the other the establishment of a new record of forty-nine inches in the running high jump. The cup was awarded to Helen Abbott, who had made the new record and won eighteen points.

May 21, Miss Kelsey took the geology class to Nahant on the longest of the class's spring excursions. A large part of the trip was

by carriage along the beach, and the ride down was almost, but not quite, as pleasant as the time spent at Nahant. The day was perfect, and the excursion was unanimously declared to be the most delightful of the spring outings.

On the evening of May 24, a party of girls, under the chaperonage of Miss Helene Baldwin of Andover, drove to Bald Pate. Though this ride was not as exciting as the one in the winter, it was nevertheless very good fun. Besides this driving party, two crowds of girls went on delightful trolley rides that Tuesday evening, one party with Miss Merrill to Woburn, and another with Miss Lawrence to Reading.

Wednesday afternoon, May 25, the basketball team, their substitutes, and some of the Seniors, took the 2.30 car for Bradford to play the game of the year. It was rather a subdued crowd who went over, for the Bradford girls had practised all winter, and the Abbot team had had but two weeks' practice since fall. The girls were met at the car by Miss Bouvé and several Bradford girls, and taken to the school. The people there were cordiality itself, and when the Abbot team trotted on to the field at half past three, they were greeted not only by cheers from their own side but from the Bradford side as well. The line up:

Abbot Sarah Hincks, goal.

Beth Cole, forward.

Helen Abbott, (captain) center.

Frances Tyer, center.

Cornelia Williams, back.

Lydia Clark, goal guard.

Ruth Lane, center (first half).

Bradford Gertrude Sawyer, goal.

Ruth Barton, forward.

Frances Chadwick, center.

Genette Hudson, center.

Marjorie Hayes, back.

Ardel Bryant, (captain), goal guard. Charlotte Tufts, goal, (second half).

Ethel Harrington, forward (second half).

Bradford made a basket from the field within a minute after the game had been begun, but the Abbot team showed themselves not only better in making goals, but surer and quicker in passing, than their opponents. Score at end of first half, 12-5, in Abbot's favor. Both teams did better work during the second half. Bradford made a

goal from the field and Abbot made one field basket, and one on a free throw. Score at end of game 17-9 in favor of Abbot.

It was raining when the barge drove up from the car, but the team were met on the circle by a shouting, singing, howling mob, quite delirious with joy and enthusiasm. After the red lights provided for the occasion had burned down, the crowd went to the sitting-room for cake and lemonade, while the team told of the splendid time they had had, and the cordiality of the Bradford girls, and showed their pretty dinner cards with the Bradford and Abbot flags painted on them.

May 25, Forepaugh's circus in Lowell attracted a party of nine, who with Miss Durfee as chaperon, went over and fed the elephants, watched the bicycle performer "loop the loop" and saw all sorts of other wonderful things, returning in the evening tired out, but declaring that they had had a perfectly splendid time.

Miss Chickering chaperoned three or four girls to the Harvard-Georgetown baseball game at Cambridge, May 25. The score was Harvard 8, Georgetown 5.

The thirty-seventh annual Means prize speaking at Phillips was Tuesday evening, May 31. Miss Durfee chaperoned a small party from Abbot.

June 3, Miss Slocum took several of the girls to the game between Phillips and Yale '07; the game was a long and exciting one, with a score of 4-2, in favor of Andover.

June 3, Mrs. Tyer entertained twelve of the girls at an afternoon tea. Everyone had a lovely time.

Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Goldsmith and Miss Goldsmith, the French department had a most enjoyable picnic at Alderbrook Farm, June 13.

Religious Notes.

Saturday evening, February 6, Mr. Palmer spoke to us on Confirmation as it is understood in the Episcopal Church.

Miss Means spoke to us Saturday evening, February 13. Her subject was the Lord's Prayer.

Professor Hincks talked February 27, on the relation of nature to youth and the different ways of appreciating it as we grow older. He spoke of the great advantages which are given to us in our school life in Andover to enjoy nature.

March 5, Mr. Fisher spoke to us on Repentance.

Mr. Wilson talked on March 12. His text was taken from the 26th verse of the 28th chapter of Isaiah. He said that our life here on earth was a school and God our perfect teacher.

Dr. Dewey gave us a very impressive talk, March 19, on the conscious and unconscious influence that each person had on every one they come in contact with. Sometimes the greatest impression is made in only a few minutes. He emphasized the responsibility that one ought to feel from the knowledge of this fact.

Mrs. Stanford told us on March 27, about her work in Kobe College in Japan. She also told us about the education and life of women in all eastern countries.

April 16, Mr. Page talked on the developing of a desire for goodness, rather than a study of the difference between right and wrong.

Saturday evening, April 23, Mr. Robert Speer came. His text was the 8th verse of the 4th chapter of Philippians. He talked to us on the great need of right thinking and on the nobility of lifting a name that might have been discredited. He illustrated this by speaking of the work of Miss Helen Gould.

Miss Means spoke to us, April 30, on the great necessity of being uplifted by the beauty of nature and of opening our souls to the One Great Centre.

May 7, Mr. Belknap led the service. He told us that the true strength of the world rested with the spiritually weak.

May 14, Miss Day of the Student Volunteer Movement was here. She spoke of the responsibility which one has towards one's religion and the many different ways there are to be of service to it.

May 21, Mr. Eaton of Beloit College, told us of a year spent in Grindelwald, and of the simplicity and strength of the life of the peasants there.

Mr. Hutchison of Boston, talked to us Saturday evening, June 4, on Joan of Arc.

Items of General Interest.

The following address was found not long ago by Dr. Bancroft in the Phillips Academy Archives. He mentioned the fact that Miss Browne was a niece of President Buchanan:—

ADDRESS WRITTEN FOR

Miss Roxana F. Beecher	Miss Caroline E. Larrabe
Miss Katherine Butler	Miss Lydia J. Reed
Miss Charlotte Emerson	Miss Martha E. Tracey
Miss Amelia S. Junkins	Miss Susan M. Warren

MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF ABBOT FEMALE SEMINARY, 1857,

AND READ AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE CLASS BADGE,

BY

MARIA J. B. BROWNE

Young Ladies,

The mechanical part of class-room study is now over; you hold in your hand the testimonial that you have successfully traversed the ground which entitles you to a parchment, endorsed by the Trustees and Principal of the Institution. Study is to be henceforward an inspiration, rather than a discipline, for you. Books, with their silent utterances, are now to be your teachers. With eager hands you have caught the disentangled end, which lies on the side of youth, of the fascinating chain of knowledge — a chain which circles about narrative and drama, history and biography, poetry, science, and literary philosophy, and links itself, in golden light, fast to the fullness of the Book of God.

Life is but a panorama, and its scenes are perpetually shifting. This day has brought a change in your career; you step from school-girl restraints out upon the theatre of educated womanhood. To the young man, when he leaves the classic halls, are open the range of the professions, the tumultous arena of politics, the pursuits of commercial enterprise, or public devotion to literature. From these grand activities divine Providence has excluded you, and given you a different mission — a mission at once reasonable, appropriate, beautifully befitting. It may lie along the more sequestered avenues of usefulness; but it should be neither a dream nor a reverie, neither a sigh nor a luxury, but a living effective reality. "We track the streamlet by the brighter green and fresher growth it gives;" so ought your power and influence

to be traced by the still but vital agency you use in softening the asperities of society, in administering a panacea or an anodyne to the sorrows that make up such full chapters of human history, in breaking the alabaster box of very precious ointment, that the fragrance of your good deeds may diffuse itself abroad, beaming evidence that, like Mary of Gospel memory, you have done what you could.

You will not probably be called to stand beside the wounded and dying amidst the carnage of battle-fields, with the royal heroism of a Florence Nightingale, nor to brave the death of pestilence with noble Annie Andrews; but in the home that has cherished you, there will be sweet offices of love and duty to fulfil — a field open to all the graceful amenities of the daughter and the sister. You are also to make your mark upon society, and everywhere to exemplify the attractions of the Gospel, which should be set like so many precious stones in the very texture of your character. If sons are to be "as plants grown up in youth", exhibiting those lofty features of honor and truth which are the glory of the manly character, so are daughters to be "as cornerstones polished after the similitude of a palace".

It is not for conspicuous and ambitious eminences you are to strive. The miserable contest upon equality of power and place is vain, and idle, and preposterous. God has written the answer to the question with his own finger upon the very constitution of woman. He has not made her a mere human bauble, daintily gilded; he has not made her an artifice nor a pantomime, nor an independence. He has made her a co-operating power, an agency in propelling the wheels of human progress. To refine, to purify, to embellish, rather than to dazzle, is her office; and her triumphs in art, in literature, in science, are to be subordinated, not to the solution of a vexed question of comparisons, not to the attainment of a celebrity which truly befits man, but to essential womanhood, and, through womanhood, to religion and to God.

Such should be the ambition of your future. This parchment must not be the last chapter of your intellectual history. You are not to fold your hands, as the butterfly his wings when he rests on rose-leaves, and yield yourselves to a soft and visionary idleness, when you quit this hall of science and the graces. Literature, it is true, may not be your business; but books can be your friends, your companions, your counselors. You are still to go on, polishing to a higher lustre the faculties of your intelleet, and nurturing to a richer development the powers of your soul. Your adornings are to be the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God, is of great price." Your

eloquence is to be the eloquence of character; your piety, while it is steady like the sun, is to be beautiful in its repose.

God bless and love you, my dear young friends! The pleasant period of our literary associations, a period undarkened by a single shadow, is closing with this hour. And may it be the will of Heaven that the skies should beam brightly over your heads wherever your lot may be cast! or, if clouds must sometimes float in the ether above you, may they be "silver-lined", circled about, and inter-arched with rainbows! and when you have "finished the course" of action, and experience, and discipline, which educates for celestial society, if, in the farther horizon of life, sunless and uncleft mist-piles roll up from the river of death, may they be but the screens, which breaking asunder, disclose those gates of pearl which unfold to usher the white-robed soul upon its eternal progress!

And now we are to clasp the parting hand, and speak the inexorable "Vale — the word that hath been and must be; the word that makes us linger."

In token of the bonds of friendship and kindness which I hope may ever subsist between us, and animate our hearts with pleasant memories, I place the badge you have chosen, a golden circle, upon your finger.

We had hoped that Miss Mary H. Cornelius, who was a pupil at the opening of the school, would be present at our seventy-fifty anniversary. Unfortunately, she can not come to our Commencement exercises this year, but we are very glad to be able to quote from a letter which she has written to Miss Means: "I was among the youngest pupils on the day when it was opened, in the spring of 1829, being then not quite eight years of age. I remember well the pleasantness of the school buildings, the architecture of which seemed remarkable in those days, and I have a vivid impression of the kind and courteous manners of the teachers. The atmosphere of the school was most genial. I was one of the youngest in the 'Introductory Class', which occupied what was then the north recitation room on the first floor. Our teacher was Miss Payson, afterwards Mrs. Morris White, of Southampton, Mass. Our work under her direction was not a task, it was always interesting and attractive. At the school for children which I had attended before being admitted to the Academy, I had been required to commit to memory descriptions in my geography. Instead of such dull mechanical work, Miss Payson taught us to draw maps and gave us the pleasure of painting them.

"In October, 1829, my parents removed from Andover to Boston, and the few months' training which I had from Miss Payson served as an introduction to my work at the Mt. Vernon School, in charge of Mr. Jacob Abbott.

"In the spring of 1832, after my father's death, my mother with her family returned to Andover, and I was again a pupil at Abbot Academy, until the spring of 1837. There was always among some of my school-mates at the Academy an enthusiasm for study which was truly inspiring. It must have been a good school, in charge of superior teachers, to satisfy such earnest students as some of those whom I well remember."

The Senior class has given \$40.00, made by the performance of "Much Ado About Nothing", to the McKeen Building fund, to buy chairs for the new Senior room.

Commencement Week, 1904

SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

DRAPER	REA	DIN	G.				7.30	P. M., S	Saturday	, June	18th
BACCAL	AURE	ATE	SERM	ON			10.3	o A. M.,	Sunday	, June	19th
	REV.	WII	LLIAM	н.	DAVIS,	D.D.	, AT	SOUTH	CHURC	H	
											_

LAWN PARTY.			4 to 6 P. M., Monday, June 20th
MUSICALE .			7.30 P. M., Monday, June 20th
TREE AND IVY	PLANTING		10.00 A. M., Tuesday, June 21st
DEDICATION OF	THE Mck	EEM	

AT SOUTH CHURCH

ALUMNAE	Luncheon,	McKeen
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Memorial Hall 1.00 P. M., Tuesday, June 21st ALUMNAE MEETING, McKeen

Memorial Hall . . . 2.30 P. M., Tuesday, June 21st

Obituaries.

Mrs. Amanda R. Briggs, wife of Judge Henry C. Briggs, died early Sunday morning, February 14th, 1904, at her home, 424 South West Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan. Death came quietly, Mrs. Briggs dying as she lay asleep. Mrs. Briggs had been failing gradually for

many months and had been confined to her home since last fall, although able to be about nearly every day. Death resulted from a complication of diseases, the direct cause being organic heart trouble.

Amanda Richmond Hebard was born September 4, 1844, at North Bridgewater, now Brockton, Mass., and spent her early life there. She was graduated from Abbot Academy, and spent several years teaching there and in the female seminary at Exeter, New Hampshire. June 16, 1875, she was married to Henry C. Briggs of Kalamazoo, and came to this city to reside. She has made Kalamazoo her home ever since, with the exception of several years, when the family lived in South Dakota.

Mrs. Briggs was a member of the First Congregational Church and took an active part in church, Sunday School and missionary affairs. For many years she had been a member of the King's Daughters. She was also interested in the work of the literary clubs of the city.

There survive the husband and two sons, William H. Briggs of Chicago, and Henry B. R. Briggs of Kalamazoo.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. D. B. Merrill, West Lovell and South West Streets, Rev. Howard Murray Jones officiating.

Mrs. John Byers, (Esther H. Smith) who passed on to the "Larger Life" during last March, was born in Andover, October 19th, 1837, where she spent her early years.

She began her education at Bradford, but when Miss Nancy Hasseltine was elected principal of Abbot Academy, she returned to Andover. Her course at Abbot was not completed on account of her delicate health and she left to join a cousin and uncle in a European tour.

She was married to Mr. John Byers in September, 1864, and resided in New York the remainder of her life.

Her chief interest centered in her home and family circle, but after Mr. Byers's death in 1888, she became much interested in religious and philanthropic work in New York City. She was a generous supporter of the various organizations connected with the Church of the Incarnation, under Dr. Arthur Brooks, but devoted most of her time and energy to the Day Nursery. She was a member of the Board of Managers for several years and took great pleasure in building a summer home on the Hudson for the little ones. In connection with the Bible Society of New York, she had charge of one their Bible Readers and took a personal interest in the visits from house to house.

From her father, the late Peter Smith, Mrs. Byers inherited a strong love for Andover, her native place, where she built her summer residence about twelve years ago. All that pertained to the moral and educational welfare of the town and its institutions awakened a ready response in her heart. She contributed regularly to the support of the West Parish and Christ churches and the Andover Guild, and was ever ready to "lend a hand" toward the improvement of the town or to increase the efficiency of its educational life.

During her frequent trips abroad, where she travelled extensively, she collected various art treasures. In her legacy to Andover she desired to contribute to the highest interests of the town and Abbot Academy, and to furnish a stimulus for the love of the beautiful and the artistic.

Miss Theodosia Stockbridge was born in 1819 in Bath, Me, where her father was a well known physician. Much of her life was passed in the family of her cousin, Rev. Samuel Gilman Brown, D.D. She lived in his household in Hanover, N. H., and Clinton, N. Y., and in 1881 came to Utica. Here she was a member of the Westminster Church.

She had a deeply religious character and was very active in church work, teaching Sunday school classes of young men and women as long as her health permitted. Noteworthy among these was a Bible class of boys and young men at Hanover. She gathered this class herself and collected for it libraries for Sunday and week-day reading. At one time it numbered forty members. When the young men left their homes they did not forget her, but often expressed their respect in their letters. This has lasted even to the second generation, showing that the influence towards Christian living which she exercised over her pupils was of the most enduring character. Miss Stockbridge was the last survivor of a large family of brothers and sisters. One of her brothers was the Hon. Francis B. Stockbridge, who, at the time of his death in 1894, was United States senator from Michigan.

—Utica Observer.

After years of weakness and suffering, Mrs. Julia A. Johnson entered into rest January 5, 1904.

She will be remembered by some of the older alumnae as Julia A. Metcalf, who was one of Miss McKeen's pupils in 1861, from Holliston, Mass.

An earnest Christian, an active worker in the cause of temperance, interested in all that pertained to the welfare of the church and the community where she lived, she will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

L. F. P.

Holliston, Mass.

Illumnae Motes.

Miss Angelina Kimball, who has been living this year with Mrs. Richards on Main Street, is to board nearer the school next year.

Miss Molly Kelsey has been for some months at Grand Canyon, Arizona, where she is enjoying life with her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

Miss Lucy B. Shattuck, '51, lives at the Ludlow, Boston.

The address of Mrs. Harvey Tilden, (May Reakirt) '70, is 2411 Auburn Avenue, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. Charles Moore (Alice W. Merriam) †'74, now lives at 702 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

The class of '79 holds a reunion on its twenty-fifth anniversary this year, with probably eight of its thirteen original members present. Contemporaries in school may be interested to know some present facts about the class. Millie Berry (Mrs. H. P. Keith) lives at Hempstead, L. I. She has one son and two daughters. Nellie Barron (Mrs. Dr. J. B. Brainerd of Brookline) has two sons. Mabel Carpenter is now Mrs. Fred G. Mason and lives at her old home in Attleboro. Julia Guidley (Mrs. F. S. Lyman) lives in Augusta, Maine. She has one daughter, Martha Haywood (Mrs. C. D. Burrage) has recently removed to Needham. She has one daughter. Amy Learoyd taught for a number of years in the Peabody High School, but is now living quietly with her mother in Danvers. Susanna Lyman died in 1892 after a most successful career as a graduate nurse. Helen Page (Mrs. Henry S. Downe) has lived for many years in London, where her husband is in business, except for a long stay in Switzerland for the education of her two boys. Isabel Parker (Mrs. E. C. Brewer) has her home at Gilbertville, N. Y., and has one son. Carrie Potter teaches English and History in the High School at her home in Brunswick, Maine. Abbie Rice is Mrs. F. C. Snowden and lives in Ridley Park, Penn. Iulia Twichell lives in Andover. Addie Weeks, after many years of teaching has had a long period of invalidism at her home in Martha's Vineyard, but is now regaining her health.

Mary Katherine Geer, † '82, lives at 546 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

Mrs. Henry C. Morrison (Marion Locke) † '82, lives on Highland Street, Portsmouth, N. H., and has a son, John.

Annie F. Frye, †'82, has been spending the winter at her home, 14 Summer Street, Rockland, Maine.

Abbie J. McCutcheon, †'82, spent the winter at Meriden, N. H.

Alice L. Maxwell, †'82, divides her time between her two brothers: one lives at Grafton, Mass., and the other at 252 Chestnut Avenue, Jamaica Plain.

Mrs. Alfred L. Cole (Nell Dennis '82) lives at 119 Oxford Street, North Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Matthew C. Woods (Nan Irvin Shaw) '82, whose first husband died in 1889, was married in 1894, to Mr. A. Bowman Weaver, of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, and has three dear little children, Bowman, Jr., aged eight, Betty, aged six, and Nansie, who was born in 1901. Her older daughter, Katherine Woods, is now at Abbot.

Helen G. Shaw, '82, has returned from Italy where she had made her home for several years, and is living in New York. She is married to Mr. Saul Rider of New York, and has two sons.

The address of Mrs. Edward Wilson (Helen Kimball, '81) is Red Bank, New Jersey.

Mrs. Herbert Newton (Lizzie Caldwell) †'83, lives at 121 Main Street, Haverhill, Mass., and has three boys and three girls.

Mrs. Mary Lund Hutchinson, '81, died August 22, 1893.

Carrie A. Bronson, †'83, is now at 313 Hope Street, Providence, R. I.

We wish to correct a mistake in spelling in the February Courant. Frederika Wöltjen is now Mrs. John Sebring, Jr.

Mary C. Bachelder, '88, is now Mrs. Frederick R. Hastings of Colorado Springs, Col. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings are in England for the summer.

Mrs. James Porter Gilbert (Annis Spencer) †'89, is now at 201 Mohoming Avenue, Warren, Ohio.

Catherine F. Crocker, †'87, has been teaching this year in Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y., after a summer abroad.

Josephine Crocker, '92, has been spending some time this winter in Boston, after an extended sojourn in France and Germany, where she was studying music, to which she intends to devote herself. From San Diego, come assurances of love and loyalty from Nellie Hadley Rowell, †83, who voices what many feel, undoubtedly, a desire to celebrate the 75th anniversary of Abbot with us.

Miss Lily Dougall, in whose literary successes we take pride because she was once a member of our school, is now living at East Undercliff, Exmouth, England, where she has bought an old estate in whose rambling garden she takes great delight.

Margaret C. McGiffert, †'84, another literary alumna, has been spending some months in New York City, collecting materials for new work, and furnishing a series of articles for *The New York Evening Post*. Her home has been until recently in Duluth, Minnesota.

Mrs. S. S. McClure, whom some old scholars remember as Miss Hurd, a former teacher here, is living at Arsley on the Hudson, and her interest in Abbot Academy is still active, in spite of the thronging cares of her own busy life.

Mrs. Walter Emery (Sarah Sawyer) '95, lives at West Medford, Mass., and has a little son, two years old.

Helen Buck (C. P. 'o1), who was last year president of her class at Mt. Holyoke, has recently been elected to the presidency of the Students' League, the highest honor of college life.

Harriet A. Lee (C. P. 'c1), and Mildred Chase, (C. P. '02,) are also representing Abbot Academy worthily at Mt. Holyoke.

Katherine L. King, †'02, writes from her Connecticut home of the quiet home life that she is leading and of the help that her years in Abbot have been to her.

One of this season's books, "The Penobscot Man," portraying the life of the Maine lumberman, was written by an old Abbot girl, Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstrom.

Disitors.

The visitors during the second semester were: Harriett Chase, † '02, Grace Hind, '03, Beatrice Slack, '03, Mrs. F. F. Parker, † '86, Mrs. M. R. Emerson, † '64, Frances George, † '97, Isabelle Herrick, C. P. '01, Katherine Herrick, '02, Belle Johnston, † '02, Bessie Bampton, '03, Gertrude Holt Gustin, † 98, Beulah Field, '00, Constance Albee, '03, Evelyn Carter, † '01, Delight W. Hall, † 01, Pearl Randall, '90, Mrs. Philip F. Ripley, Miss E. I. Tyron, Miss Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, † '78, Frieda Billings, '01, Elinor Barta, '03, Sadie Mills, '03, Constance

Parker, '04, Mary Frances Merriam, † '70, Mrs. Frances Bancroft Long, † '89, Maria Pillsbury, '03, Edith Moses, '03, Bertha Brown, '03, Mrs. Jefferson, '41, Mary A. Brown, '03.

The Nomad.

In my Geography days, I always associated the word "nomad" with the Arabs, who were described as "a nomadic tribe", but I am sure that now, the true nomad is the modern tourist. A mighty band, they invade all countries, particularly the continent of Europe, creating needs which result in efficient railway service, superb hotel accommodations, and a management of attractions so perfect that a vast population exists with the sole object of feeding, entertaining, and transporting that singular bird of passage — the tourist.

A definition of the species is impossible, as it embraces all peoples and nations and tongues and tribes. To be sure the tourist has a nationality and a mother tongue, though he is deeply mortified at this means of identification. To be a tourist, par excellence, one should be absolutely indistinguishable, speaking the four enlightened languages so perfectly that one might equally well be English, American, German, French, or Italian.

Of course, such a height would be obtainable only under the most favorable circumstances of practice and personal traits, but lower stages of success are within reach of the humble. For instance, the other day, some one said to me, "Are you English or American? It is difficult to tell, for you have no accent." I frankly confess that I have seldom had a happier moment, or a more exquisite sensation: it was but the first stage in that process of expatriation which so tickles the tourist's fancy. When I was a girl, I remember that I was urged to study French or German because of their literary treasures. At one time I actually made some progress in Italian for the sole purpose of reading Dante in the original. But now, I would stimulate ambition by merely instancing the mortification of a person who has but one language at his command, who is forced to hear a polyglot German say, "Ah, English is your language," and at once from his inexhaustible stores accommodate himself to your pitiable limitations.

Perhaps it may interest you to know whether I ever met that one I call "the tourist par excellence", and if I ever found out who or what he was,—and again, how the different nations would rank in the scale of attainment.

I can't say that I ever have met my ideal (for that is high), and in the case of the man I have in mind I had a faint suspicion that he was not an American, though he would certainly have been unnoticeable in New York. In attire an Englishman, in courtesy a Frenchman, in geniality an Italian, in intelligence a German, in enterprise an American, he was really a Greek,—a model father, a devoted patriot, and the keen manager of great agricultural interests. He was a fascinating illustration,—not of the survival of the fittest, but of the association of the fittest.

In the matter of realizing the tourist ideal, I should say that success was rather more in possession of the Latin races than the Teutonic, though an accomplished American, particularly a South American, might defy microscopic examination. I think I have never met a disguised German, for, though so excellent a linguist, his thirst for knowledge is ever uppermost. His genuine interest in the manners and customs of people, his minute scrutiny of inscriptions even in the dark recesses of an Etruscan tomb, his absolute conscientiousness as a sight-seer, are all too marked to baffle identification. If he could only subdue that effervescent spontaneity, his superb intellectual fitness would render him strikingly successful in the annihilation of national ear marks.

If anything, the American is more obstinate than the German in the matter of race assertiveness without the excuse. No thirst for knowledge oppresses him,—merely the ambition of Americanizing Europe: he wishes the American breakfast, the American railway, the American speed in everything,—and always and everywhere what our insular cousins term "American English".

From the nationality of the tourist, let us pass to his habits and customs, which are similar. His serious business is the visiting of museums, galleries, and churches, which he invades with a depressed and irritable countenance. Why?—fearing to lose the full significance of an immortal work? No, merely lest something escape him, which may place him at the mercy of a keener, more enterprising tourist. "How many churches did you see in Rome? We saw forty," said one lady to another. The other in the defensive snapped, "It is never well to see too many." Retiring to her room, she discovered that seventeen was all she could muster. She straightway girded herself for higher achievement, and upon the next encounter, informed her friend, with triumphant fatigue, that she had seen thirty, "sufficient for any reasonable being."

The Book of the tourist is, of course, Baedeker. He really needs no other, and becomes so expert in the use of it that he can soon do a town satisfactorily,—studying the chief attractions, days of opening,

amount of fees,- and by confining himself to the artistic and literary standards of this extraordinary book, he need never be confused as to the relative importance of what he is seeing. No star means just a casual glance, one star, worthy of particular attention because a masterpiece, and two stars! - Ye gods and little fishes! you can't get away in less than ten minutes! Baedeker has everything that every rightminded tourist could demand: its style is characterized by terseness and self-restraint, its judgment is clear and final, the authority of the decalogue could not be more absolute. For the inquiring mind there are always prefatory essays, upon art and history - archaeology and history in little,—boiled down and perfectly portable. Demands for a more liberal intellectual diet are not only unreasonable but fatal. Note the analogy of practical conditions. You know the difficulties from inflated luggage: lighten your mental equipment as you do your travelling. How could any well-balanced intellect accomplish more than Baedeker allows when achieving attractions at the rate of a masterpiece every ten minutes.

To turn from the serious work of the tourist to his pastimes, is to think at once of shops and post-cards,— the redeeming object of both of these being, thought for friends at home. Oh! these long-suffering friends belabored with distorted chromo reproductions of their favorite views, hideous with post-marks, and defaced by hastily written greetings. And the curio-shops!— those rag bags of the centuries!— how they are ransacked, more often to the despair than to the edification of the distant housewife.

The motives governing the tourist have always interested me, and to my mind the subject presents the most serious difficulties. From close observation, extending through six consecutive months, I had reached the conclusion that the majority take little pleasure in the serious business of sight-seeing. Only yesterday, I met a dear little domestic body making a lace wrap, metaphorically speaking, under the shadow of the Uffizi and the Pitti galleries. She sighed and sighed and looked "most woful sad", as Spenser would say, and confessed to such a loathing of galleries, as to excite my curiosity — why did she ever go into them? Her sense of the beautiful was perfectly satisfied by the combining of harmonious ribbons — why leave her orbit?

Dear Girls, when I was at Abbot, we used to say that the COURANT was addressed more to the alumnae than to the girls. This is intended for you, if you will be kind enough to read it, and, of course, has a moral. First, fit yourself for intercourse with the world, that is, get hold of the great language lever,— and second, cultivate

your sense of beauty as revealed by man and nature, so that when you come to the old world, as come you will if you have the chance, you will not come because Simon says "Thumbs up", — but because it contains the greatest revelations of beauty that man has ever made to his brother.

Edith E. Ingalls.

FLORENCE, March 25, 1904.

Engagements.

Cornelia B. Gould, '96, to Doctor F. T. Murphy of Boston.

Beulah Field, 'oo, to Mr. Keith Smith of New York and Wyoming.

Anne Judkins Mason, †'03, to Lieutenant Keith Gregory, U. S. A., of Waterloo, New York.

Marriages.

BLISS-JOHNSTON.—In Manchester, New Hampshire, April 5, 1904, Miss Edith Bryant Johnston, †'00, to Mr. Winthrop Root Bliss. Present address, 67 Burtt Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.

COLLINS-PAINE.—In Roxbury, Massachusetts, April 27, 1904, Miss Elizabeth Paine, † 99, to Mr. Frederick Lewis Collins.

Andrews-Bond.—June, 1904. Miss Mary E. Bond, '93, to Mr. Stuart Andrews. At home in Brookline.

Births.

† '89. To Mr. and Mrs. James Porter Gilbert (Annis Genevieve Spencer), a son, John Clark Gilbert, born February 22, 1904.

†89. To Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Ames (Alice Joy), a daughter.

† '99. To Mr. and Mrs. Abbot Newton Colgrove (Alice Case), a daughter, Katherine, born March 12, 1904.

'99. To Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. O'Bryan (Marion Marsh), a daughter, Constance Wilder, born April, 1903.

†'01. To Mr. and Mrs. Merrill (Anna Farrell), a son, born May 21, 1904.

Deaths

- †'56. In Andover, March 21, 1904, Mrs. Esther H. Byers.
- †'37. In Utica, New York, April 10, 1904, Theodosia Stockbridge.
- '61. In Holliston, Mass., January 5, 1904, Mrs. Julia A. Johnson (Julia A. Metcalf).
- '68. In Boston, Mass., May 2, 1904, Rufus F. Greeley. Mr. Greeley was the husband of Ellen A. Frost.
- †'64. In Kalamazoo, Michigan, February 14, 1904, Mrs. H. C. Briggs (Amanda R. Hebard).
 - 'o1. In Beverly, Mass., April 18, 1904, Joanna Rantoul Endicott.

Class Organizations

'04

"Character and not reputation."

President AMY H. HOWARD SLACK.

Vice-President . . . LAURA PARKER EDDY.

Secretary . . . MARION COOPER

Treasurer . . . ELIZABETH CASE.

Class Colors . . . Black and Gold.

Flower . . . Jonquil.

College Preparatory, '04.

" Alta petens."

President . . . HELEN ALFORD ABBOTT

'05

Class Color . . . Dark Green and White. Flower . . . Lily of the Valley.

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MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL, French.

KATHERINE R. KELSEY, Mathematics.

NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER.

German.

NELLIE M. MASON,
Science.

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Elocution and Gymnastics.

REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, A.B.,
Literature and History.

MELITA KNOWLES, A.B. History and Rhetoric.

FANNY LOUISE LAWRENCE, A.M., Latin and Greek

ETHEL DEAN CONVERSE, A.B.,
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The Modern Novel

IN CHARGE OF DRAPER HALL, MRS. WILLIAM G. ABBOT.

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Calendar

The school year (September 15, 1904 to June 20, 1905) is divided into semesters.

The present year closes	Tuesday,	June	21,	1904
School begins at 9.00 A. M.	Thursday,	Sept.	15,	1904
School closes at 2.15 P. M.	Tuesday,	Dec.	13,	1904

Vacation of three weeks.

School begins again at 9.00 A. M.	Thursday,	Jan.	5,	1905
First semester ends		Feb.	4,	1905
Second semester begins		Feb.	6,	1905
School closes at 2.15 p. m.	Tuesday,	Mar.	28,	1905
X7	1			

Vacation of two weeks.

School begins again at 9.00 A. M. Thursday, Apr. 13, 1905 School closes at 12 M. Tuesday, June 20, 1905

For information and admission apply to the Principal, Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

THE DAY SCHOLAR'S PARLOR.

I know a sunny, little room, 'Way down a long, big hall, Where there is always fun on hand For girls both great and small.



T. A. HOLT & CO.,

Dealers in

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES

Basement of Baptist Church

ANDOVER



There day scholars are wont to go When after class they're tired, And sitting on hard chairs, or stuffed, To strange, weird tales they're fired.



THE

Metropolitan

Andover's Candy Store

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Winthrop M. Baker's Chocolates

Also a full Line of A. J. Schrafts & Sons and Lovell & Covell Goods

Ice Cream Served with Crushed Fruits. Also Soda with all the New Popular Flavors

Home Made Food of All Kinds

MISS HOLT

42 MAIN STREET,

ANDOVER, MASS.

They talk of female, talk of male, And tales outside of school, And then they surely all agree That "Someone" is a fool.

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ANDOVER

ALFRED KAISER

Successor to H. P. Noyes.

Furniture @ For Sale and To Let

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10 Park Street,

ANDOVER

The Talk and chatter faster goes. Increasing is the sport, And from the locker's open doors The jelly glass is brought.

F. P. HIGGINS

BAKERY

CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO, ETC. A FULL LINE OF KENNEDY'S BISCUITS

MUSGROVE BUILDING,

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ALL KINDS OF

FRUIT IN SEASON

Fancy Biscuits, Canned Meats, Confectionery, Etc.

CURRIER & CAMPION CO., Andover, Mass.

The infant rolls upon the floor, So ticklish is she, The Birth-day child has split her waist With laughing "Te, He, He!"

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THEO. MUISE TAILOR

BARNARD . COURT

FRANK E. GLEASON,

COAL, WOOD, HAY AND STRAW

CARTER'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET,

Mill Wood for Kindlings.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Then in the midst of all the din, The door slides gently back, A silence settles on the room, Each maiden thinks, "alack."

WILLIAM J. BURNS

Tailor and Men's Furnisher

Agent for First-Class Laundry

ANDOVER,

MASS.

"Young ladies, I am deeply grieved, To find you idle thus, I heard your noice 'way down the hall, You must pick up this muss.

DR. LEITCH,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE COR. MAIN AND LOCKE STREETS, ANDOVER, MASS.

I have facilities for the accommodation of four or five patients at my house and will be pleased to furnish particulars to anyone dinterested.

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The lockers closed to keep,
The door must now be opened wide,
Bad marks should make you weep."

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She leaves: there is a smothered—sigh,
The infant whispers soft,
"So now you cannot tickle me."
And holds her nose aloft.

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Before going out of town for your supplies, kindly come in and see if we haven't what you want, as we claim to keep almost everything in the line of

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To real off poetry by the bar,
To throw off sonnets by the score
And even then we're asked for more.

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You give the lesson and you're gone, But 'tis easier said than done, But dear teacher, don't forget, I have not been to Radcliffe yet.

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TREE SONG.

Sweet and clear is the early Spring, And the song of the birds resound, The breezes are playing so soft and low In the meadows with daisies crowned.

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And with sorrow sincere we sadly part From fellowship full and free, With fond remembrance in each heart For the class of the Linden Tree.

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89 CAUSEWAY STREET

AND 274 FRIEND STREET

Though far o'er the land 'tis our fate to roam, On plain or mountain or sea, We'll honor our class and Old Abbot true, And our dear little Linden Tree. — M. W. D. '04

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There is a young girl in this school
Who can't over June bugs keep cool.
When they buzz and bump round,
She jumps up with a bound,
And in terror breaks every known rule.

Now rules — Oh, direful day — Examinations' sway.
But to the valley of rest
Marches the Fem. Sem.





97, 99 and 101

Fancuil Hall Market

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- Wholesale and Retail Dealers in -

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XXVII

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GEO. B. WING, Pres.

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XXVIII

Hers not to make reply, Hers not to reason why, Hers but to do or die, So to the valley of rest Marches the Fem-Sem.

Young Ladies' Favorites

PIANOPOR LE SOLOS.			
Aletter, W. The Sleeping Beauty, (3a)			25C
Ambrose, Paul. Op. 22, No. 1, Elaine, Valse Le	nte (33	a)	50C
Bohm, Carl. Op. 357, Sylvana Impromptu, (4a)			65c
Burg, Alfred. Op. 39, No. 1, Carmencitta Boler)	6oc
Chandon, Theo. Old Love Song, Mennett, (2c)	, (0)		25C
Dennee, Charles. Op. 23, No. 4, Tarantelle, (3b))		75C
Gurlitt, Corn. Op. 28, Spanish Dance, (3a)			6oc
Hamer, Geo. F. Op. 25, No. 2, Forest Nymph,	Im-		
promptu Valse (3b)			500
Herrmann, W. op. 6, Gondoliera (3b).			40C
Hummel, Joh. E. Op. 462, Elsa's Message, Tyro)-		7
lienne (3a)			40C
Lack, Theo. Op. 216, No. 1, Pritannia, Valse	-		
blonae (3)			50C
Lynes, Frank. Canzonet, (3a)			300
Sartorio, A. Op. 440, Hearts Springtime (3a)			50C
Smith, Seymor. Wayside Brook Idyl, (3b)			50C
ø songs ø			
Ambrose, Paul. The Shoogy Shoo, 2 keys,			6oc
De Vere Leila. Maureen Oge Asthors, 2 keys,			5oc
Foote, Arthur. Ashes of Roses, 2 keys, .			30C
Frey, Adolph. A Messege, 2 keys, .	•		5oc
Hadley, Henry K. Molly, C (c-f) .			5oc
Hadley, Henry K. A Hong Kong Romance,			
(Chinese Song), F c-f,			5oc
Johns, Clayton. Because of Thee, D (d-g)			40C
Lehmann, Mrs. Rudolf, (A. L.) Memory Lane, 2			6oc
Lynes, Frank. Op. 33, No. 1, If all the Dreams	we		
Dream, 2 keys,			40C
Marston, Geo. W. When soft the vesper sparror	N		
sings, F (c-g)			40C
Metcalf, Joan W. Until You Came, 2 keys,	•	•	5oc
Park, Fdna Rosalind. A Memory, 2 keys,			5oc
Wilkins, Julia. The Thought of You (c-eb)			50C

Stormed at with speech and pen, Would they begin again?

Ah no! They go to rest—

Noble old Fem-Sem.

PACH BROS.



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